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**TRAVELLER'S GUIDE**  
**THROUGH**  
**ITALY.**

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THROUGH  
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## PREFACE.

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THE country of CÆSAR, of CICERO, of HORACE, and of VIRGIL: the land which gave birth to a MICHAEL ANGELO, a RAPHAEL, a TITIAN, a DANTE, an ARIOSTO, and a TASSO, must ever possess claims to the admiration of the world!

ITALY, at once the seat of valour, and the cradle of the sciences and the arts, awakens all those classical recollections which formed the delight of our youth, and still remain, in their native freshness, as a solace for declining years.

In Italy, temples, triumphal arches, aqueducts, ways, whole towns, exhibit to our view, at every step, the grandeur and unrivalled magnificence of the ancient masters of the world; and continually remind the traveller of those august names which history has consecrated to immortality; of those great men, whom Italy has, in every age, produced: all conspire to heighten the pleasure he receives from a delicious climate, a mild and balmy air, and a rich and fertile country.

The *plan* of the following Guide embraces the usual *grand tour* of Italy, and is fully developed in our *Introduction*, where the different routes leading to Italy are described at length. This picture of Italy will be found, not merely a useful pocket-companion *abroad*, but an entertaining friend to converse with *at*

*home.* Besides our notices of antiquities and curiosities, the *general reader* will, doubtless, find much amusement in perusing the sketches of manners, society, peculiar customs, and religious ceremonies; as well as an account of the trade, commerce, manufactures, soil and agriculture, and natural productions of this favoured country. Here also will be seen all the valuable parts of an Itinerary, without its dryness; such as distances in posts and English miles, time in performing the journey, cross-roads, best inns, etc.

The *Introduction* contains every requisite information respecting travelling in Italy; as Post regulations, different monies, weights and measures, a table of Italian time, heights of the most elevated mountains, expenses of living in Italy, etc. etc.

The author has not always trusted to his own personal observations, but has availed himself of every light which he could derive from men as well as books. He has to thank several respected friends for much valuable and original information; besides which he begs to make his acknowledgments to the following excellent works, *viz.* of Eustace, Coxe, Forsyth, Reichard, Villers, Chateauvieux, P. Petit-Radel, the *Itineraire de l'Italie*, etc. etc., after this it will be unnecessary to point out that this compendious little work must necessarily offer advantages which no single work of the same description can possibly present.



# INTRODUCTION.

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## GENERAL VIEW OF ITALY.

**I**TALY is a great peninsula, the natural boundaries of which are the Alps, the Adriatic Gulph, and the Mediterranean Sea; its greatest length is 250 leagues; but its breadth is very unequal: its population, including *Sicily*, amounts to about 18 millions and a half of inhabitants. This number scattered over an extent of 14,000 square leagues, assigns to each square league 1237 inhabitants; from which it follows that France and England are much less populous.

There is no situation more happy than that of Italy. This interesting country experiences neither the burning heats of the torrid zone, nor the excessive cold of the northern regions. In the ordinary course of the season, it is not even exposed to those variations of the atmosphere, which, in other countries, so frequently affect the health of mankind and destroy the fruits of the earth. The immense plain of *Lombardy*, which extends from *Turin* to *Venice*, presents to the view of the traveller a most fertile and highly cultivated soil; and the maritime coasts of *Genoa* and *Naples* are covered with olive, orange, lemon, and citron trees; almost the whole year is a delightful spring, and thus this rich and beautiful country affords all the conveniencies and pleasures of life.

Italy has several fine lakes, particularly in the northern part. The most considerable is the *Lago Maggiore*; and the *Borromean* isles seem to realize the fables of the garden of the Hesperides. The lake of *Como*, though less extensive, is perhaps

superior to the *Lago Maggiore* in the beauty of its banks, enriched with all the gifts of nature, and covered with magnificent habitations. The superb lake of *Garda* is particularly distinguished for the happy fertility of its banks and the picturesque aspect of the hills that surround it. Several other lakes, the *Trasimeno*, *Bolseno*, *Rieti*, *Albano*, *Celano*, and *Verano*, are the ornament of the centre and the south of the peninsula, and they all abound in fish.

One might suppose that nature, so prodigal towards Italy, placed it in the midst of the seas in order that it might participate in all the advantages of external commerce. Its ports, bays, gulphs, capes, and promontories are so multiplied from *Nice* to the straits of *Messina*, and thence to *Venice*, that there is no country in Europe, which, considered under this point of view, can be preferred to it.

There is certainly no other country in the world in which one may travel with so much pleasure and advantage as in Italy. Besides that it enjoys the most delightful and temperate climate, it possesses a prodigious quantity of ancient monuments, which, while they attest its past glory, fill us with admiration for the great men she has produced. Here is hardly a spot that is not famous in history; not a hill nor a river which has not been the theatre of some remarkable action. But if to the precious remains of ancient Rome, we add all the grand and admirable productions which the genius of the fine arts has brought forth in modern Italy, in painting, sculpture, and architecture, who will not acknowledge that the philosopher and the artist may here find an inexhaustible fund of the richest materials for their meditations and researches? After the fall of the Roman empire, the Italians, in the midst of the political re-

volutions which exposed them to all the vicissitudes of fortune, were almost the only people who preserved a taste for the sciences and the arts. The country they inhabit, presenting an almost insurmountable barrier to the barbarians who attacked it on all sides, was fruitful in great men; several of them were at once painters, sculptors, architects and even poets; and among the painters some of them were the historians of their art.

The Italian language is the most ancient and most harmonious of all the living tongues, and consequently the most suitable to song and poetry. In general, each state in Italy has its peculiar dialect, and it is only in Tuscany, and especially at Sienna, that the purest Italian is spoken. The best pronounciation is that of Rome. The Venetian dialect is pleasing, but in Lombardy the people make use of a very coarse jargon. The idiom of Turin and Genoa is barbarous. That of the Neapolitans, though harsh, is however very expressive. Notwithstanding these popular dialects, good Italian is understood, spoken, and written in every part of Italy.

Music is the ruling passion of the Italians, and Italy is universally acknowledged to be the first country in the world for music, both with regard to composition and execution.

Such are the multiplied and infinitely varied objects which nature and art have brought together as by enchantment in Italy. This most interesting country is the theatre of some of the most pleasing fictions of the poets, and of many of the most splendid events recorded by historians. She is the mother of heroes, of sages, and of saints. She has been the seat of empire, and is still the nursery of genius; and still, in spite of plunderers, the repository of the nobler arts. Her scenery rises far above rural beauty; it has a claim to ani-

mation, and almost to genius. Every spot of her surface, every river, every mountain, and every forest, nay, every rivulet, hillock and thicket, have been ennobled by the energies of mind, and are become monuments of intellectual worth and glory. No country furnishes a greater number of ideas, or inspires so many generous and exalting sentiments. To have visited it at any period is an advantage, and may justly be considered as the complement of a classical education; a journey through it may be ranked among the minor blessings of life, and as one of the means of mental improvement.

*Geography and Scenery of Italy.*—Italy is peculiarly fortunate in the grand natural divisions which separate it from the rest of Europe. The *Alps*, the highest ridge of mountains in the ancient world, separate it from the regions of the North, and serve as a barrier against the frozen tempests that blow from the boreal continents, and as a rampart against the inroads of their once savage inhabitants. Annibal justly called these mountains, *Mœnia non Italicæ modò sed etiam Urbis Romæ*.

Most of the provinces still retain their ancient names, such as, Latium (Lazio), Etruria, Umbria, Sabina, Campania, Apulia, (la Puglia) Calabria, Samnium, etc. names blended with the fictions of the fabulous ages, and with the first events recorded in the infancy of history.

The *Adriatic Sea* bathes it on the east, the *Tyrrhene* on the west; and on the south the Ionian opens an easy communication with all the southern countries. Numberless islands line its shores, and appear as so many outposts to protect it against the attacks of a maritime enemy; or rather as so many attendants to grace the state of the queen of the Mediterranean. Such are its external borders.

In the interior, the *Apennines* extend through its whole length, and branching out into various ramifications, divide it into several provinces materially different in their climates and productions.

Italy lies extended between the 38th and 46th degree of northern latitude; a situation which exposes it to a considerable degree of heat in summer and of cold in winter; but the influence of the seas and of the mountains that surround or intersect it, counteracts the effects of its latitude, and produces a temperature that excludes all extremes and renders every season delightful. However, as the action of these causes is unequal, the climate of the country at large, though every where genial and temperate, varies considerably, and more so, sometimes, than the distance between the places so differing, might induce a person to expect.

*Mountains.*—The principal mountains of Italy are the *Alps* and *Apennines*. The chain of the Alps, which forms a semi-circle of about 320 leagues, begins on the coast of the Mediterranean near *Monaco*, traverses *Switzerland* and the *Tyrol*, and terminates at the gulph of *Cornaro* which forms a part of the Adriatic Sea. The greatest breadth of the chain of the Alps does not exceed five days journey. These mountains, on account of the singular construction of their astonishing mass, present a large field to the researches of the naturalist. Some, always covered with snow and ice, rise to an inaccessible height. *Mount Cenis* is more than 9000 feet above the level of the sea; and *Montblanc*, which is said to be more than 15,000 feet perpendicular, is undoubtedly the highest mountain in Europe. Divers rivers descend from the Alps; and after having traversed Lombardy in all directions, fall into the Adriatic gulph. Such are the *Adige*, the *Adda*, and the

*Tesino*; but the most considerable of all, either from its breadth, or the length of its course is the *Po*, a beautiful stream celebrated in the earliest songs of Greek mythology, by the name of *Eridanus*.

The *Apennines* hold the second rank among the mountains of Italy. These mountains which are a branch of the Alps, divide the peninsula in its whole length. They go off from the maritime Alps, at *Orinea*, and extend at first without interruption all along the coasts of the gulph of Genoa, leaving only a very small space between them and the sea: then to the south of the territory of *Modena*, taking a direction towards the centre of Italy, they separate *Tuscany* from the vast plain watered by the *Po*: finally, going off to the *south-east*, and more and more approaching the Adriatic, they terminate in the famous mount *Gargano*. The highest summits of this chain of mountains are the *Cimone*, the *Sibilla*, and the *Velino*. The latter is about 8000 feet above the sea. Several rivers take their source in the *Apennines*; the most considerable are the *Panaro*, the *Reno*, the *Arno*, and the *Tiber*.

In these mountains are quarries of different kinds of marble, granite of several sorts, ores or metallic veins, talc, alabaster, agate, jasper and other precious stones.

Without entering into the particular variations of soil and climate produced by the bearings of the different mountains, Italy may be divided into four regions, which, like the sister Naiads of Ovid, though they have many features in common, have also each a characteristic peculiarity.

The first of these regions is the vale of the *Po*, which extends about 260 miles in length, and in breadth, where widest, 150. It is bounded by the Alps and the *Apennines* on the north, west and



south; on the east it lies open to the *Adriatic*. The second is the tract enclosed by the *Apennines*, forming the Roman and Tuscan territories. The third is confined to the *Campania Felix*, and its immediate dependencies, such as the borders and the islands of the bay of Naples and of the plains of *Pæstum*. The last consists of *Abruzzo*, *Apulia*, *Calabria*, and the southern extremities of Italy.

The first of these regions or climates has been represented by many as perhaps the most fertile and most delicious territory in the known world; to it we may apply literally the encomium which Virgil seems to have confined to the vicinity of *Mantua*.

Non liquidi gregibus fontes, non gramina desunt,  
Et quantum longis carpent armenta diebus  
Exigua tantum gelidus nos nocte reponit.

It owes this fertility to the many streams that descend from the bordering mountains and furnish a constant supply to the majestic river that intersects it: *Fluviorum Rex Eridanus*. But, while the mountains thus water it with fertilizing rills, they also send down occasional gales to cool it in summer, and blasts that sometimes chill its climate, and give its winter some features of transalpine severity, slight indeed—as if merely to call the attention of the inhabitants to that repository of eternal snow which rises always before them—but sufficient to check the growth of such plants, as like the orange and the almond, shrink from frost, or pine away under its most mitigated aspect. The vine, though common and indeed luxuriant, is supposed by many not to prosper in this climate, because the wines are in general thin and sour; but this defect must be ascribed not solely to the climate, which in warmth and uniformity far excels that of *Champagne* or *Burgundy*, but to the mode of cultivation. To allow the vine to raise

itself into the air, to spread from branch to branch, and to equal its *consort* elms and poplars in elevation and luxuriance, is beautiful to the eye and delightful to the fancy, but not so favourable to the quality of the wines, which become richer and stronger when the growth is repressed, and the energies of the plant are confined within a smaller compass.

The second climate is protected from the blasts of the north by an additional ridge of mountains, so that it is less obnoxious to the action of frost, and is indeed more liable to be incommoded by the heats of summer than by wintry cold. Its productions accordingly improve in strength and flavor; its wines are more generous and its orchards are graced with oranges. It is, however, exposed occasionally to chill, piercing blasts, and not entirely unacquainted with the frosts and the snows of transalpine latitudes.

In the third climate, that is, in the delicious plains of *Campagna*, so much and so deservedly celebrated by travellers, painters, and poets, nature seems to pour out all her treasures with complacency; and trusts, without apprehensions her tenderest productions to gales ever genial, and to skies almost always serene.

The plains of *Apulia* that lie beyond the *Apenines*, opening to the rising sun, with the coasts of *Abruzzo* and *Calabria*, form the last and fourth division, differing from that which precedes in increasing warmth only, and in productions more characteristic of a southern latitude; such as the aloes and the majestic palm; objects, which though not common, occur often enough to give a novelty and variety to the scenery. I have confined this distinction of climates principally to the plains; as the mountains that limit them vary according to their elevation, and at the same time enclose in their windings, vallies which enjoy in the south



the cool temperature of the *Milanese*, and in the north glow with all the sultriness of *Abruzzo*. Such, in a few words, is the geography of Italy.

The climate of Italy is temperate, though inclined to heat. The rays of the sun are powerful even in winter; and the summer, particularly when the *Sirocco* blows, is sultry and sometimes oppressive. The heat, however, is never intolerable, as the air is frequently cooled by breezes from the mountains, and is refreshed on the southern coasts by a regular gale from the sea. This breeze rises about eight in the morning, and blows without interruption till four in the afternoon, deliciously tempering the burning suns of Naples, and sweeping before it the sullen vapours that brood over the torrid *Campania*. Moreover, the windings and the recesses of the mountains afford, as they ascend, several retreats, where, in the greatest heats of summer, and during the very fiercest glow of the dog-days, the traveller may enjoy the vernal coolness and the mild temperature of England. Such are the baths of *Lucca*, situated in a long-withdrawing vale, and shaded by groves of chesnuts; such is *Vallombrosa*, encircled by the forests of the Apennine; and such too the situation of Horace's *Sabine Villa*, concealed in one of the woody dales of mount *Lucretilis*, with the oak and the ilex wafting freshness around it.

Though rain is not frequent during the spring and summer months, yet occasional showers fall abundant enough to refresh the air and revive the face of nature. These showers are generally accompanied by thunder storms, and when untimely, that is before or during the harvest, are very mischievous in their consequences. The equinoctial rains and the inundations of winter torrents are particularly inconvenient, and even, sometimes, dangerous, especially in the northern pro-

vinces, and along the eastern coast. The immense number of considerable rivers, such as the *Tanaro*, the *Tesino*, the *Bormida*, the *Adda*, etc. that pour their tributary waters into the *Po*, while with it they contribute so largely to the beauty and luxuriance of the plains through which they glide, yet, when swelled with continued rains, like it, overflow their banks and inundate the level surface of the surrounding country. On these occasions the roads are covered with mud, the fords rendered impassable, bridges not unfrequently swept away, and the communication between different towns and provinces entirely suspended. Nor do these inundations always subside as soon as might be expected from the general heat and dryness of the climate; their pernicious effects are sometimes felt for months afterwards. The traveller, therefore, who may be surprised by these periodical showers, would do well to establish himself in the first commodious inn, and will thus find such accidental delays neither useless nor unpleasant.

We may observe, however, that these periodical rains, and the accidental showers, which are the local effects of mountains and seas, and even the clouds and storms of winter, are only transient and temporary interruptions of the general serenity that constitutes one of the principal advantages of this delightful climate. The traveller, when, after his return, he finds himself wrapt up in the impenetrable gloom of a London fog, or sees the gay months of May and June clouded with perpetual vapours, turns his recollection with regret to the pure azure that canopies Rome and Naples, and contemplates in thought the splendid tints that adorn the vernal skies of Italy.

Largior hic campos aether et lumine vestit purpureo.

Though the sun in Italy has, even in the cooler seasons, a sufficient degree of warmth to incommode a foreigner, yet the heat can scarcely be considered as an obstacle to travelling, except in the months of July and August; then indeed it is intense, and it is imprudent in the traveller to expose himself to the beams of the sun for any time; though Englishmen frequently seem insensible of the danger, and brave alike the regions of a Russian winter, and the heats of an Italian or even an Egyptian summer. Fevers and untimely deaths are sometimes the consequences of this rashness, and more than one traveller has had reason to regret his imprudence. To avoid these dangers, persons who are obliged to travel during the hot months generally proceed by night, and repose during the sultry hours of the day. By this method, without doubt, they guard sufficiently against the dangers and inconveniencies of the weather, but at the same time they sacrifice one of the principal objects, the *scenery* of the country; and this sacrifice in Italy can be compensated by no advantages. The best method, therefore, is to set out a full hour before sun-rise, to stop at ten, and repose till five, then travel as daylight will permit: by this arrangement of time, the traveller will enjoy the prospect of the country, the freshness of the morning and the coolness of the evening, and will devote to rest those hours only which heat renders unfit for any purpose of excursion or enjoyment.

Nothing is more pleasing to an eye accustomed to contemplate prospects through the medium of a vaporous sky, than the extreme purity of the atmosphere, the consequent brightness of the light and the distinct appearance of remote objects. A serene sky takes off much of the horrors of a desert, and communicates a smile to barren sands.

and shapeless rocks; what then must be its effects upon the face of a region in which nature seems to have collected all her means of ornament, all her arts of pleasing; plains fertile and extensive, varied with gentle swells and bold elevations; mountains of every shape, outline, and degree; at different distances, but always in view, presenting here their shaggy declivities, darkened with woods, and there a long line of brown rugged precipices; now, lifting to the skies a head of snow and a purple summit; then, unfolding as you advance, and discovering in their windings rich vallies, populous villages, lakes and rivers, convents and cities; these are the materials of picturesque beauty, and these are the constant and almost invariable features of Italian scenery.

*Plan of a Tour in Italy.*—Various plans have been laid down for making the *Tour of Italy*, but that which has been generally pursued is previously to visit *Paris*, according to the indications pointed out by Galignani in his « *Picture of Paris*. » The plan chalked out by a recent writer (Sir R. C. Hoare) in his « *Hints to Travellers in Italy*, » very nearly coincides with that pursued in the present « *Picture of Italy*, » and may be recommended as pointing out the best and pleasantest route through Italy. I would, says he, leave England the end of April and devote the month of May to Paris, where a month, well employed, would amply satisfy the curious. From Paris I would proceed, through Lyons, to *Geneva*, or rather to *Secheron*, where there is an excellent hotel on the banks of the lake, and where every necessary assistance could be procured to facilitate a tour through the different Cantons of Switzerland. June, July, and August might suffice for viewing the picturesque scenery of *Helvetia*, and the Alps might be traversed early in September. But the artist, as well as the lover

of picturesque scenery, should by all means avail himself of this fine season of the year, when every vineyard smiles and every villa teems with hospitality, to make an excursion into the *Val D'Aosta*, and visit the *Lago Maggiore*, *Lago Lugano*, and *Lago di Como*. By the beginning of October at least, the tourist may continue his southern progress, passing through *Piacenza*, *Parma*, and *Modena*, to *Bologna*. *Parma* still possesses some of the fresco works of *Correggio* uninjured.

Florence will probably detain the traveller some time.

Much interesting and classical ground will be traversed, and many fine towns visited in the intervening space between Rome and Venice. Here will be another opportunity of visiting the Cascade of *Terni*: the traveller from hence will continue on the same road he came to Rome, as far as *Foligno*, and from thence through *Serravalle* and *Macerata* to *Loreto*; and from thence perhaps to *Ancona*, *Fano*, *Pesaro*, and *Rimini*. Between *Cesena* and *Savignano*, he may cross the *Rubicon*, now a trifling rivulet. From *Bologna* the traveller may proceed through *Cento* and thence to *Ferrara*, where a vessel may be hired for Venice. From *Venice* two ways of return will present themselves, the shortest through the Venetian territory and the cities of *Padova*, *Vicenza*, *Verona*, *Bergamo*, *Brescia*, and *Tyrol*: the other is through *Trieste*, *Carniola*, *Carintia* and *Stiria* to *Vienna*; from thence he will naturally direct his route through *Prague* to *Dresden*, *Leipsic*, *Berlin*, etc. The homeward track will then lead him to *Magdeburg*, *Hanover*, *Osnabruck*, *Aix-La-Chapelle*, *Liege* and *Spa*, *Brussels*, *Ghent* and *Ostend* (1). Those who have a winter

(1) See these routes pointed out and the places described in GALIGNANI'S Complete Traveller's Guide through Belgium, Holland, and Germany.

at command, may choose a more extended tour in Italy, where even a town is the most eligible for summer quarters, as the intense heat of an Italian sun would prove a total bar to any out-door amusements in the country. *Sienna* is by some recommended as a most eligible summer residence, having a clear and healthy atmosphere. Excursions may be made in the interim to *Leghorn*, *Pisa*, and *Lucca*, or by taking a boat at *Piombino*, to the Island of *Elba*, once the abode of the celebrated *Napoleon*. The excessive heat of the weather being abated, the traveller will probably think of fixing his winter quarters either at Rome or Naples. Either the *Arezzo* or *Sienna* road will convey him back to the Imperial city, because there is no other practicable route for a carriage. From Rome to Naples the learned author of « Hints to Travellers » has pointed out a line highly interesting and novel, by following the courses of the *Via Latina* through *Agnani Ferentino*, *Aquino*, and *S. Germano*. From thence he will proceed through *Teano* and join the *Via Appia* before it enters *Capua*. He has also traced out the course of the *Via Appia* from Rome to *Beneventum*, and caused correct drawings of the numerous and interesting monuments, which accompany the *Via*, to be made by an eminent artist.

If the season admit, the road from Florence to Rome, by way of Perugia, is recommended in preference to that of Sienna. At *Arezzo* there are some remains of the ancient *Arretium*. The ancient Crotona is at a small distance from *Cortona*, and a singular stone building in its neighbourhood, called *La Grotta di Pittagora*. On the way to *Perugia*, the tourist will pass the lake of *Thrasymene*, where the Roman Consul *Flaminius* was defeated by Hannibal. At *Spello* he will see the remains of an amphitheatre. At *Alle Vene*, there



is a beautiful little chapel. *Spoletto* will again revive the memory of Hannibal, and near the city of *Terni* is the precipitous brink of the foaming *Velino*. At *Narni*, the ruins of a stupendous bridge mark the magnificence of Augustus. At *Otricoli*, the vestiges of the ancient *Otriculum* remain, and passing through the romantic town of *Civita Castellana*, he will soon behold the proud dome of the *Vatican* and the streams of the *Tiber* meandering through the vale.

Those who travel from *Suabia* or the country of the *Grisons* to *Venice*, will find the passage of the *Splugen* the shortest route, though nobody should attempt it when the *avalanches* are expected to fall. This passage is much more fatiguing than that of *St. Gothard*; the wildness and sublimity of the prospects, however, compensate for every difficulty; they present at once to the astonished traveller, the *Inferno* of Dante and the *Chaos* of Milton.

Travellers should leave the *Splugen* at two or three in the morning. Carriages can proceed no farther than *Coire*, whence you travel in a *chaise-à-porteur*, on horseback, or in a *traineau*. From *Coire*, you proceed through a road called *Via Mala*, to *Splugen*, passing in your way the *Paten Bruche*.

After quitting *Splugen*, you go to *Schamserthal*, one of the most romantic vallies of the Alps. In order to pass the mountain, you lie down at full length in a *traineau* drawn by an ox, with your head next to the pole, because the ascent is so steep that your feet would otherwise be considerably higher than the rest of your body. It takes a couple of hours to reach the summit. In descending on the opposite side, called *the Cardinal*, you pass terrific precipices; at the bottom of which runs the *Lyra*, with an impetuosity that seems to increase every moment. You next arrive at the melancholy *Valley of St. Jacques*, and proceed, amid broken  
b.

rocks and fallen mountains, till at length the hills of *Chiavenna*, covered with peach and almond trees, gradually present themselves to view.

You embark at *La Riva*, and continue your journey either by *Como* or *Bergamo*.

To travellers who might choose to *winter in the south of France* without proceeding immediately to Italy, *Hyères* or *Nice* offers the best winter climate: others there are who advise the going to Italy by *sea*, in a vessel bound to Leghorn, particularly to invalids and consumptive persons, and passing the winter at *Pisa*, in preference to *Nice*, *Massa*, *Florence*, *Rome*, or *Naples*. But with respect to the weather, when an invalid occasionally becomes a resident in Italy, there are some cautions which generally apply; these depend so much upon the constitution of the person, that the most satisfactory way will be to take medical advice. *Fiesole*, near *Florence*, almost always enjoys a fresh breeze from noon till sun-set; and this is besides a situation not liable to those dangerous vicissitudes from heat to cold, so common in the populous cities of Italy, and particularly baneful to weak lungs. Even at *Naples* the wind is apt to be piercing, but at *Pisa* the air is uniformly soft, while the mountains, which rise like an amphitheatre, screen it from every wind except the sea breezes. *Switzerland*, in which some persons prolong their visits, is one of the most unequal climates in Europe. There are many very cold days here, even in spring and autumn. *CARRARA* is strongly recommended to persons who require a bracing summer climate; and the plain of *Sorrento* is a cool, healthy, and beautiful summer situation for those who wish to be near *Naples*.

A prudent person, not ambitious of passing for an Englishman of fashion, may certainly *live very reasonably* in Italy. At *Turin*, *Milan*, *Florence*,



Sienna, and many other capital towns, such persons may enjoy every convenience of life, except a carriage, for one hundred and fifty pounds sterling per year, including dress, etc. etc. A single gentleman or lady, indeed, we are persuaded, might live very comfortably in almost any part of Italy, France, Switzerland, or Germany, with a clear income of one hundred pounds. They would soon be admitted to much agreeable society, and partake many little luxuries and amusements, for a sum of money which constitutes little more than penury in England, and almost banishes a person from the sweet interchange of social endearment.

At *Venice*, which however is not the cheapest place in Italy to live in, a stranger may hire a good room for two or three livres (1) a day; and for five livres he may dine well: or he may provide himself with a genteel apartment and dinner for from nine to twelve livres a day. Wood for fuel will cost him about one livre and a half. The wages of a man servant is twenty-four livres a month, if he board him: or from seventy to ninety livres; if he is at board wages. The hire of a gondola is five livres a day: but if he keeps one constantly, he pays thirty livres a month for the gondola, and about ninety for the gondolier.

A single man therefore may live at Venice and keep a servant for a hundred pounds a year: or he may live, and keep his gondola, which is equivalent to a carriage in any other place, for eighty pounds a year. In this case he may use the gondolier as a servant. A man servant, board wages included, is about twenty guineas a year. If he live in a genteel style, keeping his servant and gondola, his expenses will be about one hundred and fifty pounds. To these he must add clothes,

(1) A livre is about five pence English.

theatres, coffee-houses, etc. which are not, however, expensive at Venice.

If he eat at home, which he will scarcely do, unless he be with a family, a cook will have fifteen livres a month, if she eat in the house; or from fifty to sixty livres, if she be at board wages.

This may serve to give some faint idea how a traveller may live in Italy, who does not wish to make a useless parade, but will take the trouble of inquiring into the real value of things, and not suffer himself to be imposed upon.

### *Journey with the Vetturini.*

This plan takes the route of Mount Cenis, Piedmont, the late kingdom of Italy, and the Ecclesiastical States, and returns through Etruria and Tuscany, in *French leagues*, one of which is rather less than three English miles.

FROM	LEAGUES.	FROM	LEAGUES.
Chambery to Planesses.	5	St. Michel.....	3
Aiguebelle.....	4 $\frac{1}{2}$	Modane.....	3
St. Jean de Maurienne.	5	Lanslebourg.....	5

It will occupy the whole of a forenoon to ascend *Mount Cenis*. It is usual to dine at *Novalezza* and sleep at *Bucholino*, distant 3 leagues.

FROM	LEAGUES.	FROM	LEAGUES.
St. Ambrose.....	4	La Canonica.....	6
Turin.....	5	Bergamo.....	4
Chavazzo.....	5	Coccaria.....	6 $\frac{1}{2}$
Ligurno.....	5	Brescia.....	5
Verceil.....	7	Lonato.....	5
Novarra.....	5	Castel Nuovo.....	4
Sedriano.....	9	Verona.....	5
Milan.....	6	Castel Bello.....	6 $\frac{1}{2}$

Passing through *Vicenza* they sleep at *Padua*.

FROM	LEAGUES.	FROM	LEAGUES.
Mira.....	4	Returning from Venice	
Through Fusina to Venice	2	the same day.....	8

FROM	LEAGUES.	FROM	LEAGUES.
Moncelesi.....	4	Forli . . . . .	3 $\frac{1}{2}$
Rovigo.....	5	Cesena . . . . .	5
Ferrara . . . . .	7	Rimini . . . . .	6 $\frac{1}{2}$
Armarosa.....	7	Cattolica . . . . .	4 $\frac{1}{2}$
Bologna.....	3	Fano . . . . .	6
Imola. . . . .	6 $\frac{1}{2}$	Sinigaglia . . . . .	5
Faenza . . . . .	3		

Proceeding to Ancona it is necessary to take provisions; the voituriers, on account of a mountain on this side of that place, never proceed within a quarter of a mile of Ancona.

FROM	LEAGUES.	FROM	LEAGUES.
Loreto. ....	7	Poggibonzi. ....	5 $\frac{1}{2}$
Macerata.....	5 $\frac{1}{2}$	Castel Fiorentino.....	4 $\frac{1}{2}$
Tolentino. ....	3 $\frac{1}{2}$	Montelupo . . . . .	4 $\frac{1}{2}$
Ponte della Trave.....	5	Florence. ....	5
Serravalle. ....	4	Casa Nuova . . . . .	4
Rome to Baccano.....	6	Foligno.....	4
Monterosi. ....	3	Spoletto . . . . .	9
Ronciglione . . . . .	4	From hence to a lonely	
Viterbo. ....	4	house upon a moun-	
Bolsena.....	6	tain . . . . .	3
S. Lorenzo. ....	2	Terni.....	4 $\frac{1}{2}$
To the foot of the moun-		Narni.....	3
tain of Radicofani... 6		Civita Castellana.....	7
Torrinière.....	3	Rignano.....	3
St. Quirico.....	3 $\frac{1}{2}$	La Varchetta.....	6
Ponte d'Arbia.....	4 $\frac{1}{2}$	Rome. ....	2
Sienna.....	4 $\frac{1}{2}$		

At Rome it is necessary to take post and go at once to Naples, to avoid the wretched inns, and the hazard of being robbed by the banditti of both states, that infest these roads. Or the journey may be made along with the *Courier*, who conveys the mail, and who has a military escort. He occasionally takes two, and even three passengers, and by a little management, 50lbs. weight of luggage for each will not be objected to. The carriage is on springs, and closed round with leather curtains.

The *Courier* leaves Rome about six o'clock in the evening and arrives at Naples about ten o'clock the second morning, travelling all night. The distance is 152 miles; the price 20 Roman crowns, about 108 French francs. The journey between Florence and Rome, and between other places, may also be performed in the same manner, the expense nearly in proportion to the above. It is however both an expensive and not very agreeable way of travelling, and ought only to be adopted when there is some particular cause, as between Rome and Naples.

FROM	LEAGUES.	FROM	LEAGUES.
Giretto.....	6 $\frac{1}{2}$	Reggio .....	5
Pietra Mala.....	6	Parma.....	5
Scarica l'Asino.....	2	Borgo Sandonnino.....	5
Pianore.....	3	Cadé .....	5
Bologna.....	3	Piacenza.....	3
Modena.....	7 $\frac{1}{2}$	Castel S. Giovanni.....	4
Bronio.....	4	Viaggio.....	4
Viguerra.....	4	Campo Marone.....	4
Tortona.....	3	Genova.....	4
Novi.....	4		

If the traveller wish to visit *Pisa*, *Leghorn*, *Lucca*, etc. the Vetturini will convey him.

FROM	LEAGUES.	FROM	LEAGUES.
Castel Fiorentino to la		Lucca .....	4
Scala .....	4 $\frac{1}{2}$	Pistoja.....	6 $\frac{1}{2}$
Formazetti .....	4	Florence .....	6 $\frac{1}{2}$
Pisa.....	5		

A boat goes from *Pisa* to *Leghorn* every day.

### *Manner of Travelling Post in Italy.*

There are two modes of travelling in Italy: the ordinary mode is the dearest in Lombardy, Piedmont, Milan, and the Venetian territory; but in Lombardy, upon certain conditions, permission is given to take post horses at a reduced price; these conditions express that the postillion shall not be

obliged to gallop nor to travel after sun-set, without being paid the full price of the post. This is what is called *Cambiatura*, and is to be obtained in any of the large places. It is good to get this permission before hand, and expedite it by favour of your banker to the place from whence you intend to set out.

In *Northern Italy*, the post prices are as follow:

	PAOLI.	SOLDI.
1 Chaise-horse .....	5	
1 Saddle-horse.....	5	
1 Postillion.....	3	
1 Groom .....	1	
1 Valet de chambre.....	0	15
1 Livery-servant .....	0	12

*In Southern Italy.*

	PAOLI.	SOLDI.
1 Chaise-horse .....	4	
1 Saddle horse.....	3	
1 Postillion.....	3	
1 Groom.....	1	
1 Valet de Chambre.....	0	15
1 Livery servant.....	0	12

*Naples.*— For two chaise-horses, each post, eleven carlini; for one saddle-horse five carlini; for a royal post five carlini and a half, and three carlini to each postillion. In the kingdom of Italy in general, two chaise-horses cost eight livres, twelve and a half sous, or a demi-sequin, each post; and one saddle-horse four livres. In the Venetian territory, for two chaise-horses one florin each post; and half a florin for a saddle-horse.

There is no end to the demands made for drink in Italy. The ostler is sure to demand a contribution; and even a boy, who takes the office upon himself to throw some water over your wheels, will ask a *douceur*. But these importunities are best resisted at first.

According to an arrangement respecting the new road from *Florence* to *Modena*, a courier pays six *paoli*, or pauls, each post, for two horses. Every other traveller pays eight pauls for a postillion's horse, and for a spare horse, four.

The payment of a postillion's guides in Italy, called *la Benandata*, is one *paoli* per post, for each horse, even though the post should not be complete, the route from *Pistoja* to *Piastre* excepted, and from *Piano Asinatico* to *Bosco Lungo*; where the traveller is compelled to take three horses, even for a two-wheeled carriage. One or two persons, with two hundred weight of baggage, take two horses; four persons with double that weight, take four horses, or the same for three hundred weight and two domestics; but if the baggage exceeds this quantity, not stipulated for in the agreement made at first setting out, five or six horses must be taken, and the payment of the guides is proportioned to the number of horses. The post is always paid on leaving the towns in Italy, at *Turin* excepted. The roads in Lombardy are level, and in general good, except when the soil, naturally fat, is moistened by rain. Every traveller who has not a *Sedia*, viz. a half covered, two-wheeled carriage, capable of holding two persons and their large trunks behind, and which may be hired at *Ala*, on the road from *Trent*, would do well to traverse *Lombardy* with the *Vetturini*, who have in general very commodious *Sedias*.

At *Bologna* it is advisable to purchase one of these carriages, and then take post horses; though if people do not choose to engage in this expense, there are plenty of carriers to be met with on the road. They do not go very rapidly, because the country is mountainous; but this affords opportunities for inspecting the scenery and curiosities



on the road. The *Vetturini* never go above thirty Italian miles per day; with a carriage of two or four wheels, and drawn by horses or mules, some of them will take three hundred weight of baggage. The expense upon the whole is very nearly equal to that of travelling post; however, the drivers of these are so sensible of their importance, that they will not lower their demands, even when they are returning. As for return carriages, they are very difficult to be had in Italy, because there is always an understanding between the drivers and the innkeepers. If procured for you by a friend or acquaintance, the price is, including the drink-money, a Dutch ducat per day, or from three to four rix dollars, whether he carry one, two, or three persons. Persons going to Italy may agree with *Vetturini* at *Lyons* or *Geneva*, to carry them to the extremity of the kingdom of *Naples*; but they must never forget to make their bargain beforehand. If they are not too fond of good living, they cannot do better than agree with the *Vetturini* for eating and drinking. The *Piedmontese* carriers are esteemed the best in Italy; they are brought up to it from their youth, and have good carriages; besides being used to travel in the mountains, people may place confidence in them for safety. Not to be the dupe of the Italian *Vetturini* in general, *an agreement in writing is indispensably necessary, and it should be witnessed by a public notary*; nor should any person advance more than one half of the sum agreed for; and expressly insert in the agreement, that the whole of the sum, even *la buona mana*, shall not be forthcoming, but at the happy termination of the journey, and this according to the good conduct of the driver during the time. The proper charge of the *Vetturini*, between *Florence* and *Rome*, including

supper and bed, is 10 to 11 scudi, or crowns; the *buono mano*, one crown.

Between Florence and Rome five nights are passed on the road.

Between Rome and Naples, 7 to 8 crowns, including as above, and a *buona mano*, of 6 or 7 pauls; four nights are passed on the road (1).

In either of these journeys with the *Vetturini*, although suppers and beds are agreed for, the traveller ought by no means to neglect taking along with him a small basket, containing a bottle or two of good wine, one of brandy, or rum, sugar, lemons, smoaked sausage, tongue, etc. These will occasionally be experienced very acceptable. The wine on these roads is execrable, none good can be procured even for money. The rooms, never sufficiently warmed, and in cold or wet weather a tumbler of hot punch will be found a real luxury, and even a medicine. If the traveller on such an occasion has taken the precaution to be provided, he will be grateful for the hint, if he has neglected it, he will have cause for regret.

Bad as most of the *Italian inns* are, there are many good ones. In cities they generally charge a stranger so much a head for each meal, and for the apartment besides, according to the number of rooms. They usually ask much more than they will take, and seldom make any conscience of getting as much as they can, especially of an Englishman.

(1) *Via de Condotti*, at Rome, is the usual rendezvous of the *Vetturini*. One of the best is called Foxdale. His grandfather was an Englishman, and settled there, having been a faithful servant to the unfortunate James, he emigrated along with him.



*Travelling Post in Piedmont, Liguria, Parma, and Piacenza.*

According to the last *tariff*, the post-masters are authorized to demand of travellers one franc and fifty centimes for horse and post, and sixty-five centimes for postillion and post.

Every courier, not accompanying a carriage, must have a mounted postillion, to act as a guide.

One postillion is not allowed to conduct more than three couriers; if there are four couriers, there must be two postillions.

*Carriages.*—As many horses must be paid for as there are persons who go with the carriage (without any distinction of age), either inside, outside, on the coach-box, or behind, whether the horses be attached to it or not.

Two-wheel carriages with poles, as well as *cabriolets* with four wheels, must be conducted by a postillion, with not less than two horses. If there be three passengers, they must have three horses and a postillion; but four horses are to be paid for. Three passengers are to be driven with three horses, and five are to be paid for.

Postmasters are bound to attach the third horse to two-wheeled carriages with two passengers; but in case of an agreement made to attach but two, they can only demand half price for the horse not used.

Carriages upon four wheels, having but one passenger, with or without a trunk, *vache*, or portmanteau, must have three horses attached, and be driven by a postillion.

Two passengers with a *vache*, trunk, or portmanteau, must have three horses and a postillion; two persons with one *vache*, trunk, or portmanteau between them, or with two of them, must be conducted by a postillion, and though drawn by three horses, pay for four.

Three passengers with one *vache*, trunk, or portmanteau among them, must have a postillion and three horses, and pay for four.

Three passengers with a trunk, *vache*, and a portmanteau, or having two of these things only; must have two postillions and four horses, and pay for five.

Four passengers with or without a trunk, *vache*, or portmanteau, must be drawn by six horses, and conducted by two postillions.

Four wheeled carriages with a pole, carrying one or two passengers, must have four horses and two postillions; with three passengers, two postillions, and six horses; the same with four and five persons, though seven are to be paid for. With six passengers they must have three postillions and eight horses, paying for nine.

Relative to the loading of horses and carriages, couriers are not to carry any thing beyond the saddle-bags; portmanteaus must be carried upon the crupper by the postillion, provided always that the weight of each does not exceed twenty-five *killogrammes*, or fifty pounds.

Two-wheeled carriages having a pole, those with four, having a back-seat and a litter, cannot carry any load behind them exceeding 100 pounds weight, nor above 40 pounds in front.

The third horse granted to the post-masters of the different stations, cannot be required of them unless to be attached to post-chaises carrying one passenger. This regulation does not apply to the *cabriolets à souffle*.

The right to the third horse is granted for six months, or for the year entire. The post-masters cannot exercise this right, but only by virtue of orders to this effect, which it is necessary to have renewed every year.

*Charges in the Ecclesiastical States.*

	PAOLI.
For two chaise-horses.....	10
For the third horse.....	4
For the third and fourth <i>gubbia</i> at each post.	8
For the freight of a covered carriage, which the post-master is bound to furnish.....	2
To the postillion.....	3½
To the helper.....	½

One postillion is assigned to two horses. A carriage with three persons and a trunk, must also be drawn by two horses, deemed sufficient for two persons and two trunks. If there should be another trunk or a *vache*, they will of course attach the third horse, and two pauls per post are required to be paid for every other *vache*, trunk, or portmanteau.

Four-wheeled carriages with six passengers and a trunk, must be drawn by four horses; but having seven passengers and another large *vache*, they must be drawn by six horses. Other trunks, *vaches*, and portmanteaus pay two pauls.

Four-wheeled carriages, mounted in the German manner, and carrying two persons and a small trunk of sixty pounds weight, must be drawn by two horses, the same as two-wheeled carriages.

No carriage is permitted to pursue the course undertaken by the post, but after a stoppage of three days, nor to travel post after having engaged a *voiture*.

*Kingdom of Naples.*

The latest tariff issued here fixed the charge for post-horses as follows:

	CARLINI.
For a post-horse.....	5½
For a postillion.....	3
For the <i>pertichino</i> .....	1½
For putting on the <i>pertichino</i> .....	3

CARLINI.

For the price of the same.....	1
To the boy for washing the wheels.....	$\frac{1}{2}$
For the loading of a two-wheeled carriage.	5
For a four-wheeled carriage.....	10
For a courier proceeding with a traveller...	5 $\frac{1}{2}$

A two-wheeled carriage with a trunk of two hundred weight, and carrying three passengers, must have two horses; and if three persons and a trunk, three horses. The little four-wheeled carriage called *Canestrella*, may carry two persons; and a trunk behind, is drawn by two horses.

A similar carriage, with three persons and a trunk of two hundred weight, must be drawn by three horses.

The large *canestra*, drawn by four horses, may carry a trunk of two hundred weight, and four passengers; and must be drawn by six horses, if it carry six passengers and two large trunks.

Twenty-four hours having elapsed after the traveller has arrived at the post-house in his carriage, he may pursue his route by post. The master of the intermediate posts cannot grant any number of horses exceeding that with which the traveller arrives. If the traveller deems himself overcharged, he may complain at the Royal Post Office, and obtain redress without delay.

### *Lucca.*

PAOLI.

For every chaise or saddle-horse.....	5
For the third horse.....	4
For the loading of a carriage containing places for four persons.....	6
For a carriage for two persons.....	3
A postillion.....	2
A helper.....	$\frac{1}{2}$

A two-wheeled carriage with two passengers, and trunks weighing 350 pounds, and a domestic, is drawn by two horses. A calash on four wheels

takes two persons without trunks; but if there are three passengers, and 250 pounds of luggage there must be three horses, and four for six persons with trunks and luggage of 350 pounds weight.

The weight of each person carried without luggage, is averaged at 200 pounds; when these are wanting, weight may be substituted in their room. Persons who arrive post at *Lucca* are not allowed to continue their journey in a common carriage.

*Ci-devant Kingdom of Italy.*

The following tariff has been fixed up before all the post-houses, by order of Government.

	LIV. CENTS.	
Price of one stage for two horses....	5	50
Premium to the postillion.....	1	50
For open carriages upon two or four wheels.....		40
For covered carriages upon two or four wheels.....		80

If horses are wanting for exchange, the post-office must take them from the postillions of the place, paying for them according to the fixed tariff; and if there are not a sufficient number in the place, those that arrive may be taken after they have had an hour's refreshment, for which the traveller is to pay, and one livre besides for each horse.

If horses are wanting in consequence of any failure in the post-master, he is liable to pay fifty livres for each horse wanting; the half of which goes to the traveller. Post-masters are obliged to provide horses for persons who travel with a regular passport; but if they continue their journey in any common carriage, they must not expect any indemnification.

The law respecting these regulations of the posts in Italy, expresses, that persons may nevertheless

travel to Venice by *Cambiatura*, by procuring the necessary bulletin: the price of horses is then five livres and a half for each horse, either for the chaise or the saddle.

The *Cambiatura* is abolished in Piedmont, but retained in the *Milanese* and the *Venetian States*, where it is called the *bollettino*. It is a permission to travellers to take the post at less price than it is fixed at by Government, with conditions not to make the horses gallop, nor to travel after sun-set.

		Value				
		In livres of Milan.			Ital. livres.	
		liv.	sous.	den.	liv.	cent.
GOLD COINS CURRENT IN ITALY.						
<i>Italy.</i>	Piece of 40 livres.....	—	—	—	40	—
	Piece of 20 livres.....	—	—	—	20	—
<i>France.</i>	Piece of 40 livres.....	—	—	—	40	—
	Piece of 20 livres.....	—	—	—	20	—
<i>Milan.</i>	Doppia, or pistole .....	25	15	—	19	77
	Sequin (1).....	15	11	3	11	91
<i>Venice.</i>	Sequin, half sequin, etc. in proportion .....	15	13	4	12	3
<i>Bologna.</i>	Doppia, and the half doppia	22	5	8	17	10
	Sequin, and the half sequin	15	5	6	11	72
<i>France.</i>	The new Louis.....	30	5	6	23	62
<i>Parma.</i>	The new doppia .....	27	18	—	21	41
<i>Genoa.</i>	The doppia of 96 francs; its half and quarter in proportion .....	102	12	—	78	74
<i>Savoy.</i>	The new doppia of 1787, and its half.....	37	—	3	28	40
<i>Florence.</i>	Sequin.....	15	9	9	11	88
<i>Rome.</i>	Doppia .....	22	4	6	17	5
	Sequin.....	15	4	6	11	68
<i>Germany.</i>	The imperial of Hungary, Bavaria, and Saltzbourg.	15	6	—	11	74
	Hungarian kremnitz.....	15	7	3	11	79
	Hungarian prince.....	15	3	9	11	65
<i>Flanders.</i>	The sovran and its half...	45	9	3	34	89

(1) Or in Italian *Zecchino*.

Value in

Livres of Milan. Livres of Italy.

## SILVER MONEY CURRENT IN ITALY.

		liv.	sous.	den.	liv.	cent.
<i>Italy.</i>	Piece of 5 livres.....	—	—	—	5	—
	Piece of 2 livres.....	—	—	—	2	—
	Livre.....	—	—	—	1	—
	Three quarters of a livre...	—	—	—	—	75
	Half a livre.....	—	—	—	—	50
<i>France.</i>	Quarter livre.....	—	—	—	—	25
	Crown of six livres.....	7	12	3	5	84
	Five francs.....	—	—	—	5	—
	Two francs.....	—	—	—	2	—
	One franc.....	—	—	—	1	—
<i>Milan.</i>	Three quarter franc.....	—	—	—	—	75
	Half franc.....	—	—	—	—	50
	Quarter franc.....	—	—	—	—	25
	The crown and its half....	6	—	—	4	60
	The old livre and its half..	1	—	—	—	76 $\frac{1}{2}$
<i>Bologna.</i>	The new livre of 1778 and its half.....	1	—	—	—	76 $\frac{1}{2}$
	The crown of the Madonna and its half.....	7	—	—	5	37
	The crown of 10 Pauls and its half....	6	18	6	5	31
<i>Modena.</i>	Testone.....	2	1	9	1	60
	French crown 11ime.....	7	4	6	5	54
	Crown of Hercules 11ime 1732, and its half in proportion.....	7	6	—	5	60
<i>Venice.</i>	Ducatoon, or true crown of the cross and its half....	8	13	6	6	66
	Justine, and its half in proportion.....	7	13	—	5	86
	The new crown.....	9	1	6	6	96
<i>Genoa.</i>	The new crown.....	8	9	—	6	48
<i>Parma.</i>	Ducat.....	6	11	—	5	2
<i>Florence.</i>	Francescone.....	7	2	—	5	45
<i>Rome.</i>	Crown of 10 Pauls.....	6	16	6	5	24
<i>Germany.</i>	The dollar of the convention.....	6	12	9	5	9
<i>Flanders.</i>	Crown of the cross, or crown.....	7	6	6	5	62
<i>Spain.</i>	The new piece.....	6	17	9	5	29



*Money of Italy.*

The monies most current in Italy, or that in which there is the least loss, are the ruspone or sequin of Florence, the sequin and the doppia of Rome, the sequin of Venice and the Louis d'or; it is, however, not advisable to have more of the money of any state than you will want to dispose of while you remain in it, and the money of Genoa will not be taken in any other state.

In all Italy they reckon their money by livres; and hundredths or centimes of Italy, exactly corresponding to the French francs.

*Milan.*

30 livres bank, worth 32 livres current.	<i>liv.</i>	<i>sous.</i>
Sequin of Florence, or Venice, worth ..	14	10 bank.
_____ or _____ ..	17	10 current.
Sequin of Rome _____ ..	14	4 bank.
_____ and _____	20	10 or 21 current.
Pistole of Piedmont 45 Milanese livres current.		

*Monies of Genoa.*

The doppia of gold, 96 livres; its half, its quarter, and its eighth in proportion.

The crown of St. John the Baptist, 5 livres.

The marjola of 4 and 10 sous, money of alloy.

The copper money no longer exists.

The pound sterling is worth 28 livres of Genoa.

The Louis d'or 29 livres, 4 sous.

The sequin of Florence, 13 livres, 10 sous.

The piastre, or Spanish dollar, 6 livres or 10 sous of Etruria.

The livre of Florence worth  $1\frac{1}{2}$  pauls.

The sequin of Florence worth 20 pauls.

The ruspone of gold worth 60 pauls.

The sequin of Rome worth  $19\frac{1}{2}$  pauls.

The francescone 10 pauls.

They have lately struck some new pieces of silver of one, five, and two livres, in order more easily to follow the decimal system.

The Florence crown is an imaginary money, worth seven livres of Florence, or  $10\frac{1}{2}$  pauls. The Roman crown worth  $9\frac{1}{2}$  pauls. The silver money at Rome loses at Florence a half baiocco per paul.

*Monies of Parma and Piacenza.*

Livre worth 5 baiocchi or soldi, or 20 sous.

Three livres of Parma are equivalent to a livre of Milan, or to 76 centimes of France.

The paulo little less than 6d. English, or 12 sous French.

Sequin of Florence 20 paoli, or 44 livres of Parma.

It is an advantage to have the Louis d'ors of Parma to change for the sequins of Rome.

*Modena.*

Livre worth 6 baiocchi of Roman crown 10 paoli.

Rome. Roman sequin  $19\frac{1}{2}$  ditto.

Paolo 10 baiocchi of Rome. Florence ditto 20 ditto.

*Rome.*

Here they reckon in crowns, pauls, and baiocchi, which money is divided decimally.

Sequin  $20\frac{1}{2}$  paoli, scudo 10 paoli, paulo 10 baiocchi.

Sequin of Florence,  $20\frac{3}{4}$  paoli, but current only for  $20\frac{1}{2}$ .

Sequin of Venice 20 paoli.

Onza of Naples 24 paoli.

Louis d'or 44 or 45 paoli, guinea 43 or 44. In drawing upon London, the pound sterling about 43 paoli.

This country has no exchange but with Paris and Amsterdam. Money is very scarce at Rome, consequently purchases in ready money, especially in gold or Tuscan silver, may be made with advantage.

Money transactions are mostly carried on in bills, called *cedules*. The current coin is to the paper as about 1 to 16; and if you present a bill of 100 crowns to the bank for exchange; you will get 8 or 10 crowns in cash, and the rest in paper.

*Money of Naples.*

1 Onzia or onza, 3 ducats; 1 ducat, 10 carlini; 1 carlini, 10 grani; 1 grano, 12 calli.

An oncia is worth about 25 Roman paoli; 5 oncie make

7 sequins; and 7 oncie make about 4 pounds sterling. The ducat of Naples, 3 shillings and 9 pence English. The carlino worth  $4\frac{1}{2}$  English, 52 carlini make a pound sterling, which is equivalent to 2 sequins and 2 carlini. The Roman crown worth  $12\frac{1}{2}$  carlini, the sequin  $45\frac{1}{2}$  carlini, 6 carlini worth 5 Roman pauls,  $4\frac{1}{2}$  carlini make 1 shilling  $8\frac{1}{4}$ d. sterling.

Besides the coins already mentioned they have in gold, pieces of 6, 4, and 2 ducats. In silver, no less than 15 coins from 13 carl. 2 gr. down to 5 grani; of which those of 6, 4, and 3 carlini are common; the ducat is very scarce; the pateca of 5 carlini is also scarce; the piece of carlini is called tari; and the carlino of Naples is the tari of Sicily. In brass they have 6 coins, from 1 grano 6 calli, called the publica.

The accounts are kept at Naples in ducats, carlini, and grains; but in exchange they only reckon by ducats and grains.

With reference to the preceding tables, it is to be remarked, that many of the coins mentioned in them will be seldom seen or heard of. Too minute an investigation of these is more apt to confuse a stranger, he will shortly become acquainted with the value of the various coins; but on first entering the country it will be of more use to know in what currency the *charges* are made at inns, prices asked in shops, etc.

At Genoa and over part of the north of Italy, charges are often made in francs and sous, the same as in France; at other times in lire and soldi; 20 soldi make 1 lira, the value a fifth less than the French franc.

At *Florence* and in *Tuscany*, pauls and greschi.

8 Greschi 1 Paul

30 Pauls 1 Napoleon, or piece of 20 francs

3 Pauls 1 Louis d'or.

*At Romee.*

10 Baiocchi 1 Paul

30 Pauls 1 Napoleon

44 Pauls 1 Louis d'or

*Naples.*

10 Grains (*grani*) 1 Carlin

10 Carlins 1 Ducat

12 Carlins 1 Crown or Piastre, nearly equal  
to about 5 French francs.

42 to 43 Carlins 1 Louis d'or (2½ francs.)

The rate of exchange between Italy and other countries is constantly varying, and it is difficult to ascertain what really constitutes *par*. The following, however, may serve in some measure as a guide.

Bills at Genoa are commonly drawn on France in piastres; 98 sous French, for each piastre, is about *par*.

Leghorn: the *sequin* or *piastre* of 8 rials, at *par*, is about 101 French sous.

Rome: the *écu de Rome*, at *par*, is about 108 French sous.

Naples: the *ducat*, at *par*, is considered about 86 sous French.

In going from France to Italy, the specie taken ought to consist of Spanish doubloons, or old French Louis d'ors, coined previous to 1793, in preference to Nopoleon, or new pieces of 20 francs, as by doing so, there is a small advantage.

*Monies of Piedmont.*

		Money of France.				
		liv.	sol.	den.	fr.	cent.
Gold {	The doppia or pistole of gold of Piedmont. ....	20	—	—	23	70
	Of Marengo. ....	24	—	—	28	45
Crown of Piedmont. ....		6	—	—	7	11
Piece of 8 sous. ....		—	8	—	—	40
of. ....		—	7	6	—	37 $\frac{1}{2}$
of. ....		—	2	6	—	12 $\frac{1}{2}$
The others in proportion diminish.						
The piccalion. ....		—	—	2	—	1

The livre of Piedmont is nearly equal with the English shilling.

*Bologna.*

The livre here is worth.... 2 paoli.  
 Séquin of Rome..... 20  $\frac{1}{2}$  paoli.  
 Sequin of Florence..... 20 paoli.

*Weights in Italy.*

At *Turin* 16 pounds of *Hamburgh* are equal to 21 of *Turin*. The old pound used in pharmacy was twelve ounces, but the disproportion of these ounces to others was as five to six. Some years since, the French system of weights and measures was introduced at *Turin*.

*Milan*.—The common and the merchant's pound here is 28 light ounces; each ounce at *Milan* may be divided into 8 drams, the dram into 3 deniers, the denier into 24 grains. The ounce used for weighing gold and silver is heavier. It is called *l'oncia di marco d'oro*. The gold and silversmith's ounce, is divided into 24 deniers, and the denier into 24 grains; but these deniers make 26 of the common ounce, or *oncia di peso leggiera*. Sugar, coffee, wax, drugs, and silk, are sold 12 ounces

the *liretta*, or *libra piccola*; or 12 light ounces, the same as in the common pound or 10 ounces and a half of the large, old Paris weight.

*Venice.*—The pound used for bread and drugs is 12 ounces, each of these 6 *gros* and  $17\frac{1}{2}$  grains ancient French weight. The ounce is divided into 6 *sazi*, when bread, silk, or thread are weighed. For weighing drugs it is divided into 8 drams; and 19 light ounces make the heavy pound. The *mark* used in weighing money, gold, pearls, and diamonds, is divided into 8 ounces, each equal to 9 *gros*  $9\frac{1}{16}$  grains old French weight. The ounce is divided into 144 carats, each carat containing 4 grains.

The large pound, *libra grossa*, used for weighing metals, and other heavy articles, eatables, etc. is divided into 12 heavy ounces, each ounce consisting of 192 carats, the carat of 4 grains. The pound used for weighing gold lace and gold wire, is lighter than that used for ingots and money, the ounce not being more than 6 *gros*  $46\frac{1}{2}$  grains, old French weight. Eighty pounds *peso grosso*, are equal to eighty Hamburgh pounds, and eight pounds *peso sottile*, are equal to five Hamburgh pounds.

*Genoa.*—The *robe*, or *rubo*, is equal to 25 pounds, a *peso sottile* of 12 ounces each. The *cantara*, or *quinta* is equal to 6 *robes*, or 150 pounds, and contains 100 *rotoli*. The *rotolo* is equal to 18 ounces, and is the weight used for heavy merchandise. The *peso* consists of five *cantari*.

*Florence.*—One *litra* makes 12 ounces 288 *denari*; or 6912 grains; 12 ounces make 24 *denari* 576 grains; and 1 *denaro* is equal to 24 grains.

The *campione* is preserved at *Florence* with the most scrupulous precaution, and this, they say, is the standard of the pound weight among the ancient Romans.

*Rome.*—Here 1 libra, or pound, makes 12 ounces, 96 drams, 288 scruples, 576 *oboli*, 1728 *silique*, 6912 grains. One ounce makes 8 drams  $2\frac{1}{4}$  scruples, 48 *oboli*, 144 *silique*, 576 grains. One dram makes 3 scruples, 6 *oboli*, 18 *silique*, 72 grains. One scruple makes 2 *oboli*, 6 *silique*, 24 grains. One *obolo* makes 4 *silique*, 12 grains; 1 *silique*, 4 grains. The quintal is from 100, 160, to 250 pounds. The modern Roman pound weighs 6638 grains old French measure. The ancient Roman pound was only 6144 grains.

*Naples.*—The pound at Naples is divided into 12 ounces, and the ounce into 30 *trapesi*; the *trapesi* into 20 *acini*. One hundred ounces make 3 *rotoli*: thus the *rotolo* is  $33\frac{1}{3}$  Neapolitan ounces. The *staro* consists of  $10\frac{1}{2}$  *rotoli* and the *cantaro* of 100 *rotoli*. The weights in every other part of Italy differ very little from these already specified.

### *Measures in Italy.*

The mile of Piedmont is 800 trabucchi. The trabucco is 6 Piedmontese feet, or  $20\frac{7}{15}$  inches English. A Piedmontese mile therefore is 2688 yards and 10 inches English, or  $\frac{1}{4}$  yards 10 inches more than an English mile and an half.

The mile of Genoa is nearly the same with that of Piedmont.

At Parma they reckon by Italian miles, which are 61 yards and 1 foot shorter than an English mile.

*Bologna and Florence.*—The mile of Tuscany is supposed to be 1000 geometrical paces, or 5000 French feet. M. Dutens reckons it to be 5150 French feet, or 4835 f. 5 i. 4 l. English, or 148 yards, 8 inches, 8 lines short of an English mile.

The *Roman mile* is nearly the same with this; and probably with the ancient Roman mile.

The Neapolitan mile is 7000 palmi; and the



palmo being nearly  $10\frac{1}{2}$  inches English, the Neapolitan mile is longer than the English by about 249 yards.

*Measures at Naples.*

*Long Measure.*—One canna contains 8 palmi and  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards English; a palmo is  $10\frac{1}{2}$  i. English, or more accurately, according to M. Dutens, 10 i. 31. The *palmo* of Genoa for silk is 9 i. 60; for cloth 9 i. 80. At Rome, in architecture, it is 8 i. 78; in other things 9 i. 79. The braccio at Venice is 25 i. 30 for silk; and 27 i. for linen or woollen cloth. At Florence it is 22 i. 80 for silk, and 22 i. 61 for cloth. At Rome it is 34 i. 27. At Milan, for architecture, 23 i. 60; for silk 20 i. 70; for cloth 26 i. 20. At Bologna 24 i. 50. At Parma and Piacenza 26 i. 90. The lanna at Genoa is 87 i. 60. At Rome 78 inches. At Naples 82 i. 90. The foot at Turin is 20 i. 17; at Venice  $1\frac{1}{4}$  inches; at Bologna 15 inches. These are English measures in inches and decimal parts.

*Land Measure.*—The *moggia* contains 900 *passi*; each *passi* containing  $73\frac{1}{3}$  palmi.

*Dry Measure.*—Wheat is measured by the *tomolo*, of which  $5\frac{1}{2}$  make an English quarter of 8 bushels.

*Wine Measure.*—Wine is measured by the barrel, containing 66 caraffi, equal to  $9\frac{1}{2}$  English gallons. In the city of Naples, the barrel contains only 60 caraffi.

*Oil Measure.*—One *salma* contains 16 stari, 1 staro  $10\frac{1}{2}$  rotoli: 1 rotolo  $33\frac{1}{2}$  ounces, which is 2 pounds English. A *salma* is about 40 English gallons.

## TABLE OF POPULATION

*Of different Parts of Italy.*

Lombardo-Venetian Kingdom. . . . .	4,065,000
Kingdom of Naples.....,.....	6,766,000
Kingdom of Sardinia.....	3,814,000
Etruria.....	1,200,000
Roman States.....	2,400,000
States of Parma and Piacenza.....	300,000
Lucca.....	130,000
Republic of St. Marino.....	7,000
Total.....	18,682,000

## HEIGHTS OF MOUNTAINS

*And different Elevations of Italy, above the level of the Mediterranean, taken by M. Saussure, Shuckburgh and others.*

	English feet..
Mont Blanc in Savoy is.....	15,662
According to De Luc.....	15,302 $\frac{1}{4}$
Mont Cenis at the post house.....	6,261
The summit of the rocks which surround the plain where the post house is situated.....	9,261
Ia Grande Croix.....	6,023
Novalezza.....	2,741
Turin.....	941
Monte Viso in Piedmont.....	9,997
Monte Radicoso, a volcano, the highest point of the Apennines, over which the road from Bologna to Florence passes.....	2,901
Radicoferri at the post house.....	2,470
Summit of the rock above it.....	3,060
Viterbo.....	1,159
Monterosso, near Boccaria.....	15,084
Monte Velino, near Rieta, probably the highest point of the Apennines.....	8,327
Monte Somma, two leagues from Spoleto.	3,733

	English feet.
Monte Vesuvius, according to M. Saussure	3,904
----- according to others.....	3,938
Montenuovo, or Montecenere.....	472
Montebarbara (Mons Gaurus) ....	1,102
The great rock Montecorno.....	9,577
Mount AEtna, according to M. Saussure.	10,700 $\frac{1}{2}$
----- according to M. Shuck-	
burgh.....	10,954
Grand St. Bernard, at the Hospital, ac-	
cording to M. Saussure.....	8,074
St. Gothard, according to the same.....	6,790

These elevations have all been taken by the barometer at different times in French toises and English miles.

### *Table of Italian Hours.*

The manner of reckoning time in some parts of Italy is peculiar to themselves. At *Turin*, *Parma*, and *Florence*, they calculate the time the same as the rest of Europe; but in other parts they begin the day at sunset. The following table is calculated for five of the principal latitudes; and the figures point out the hours as it appears from the clocks in Italy, at the time when it is *noon* among us. This table is formed upon the principle, that in Italy it is understood that the twenty-four hours, of which the day consists, are concluded exactly thirty minutes after the apparent immersion of the sun's disc.

In the Milan Ephemerides a table is founded on the supposition, that the sun sets in summer in twenty-three hours; and in winter in twenty-three hours and thirty minutes: but the following table from M. de Lalande merits the preference.

*Table pointing out Noon according to the Italian Hours.*

Latitudes.		45° 44'	44° 25'	43° 46'	41° 54'	40° 50'
		Milan and Venice.	Genoa.	Florence	Rome.	Naples.
		I. M.	H. M.	H. M.	I. M.	I. M.
January	1	19 9	19 5	19 2	18 5	18 53
	10	19 3	19 0	18 57	18 52	18 48
	20	18 54	18 51	18 49	18 41	18 40
February	1	18 40	18 37	18 36	18 32	18 28
	10	18 28	18 26	18 25	18 21	18 18
	20	18 12	18 11	18 10	18 7	18 5
March	1	17 58	17 57	17 57	17 55	17 53
	10	17 45	17 44	17 44	17 43	17 41
	20	17 28	17 29	17 28	17 19	17 27
April	1	17 9	17 10	17 10	17 11	17 11
	10	16 54	16 57	16 57	16 59	16 59
	20	16 37	16 40	16 43	16 46	16 46
May	1	16 24	16 26	16 27	16 31	16 23
	10	16 13	16 15	16 17	16 21	16 23
	20	16 1	16 4	16 6	16 11	16 13
June	1	15 49	15 53	15 56	16 1	16 5
	10	15 44	15 48	15 51	15 57	16 0
	20	15 42	15 46	15 49	15 55	15 59
July	1	15 43	15 47	15 50	15 57	16 0
	10	15 47	15 51	15 54	16 0	16 4
	20	15 56	16 0	16 2	16 7	16 11
August	1	16 9	16 12	16 13	16 19	16 22
	10	16 20	16 23	16 24	16 29	16 32
	20	16 34	16 37	16 38	16 44	16 43
September	1	16 32	16 54	16 54	16 57	16 56
	10	17 7	17 8	17 8	17 9	17 1
	20	17 22	17 22	17 22	17 23	17 2
October	1	17 39	17 39	17 39	17 39	17 34
	10	17 53	17 52	17 52	17 5	17 51
	20	18 8	18 7	18 7	18 5	18 4
November	1	18 27	18 25	18 24	18 20	18 19
	10	18 39	18 36	18 25	18 31	18 29
	20	18 51	18 49	18 47	18 41	18 39
December	1	19 1	18 58	18 57	18 51	18 48
	10	19 7	19 4	19 9	18 57	18 53
	20	19 12	19 7	19 4	18 59	18 55

# CONTENTS.



PREFACE.....	i.
INTRODUCTION.—General View of Italy.....	ii.
Geography and Scenery of Italy.....	vi.
Mountains.....	vij.
Plan of a Tour in Italy.....	xiv.
Journey with the Vetturini....	xx.
Manner of Travelling Post in Italy.....	xxij.
Piedmont, Liguria, Parma, and Piacenza.....	xxvij.
Ecclesiastical States.....	xxix.
Kingdom of Naples.....	ib.
Lucca.....	xxx.
Ci-devant Kingdom of Italy.....	xxxj.
Gold Coins current in Italy...	xxxij.
Silver Money current in Italy..	xxxij.
Money of Italy.....	xxxiv.
Monies of Milan.....	ib.
Monies of Genoa.....	ib.
Monies of Parma and Piacenza.....	xxxv.
Monies of Modena, Rome, and Naples.....	ib.
Monies of Piedmont.....	xxxviii.
Monies of Bologna.....	ib.
Weights of Italy.....	ib.
Measures of Italy.....	xl.
Measures of Naples.....	xli.
Table of Population.....	xlij.
Heights of Mountains.....	ib.
Table of Italian Hours.....	xliij.
Table pointing Noon according to the Italian Hours.....	xliv.

## CHAPTER I.

Routes leading to Italy.....	i.
SECTION I.—Passage of the Simplon.....	2.
No. 1.—From Geneva to Milan.....	ib.
SECT. II.—Passage of the Grand St. Bernard.....	4.

No. 2.—From Aoste to Turin.....	5
SECT. III.—Passage of Mount St. Gothard.....	<i>ib.</i>
SECT. IV.—Route to Genoa, by Nice, from Provence.	6
No. 3.—From Antibes, or Nice, to Genoa by sea.	<i>ib.</i>
No. 4.—From Nice to Genoa, by the coast.....	10
No. 5.—From Antibes to Genoa, by the Col de Tende.....	11
No. 6.—From Antibes to Turin.....	16
Description of the road by Mount Cenis to Turin	16
SECT. V.—Passage of Mount Cenis.....	<i>ib.</i>
No. 7.—From Chambery to Turin.....	<i>ib.</i>
The New Road over Mount Cenis.....	19
Descent to Piedmont.....	23
Description of Turin.....	26
Soil and agriculture of Piedmont and Lom- bardy, and of Italy in general.....	42
SECT. VI.—Route by Germany and the Tyrol to Verona.....	47
No. 8.—From Inspruck to Verona.....	46
Description of Verona.....	61
CHAP. II.—Description of Genoa.....	67
CHAP. III.—Departure from Genoa. — Voyage to Leghorn, Lerici, Sarzanna, Carrara, etc...	89
No. 10.—From Genoa to Milan.....	96
Description of Pavia.....	97
Description of Milan.....	105
Environs of Milan.....	119
CHAP. IV.—No. 10.—From Milan to Bologna....	128
Excursion over the Apennines from Parma to Genoa.....	144
Account of Bologna.....	154
Environs of Bologna.....	165
CHAP. V.—From Bologna to Rome.....	168
No. 11.—From Bologna to Ancona.....	<i>ib.</i>
No. 12.—From Ancona to Rome, by <i>Loretto</i> and <i>Foligno</i> .....	182
Eternal City.....	199
Instructions on arriving in Rome.....	200
CHAP. VI.—Description of Rome.....	205
SECTION I.—Porto del Popolo.....	<i>ib.</i>
Modern Rome.....	206
Streets.....	208
Gates and Hills.....	211

SECTION I.—Squares and Bridges.....	221
The Ghetto degli Ebrei.....	217
General Remarks.....	218
Ten days in Rome.....	221
Churches.....	226
St. Peter's.....	229
St. John Lateran.....	233
The Corsini Chapel.....	234
S. Paolo fuori le Mure.....	235
S. Lorenzo fuori le Mure.....	<i>ib.</i>
S. Bartholomeo.....	236
S. Cecilia in Transtevere.....	<i>ib.</i>
S. Crisogno in Transtevere.....	<i>ib.</i>
S. Giovanni Battista di Fiorentini..	<i>ib.</i>
S. Gregorio Magno.....	237
S. Sabina.....	<i>ib.</i>
S. Maria Egiziaca.....	238
S. Maria Maggiore.....	<i>ib.</i>
S. Croce in Gierusalemme.....	239
S. Sebastiano.....	<i>ib.</i>
S. Peter in Vinculis.....	240
S. Carlo, in the Corso.....	<i>ib.</i>
S. Maria in Vallicella.....	241
The Trinity.....	<i>ib.</i>
S. Agnes, in the Piazza Navona....	<i>ib.</i>
S. Maria degli Angeli.....	242
S. Bartolomeo.....	<i>ib.</i>
The Minerva.....	<i>ib.</i>
The Catacombs.....	<i>ib.</i>
The Tomb of Cecilia Metella.....	244
Palaces.....	245
The Vatican.....	246
The Capella Paulina.....	247
The Quirinal.....	253
The Capitol.....	254
Public Buildings, Monuments, etc....	273
Arches.....	277
Columns and obelisks.....	278
The Pantheon.....	281
The Forum and Via Sacra.....	283
Temple of Peace.....	285
Palatine Hill.....	287
Baths.....	289



Baths .....	290
Aqueducts.....	293
Gardens.....	296
Public Fountains.....	299
Museums, Academies, etc.....	302
<b>SECTION II.—Diversions.....</b>	<b>307</b>
Religious Spectacles, Carnival, etc....	<i>ib.</i>
Theatres.....	318
Promenades.....	322
Character, Manners, Society, etc....	323
Commerce, Manufactures, and Diet.....	333
Environs of Rome—Villas within and without the city.....	340
The banks of the Tiber.....	348
Tivoli.....	356
The Alban Mount and Lake.....	364
Tusculum and Cicero's Villa.....	366
Aricia and the Grove and Temple of Diana.....	367
The Lake of Nima and Palace of Trajan.....	369
Antium.....	<i>ib.</i>
Forest and Plains of Laurentum.....	<i>ib.</i>
Ostia.....	369
Mouth of the Tiber.....	<i>ib.</i>
The Campagna.....	369
Excursion from Pisa to Terracina, through the Maremma of Tuscany, the Campagna of Rome, and the Pomptine Marshes.....	371
Books on Rome.....	390
<b>CHAP. VII.—From Rome to Naples.....</b>	<b>391</b>
No. 13.—From Rome to Terracina, by the Pomp- tine Marshes.....	394
No. 14.—From Rome to Terracina.....	396
No. 15.—From Terracina to Naples.....	398
Description of Naples.....	401
Inns, Coffee-houses, and Private Lodgings....	407
Divisions of Naples.....	408
Ten Days in Naples.....	416
Churches of Naples.....	418
S. Gennaro.....	419
Gesu Nuovo.....	422

S. Paolo.....	ib.
S. Apostoli.....	ib.
S. Martin.....	423
S. Giovanni a Corbanara.....	ib.
S. Filippo Neri.....	424
S. Nunciata.....	ib.
S. Brigata.....	ib.
S. Maria della Pietà di Sangri.....	ib.
S. Maria la Nuova.....	ib.
The Chapel of San Severo.....	425
S. Spirito Santo.....	426
S. Maria del Parto.....	ib.
Palaces and Public Buildings.....	427
Castles.....	430
Hospitals.....	433
Streets and Squares.....	438
Fountains, Bridges, Aqueducts.....	443
Gardens.....	445
Promenades.....	447
Theatres.....	450
Museums, Academies, and University.....	453
The Gallery of Paintings.....	455
Public Libraries.....	457
The University.....	458
Language.....	ib.
Conservatories, Schools, Fine Arts.....	459
Society, Manners, and Customs.....	456
Provisions, Diet, etc.....	466
Climate.....	470
Manufactures.....	471
Environs of Naples.—Excursion to Vesuvius....	474
Books on Naples and its Environs.....	506
General Aspect, Soil, and Agriculture of the kingdom of Naples.....	507
CHAP. VIII.—Return to Rome.....	514
No. 16.—From Rome to Florence.....	516
No. 17.—From Rome to Florence by Perugia..	525
Description of Florence.....	527
Directions for visiting Florence.....	528
Streets.....	533
Squares.....	537
Churches.....	541
Museum.....	548

## CONTENTS.

Libraries.....	551
Theatres.—Fountains.—Promenades,..	554—6
The School of Fine Arts, Intaglios, etc.	565
Society and Manners.....	566
Commerce, Manufactures, etc. ....	568
Environs of Florence.....	<i>ib.</i>
Soil and Agriculture of Tuscany.....	573
<b>CHAP. IX. — From Florence to Leghorn by Pisa,</b> and return by Lucca and Pistoja..	586
No. 18.—From Florence to Leghorn.....	<i>ib.</i>
No. 19 —From Leghorn to Florence, by Lucca and Pistoja.....	593
No. 20.—From Bologna to Venice, by Ferrara,	
<b>CHAP. X.—Description of Venice.....</b>	601
Squares and Streets.....	606
Promenades.....	608
Palaces. ....	612
Private Palaces.....	615
Public Buildings.....	617
Prisons and Hospitals.....	620
Religious Houses.....	621
The Custom House. ....	622
Library of St. Mark.....	<i>ib.</i>
Churches of Venice.....	623—632
Theatres.....	632
Society, Manners, Customs, etc....	634
Provisions. ....	641
Climate.....	642
Commerce.....	643
Literature .....	644
Environs.....	645
No. 21.—From Venice to Bergamo.....	647
See INDEX at the end of the work.	

# GUIDE

THROUGH

# ITALY.



## CHAPTER I.

*Routes leading to Italy.—Description of the road by Mount Cenis to Turin.—Description of Turin.—Soil and agriculture of Piedmont and Lombardy, and of Italy in general.—Road from Inspruck through the Tyrol to Verona.—Description of Verona.*

THERE are six principal routes by which the traveller may enter Italy: five of these are taken from France and Switzerland, and one from Germany. Those who pass through the former countries, may visit Italy, 1. By the Simplon; 2. By Mount St. Bernard; 3. By Mount St. Gothard; 4. From Marseilles, Toulon, or Antibes, by sea; or from the same places to Nice, by land; 5. By Mount Cenis; 6. From Germany by the Tyrol to Verona. There are other routes by which the Alps may be passed, as by the Petit Saint Bernard, by Griesberg, by the Splugen, and by the *Mer de Glace* of Montanvert, etc., but as these are little frequented, we shall not describe them.

The routes from France and Switzerland to Italy, with the exception of that over *Mount Cenis*, may be seen described at length in Galignani's excellent *Guides*(1) through those countries, which are in the hands of every traveller; we shall therefore not repeat here what may be found in those two useful works, but content ourselves with giving merely an Itinerary of those roads for the direction of the tourist, referring him to the *Guides* above-mentioned for every information he can possibly desire on the subject. We should also recommend, as almost indispensable, a very portable volume just published. (2)

SECTION I.—*Passage of the Simplon.*

No. 1.—From GENEVA to MILAN,  $48\frac{1}{2}$  posts, about 268 English miles.

FROM	POSTS.	FROM	POSTS.
GENEVA to Dovaine...	$2\frac{1}{2}$	Vie. to Gliss, or Brigg.	$1\frac{1}{2}$
Thonon.....	2	Berisaal. . . . .	3
Evian.....	$1\frac{1}{2}$	Simplon . . . . .	3
Saint-Gingoux.....	$2\frac{1}{2}$	Isella . . . . .	$1\frac{1}{2}$
Vionnaz.....	$2\frac{1}{4}$	Domo d'Ossola . . . .	$1\frac{1}{2}$
Saint Maurice.....	$2\frac{1}{2}$	Vogogna . . . . .	$1\frac{1}{4}$
Martigny.....	$2\frac{1}{2}$	Laveno. . . . .	2
Riddes.....	$2\frac{1}{2}$	Belgirata . . . . .	1
SION . . . . .	$2\frac{1}{2}$	Sesto Calende . . . .	$1\frac{1}{2}$
Sierre. . . . .	$2\frac{1}{2}$	Cascina. . . . .	2
Tourtemagne. . . . .	$2\frac{1}{2}$	Rho. . . . .	$1\frac{1}{2}$
Viege . . . . . , ,	$2\frac{1}{2}$	MILAN . . . . .	$1\frac{1}{2}$

(1) *Guide through France*, 1 thick vol. 18mo, price 9 f.  
—*Guide through Switzerland*, 1 thick vol. 18mo, price 9 fr.

(2) *Nouveau Manuel du Voyageur*, or the Traveller's Pocket Companion, consisting of copious and familiar conversations in *English, French, and Italian*, etc., 1 vol. price 5 fr.

*Isella*, a miserable village, is the first place we come to in Italy. Leaving *Domo d'Ossola*, the road is quite straight as far as *Villa*, where a torrent is passed, over a fine bridge; the village lies on the right, and some elegant buildings are observed on a well-wooded hill near it. The road now becomes stony, till we reach

*Massona*, situated on the banks of the *Toccia*, over which there is a bridge. Opposite to *Massona* is the village of *Pic de Muliere*, where the valley of *Mont Rose* begins to open; a mountain inferior only to *Mont Blanc*, being 15,084 feet in height. In the midst of pine-trees and larches is the village of *Macugnaga*;—this valley is remarkable for the beauty of its vegetation, and the richness of its gold mines.

Sometimes, travellers quit their carriages on the banks of the *Toccia*, take a boat, and proceed down the river as far as the *Lago Maggiore*, and visit the two beautiful islets, called *Isola Bella* and *Isola Madre*, which, together with the *Lago di Como* and *Lecco*, are described at length in our account of the *Environs of Milan*. The route by land presents nothing remarkable: at some distance, on the left, is the quarry whence the white marble was taken to build the cathedral of *Milan*. *Belgirata* and *Arona* are the next places of note; the latter is a little, but active commercial town; in the cathedral are some good pictures. Approaching *Arona*, the colossal statue of *Saint Charles Borromeo* is seen on the summit of a hill near the town; it is

#### 4 PASSAGE OF THE GRAND SAINT BERNARD.

of bronze, 70 feet in height, and supported by a marble pedestal.

We now observe Indian corn, *panicum*, a species of millet, and fig-trees, which afford excellent fruit. At some distance from Arona we ferry over the Tesino, where it leaves the Lago Maggiore; the town of Sesto stretches along the opposite shore. Quitting Sesto, we enter the plains of Lombardy, where no mountains bound the horizon. Vast plains of Indian corn, *panicum* and millet, line the road, and are only intersected by vine-arbours, and plantations of white mulberry-trees. Many small towns are now seen, as *Somma*, (1) *Galerata*, and *Castellanza*; and the traveller should deviate from the road to visit *Leinata*, the country residence of the Marquis of Litta, celebrated for the beauty of the gardens and the mosaic ornaments of the baths. At the large town of *Rho*, is the fine church of *Notre Dame des Miracles*, in which are some excellent pictures. Two hours after we have left *Leinata*, we arrive at Milan, which is entered by a grand triumphal arch. Milan will be described at length in a future page.

#### SECT. II.—*Passage of the Grand Saint Bernard.*

For the best and fullest description of this route, the reader may consult Galignani's *Guide through Switzerland*, and also *Les*

(1) For an account of the antiquities of *Somma*, see *Campana's Monumenta Somæ*, etc.



*Etrennes Helvétiques*, for 1802, under the modest title of *Petite Course au Saint Bernard, en Avril 1801*.

The descent from the monastery to *Aoste* is very rapid, occupying nearly seven hours. At *Saint Remy* is an inn, after which there is a sensible difference in the climate, and we begin to breathe the warm air of Italy. At *Aoste* is a triumphal arch erected by Augustus, the remains of a theatre, and a town-wall built in the time of the Romans.

From *Aoste* we take the road either to *Turin* or *Milan*. The former is highly romantic, but little known, and may be made in about 20 hours.

No. 2.—From AOSTE to TURIN,  $10\frac{3}{4}$  posts, about 59 English miles.

FROM	POSTS.	FROM	POSTS.
Aoste to Chatillon..	2	Settimo to Ivree . . .	$1\frac{1}{2}$
Verrez, . . . . .	2	Fogizzo. . . . .	2
Settimo. . . . .	$1\frac{1}{2}$	Turin. . . . .	2

If we do not leave *Aoste* early in the morning, it will be impossible to get farther than *Ivrée*: in this case it will be better to stop at *Verrez*, where there is a good inn. Between *Aoste* and the *Fort de Bard* is a road cut in the rock by the orders of the dukes of Savoy. The fort was blown up by order of Bonaparte, when first consul.

SECT. III.—*Passage of Mount Saint Gothard.*

This is one of the most frequented passes from the German side of Switzerland to Italy.

Arriving at *Airolo*, where there is a good inn, we pass the bridge of Tremola, and enjoy a fine view of a verdant valley covered with houses. From Bellinzona the traveller may continue his route to Milan by Como, or visit the Borromean isles on the Lago Maggiore.

SECT. IV.—*Route to Genoa, by Nice, from Provence.*

A full and complete description of this route as far as Nice, through Aix, Marseilles, Toulon and Antibes, will be found in Galignani's new *Guide through France*. From Nice to Genoa there are *two routes by land*, one which follows the line of coast, the other by the grand and romantic country of the *Col de Tende*. There is also a route *by sea*, which we shall first describe.

No. 3.—From ANTIBES, or NICE, to GENOA, by sea.

At either of the above places (or at Marseilles) the traveller may hire a felucca for Genoa or Leghorn. This is an open boat with a *padrone* or master, and from eight to twelve rowers, who, partly by sailing and partly by rowing, will reach Genoa in two days, if the sea be calm, otherwise they dare not stir; nor indeed is a felucca built for a heavy sea. The hire of this vessel will be about five guineas. The passage in a felucca for one person will cost from 10 to 15 francs. In the Canabière, near the quay at Marseilles, a broker,

of the name of Franchenet, has in a manner monopolized the trade of passages; to the English he has raised the prices, and one can hardly be obtained under his terms. If the traveller, however, take a boat and go on board the different vessels about to depart for the place he wishes to go to, he perhaps may make a bargain with the captain from 20 to 25 per cent. under the following terms usually asked by Mr. Franchenet, which are, 40 francs to Genoa, 60 to Leghorn, 100 to Civita Vecchia, and 100 to Naples; rates infinitely too high, when the miserable accommodations are considered, and that neither bed nor provisions of any description are provided.

Previously to getting the passport visited for the purpose of embarkation, a patent or bill of health must be obtained at the Health Office, for which a fee of about two francs is paid. As to provisions, the taste of the traveller and length of the voyage must determine this point. But it is always better to provide too much, than run the chance of falling short, owing to a tedious voyage. The following articles will be found useful: essence of coffee, sugar, some brandy, wine, abundance of bread, fruit, if in season, if not, dried *fruits*, which are always agreeable at sea, eggs, and cheese; excellent seasoned meat-pies that will keep, are to be had at the pastry-cook shops in most parts of Italy and France; smoked tongues, ham, sausages, butter, some cold fowls, and meat. If the voyage be a distant one, a pair or two of live

ducks and fowls, and a quarter of fresh mutton, purchased the day of departure, may be added; olives and anchovies will complete the stock; a phial with a small quantity of vitriolic ether, may sometimes prove useful in removing sea-sickness, by taking about 20 to 30 drops in a glass of cold water. Convenient baskets with compartments to carry provisions, are to be purchased for a trifle. The first resting-place is Monaco, a small town, containing about eleven hundred persons; it is built on a rock which projects into the sea, and has a very picturesque appearance. This principality consists of three small towns, and an inconsiderable tract of barren rock. The precipices below the town, like the whole of this craggy coast, are covered with the Indian fig, which is four feet in height. The fruit is delicious. We pass *Ventimiglia*, and several other places of less consequence, and come to *St. Remo*, a considerable town on the declivity of a gently rising hill, with a harbour for small vessels. The whole country hence to Genoa is interesting, and affords the eye a succession of the most pleasing objects; a bold shore, from which rather abruptly rise lofty hills, their bases covered with extensive plantations of olives, also oranges, lemons, pomegranates, and palms, which do not thrive in any other parts of Italy; many towns, castles, convents, villages, hamlets, and detached houses, appear in constant succession, and the whole country is very populous. The summit of the hill of

Saint Remo is crowned with a chapel, surrounded by tall cypresses and olive groves. The population is 9000. *Port Maurice* has a large commerce in fine olive-oil, cloth, soap, candles, and vermicelli. Population, 6000.

*Oneglia* is a small town, with some fortifications; the territory abounds with olive-trees, and produces the best oil of the whole Riviera. *Albenga* is the next small town; and the country produces a great quantity of hemp. *Finale*, once the capital of a marquise, belonging to the Genoese, is a pretty well-built town, but the harbour is shallow, open, and unsafe; the country abounds with oil and fruit, particularly with excellent apples, called *pomi carli*. *Noli* was once a small republic of fishermen subject to Genoa, but tenacious of their privileges: the town is tolerably well built, defended by a castle, and the harbour is of little consequence. It is the residence of a bishop.

*Savona*, (1) a large town, is the seat of a bishoprick, and has a good port. It has manufactures of porcelain, earthenware, anchors, soap, cards, woollen-stockings, vitriol, cottons, paper, lace, sails, and cordage. Here are also glass-houses, forges, and a yard for ship-building. The environs of the town are well cultivated, and produce fruits of every kind; the lemons and bergamots come to great perfection. Population, 10,664.

(1) INNS.—The Post; The Old Post, (Rovere) or the inns of Trabot, and St. Francis.

We next pass Albisola, Sestri di Ponente, Novi, Voltri, and many villages, villas, and magnificent palaces belonging to the Genoese nobility, till we skirt the fine suburbs of St. Pietro d'Arena, and arrive at Genoa. Almost the whole of the Riviera is cultivated like a garden, and plantations extend to the very tops of the hills, interspersed with villages, castles, churches, and villas. This voyage, though often made in two days, sometimes becomes very tedious when extended to four or five, and this is not unfrequently the case in bad weather; the traveller also runs the chance of being detained at some of the *mauvaises auberges*, at the little towns on the coast. However propitious the embarkation may be, most persons are too well acquainted with the insidious deep, to place much reliance on those favouring gales which first launch them on the ocean; to which may be added the *disagreeable influence* of a sea-voyage, on the majority of people. But these are trifles to the experienced traveller.

No. 4.—From NICE to GENOA, by the coast;  
17 posts, 173 English miles.

TIME.			TIME.		
FROM	POSTS.	h. m.	FROM	POSTS.	h. m.
NICE to Villafranca	1	25	ALASSIO to ONE.	1	35
MONACO. . . . .	1	35	ALBENGA. . . . .	1	40
Mentone . . . . .	1	30	FINALE . . . . .	1	30
VENTIMIGLIA. . . .	1	35	NOLI . . . . .	1	25
ST. REMO. . . . .	1	20	SAVONA. . . . .	1	30
Port Maurice. . . .	1	40	Varaggio . . . . .	1	20
ONEGLIA . . . . .	1	40	Arezzano . . . . .	1	35

		TIME.				TIME.	
FROM	POSTS.	h.	m.	FROM	POSTS.	h.	m.
Arezza. to VOLTRI	1	1	30	GENOA (*)	1	1	
Sestri di Ponente.	1	1	25				

The different towns have already been described.

No. 5.—From ANTIBES to GENOA, by the Col de Tende;  $44\frac{3}{4}$  posts, 248 English miles.

		TIME.				TIME.	
FROM	POSTS.	h.	m.	FROM	POSTS.	h.	m.
ANTIBES to NICE.	$3\frac{5}{8}$	4		Racco. to Poirino.	3	1	
Scarena. . . . .	$2\frac{1}{4}$	3	30	Dusino . . . . .	$1\frac{1}{2}$	1	10
Sospello. . . . .	$2\frac{1}{4}$	3	30	Gambetta. . . . .	$1\frac{1}{2}$	1	10
Breglio . . . . .	$2\frac{1}{4}$	4		ASTI . . . . .	$1\frac{1}{2}$	1	8
Tende. . . . .	$2\frac{1}{2}$	3	50	Quatordio. . . . .	3	1	5
Limoni. . . . .	3	5		ALESSANDRIA (2).	$2\frac{1}{2}$	1	37
St. Dalmazzi. . .	$1\frac{1}{2}$	4	45	NOVI (3). . . . .	$3\frac{1}{2}$	2	
CONI (1). . . . .	$1\frac{1}{2}$	1	13	Voltaggio. . . . .	2	2	10
Centale. . . . .	$1\frac{1}{2}$	2		Campomarone (4).	2	2	40
Savigliano . . . .	2	1	8	GENOA (5). . . . .	$1\frac{1}{2}$	1	45
Racconigi. . . . .	$1\frac{1}{2}$	2	23				

Quitting Nice, we begin to ascend the steep and lofty *Scarena*, over which a fine new road has been cut, fit for all sorts of carriages. It was formerly passed, like Mount Cenis, in *chaises-à-porteurs*. La Chiandola is in a very picturesque situation. About three miles farther is the town and fortress of Saorgio, built

INNS.—(\*) Hotel di Londra, Cross of Malta, White Horse, Red Horse. The inns in the other towns on this route are very bad.

INNS.—(1) The Red Rose and Golden Lion. (2) Three Kings and l'Auberge d'Angleterre. (3) L'Auberge Royale, rue Gherardenghi; and out of the town, going to Genoa, The Post. (4) The Post. (5) Hotel di Londra, The Cross of Malta, Cheval Rouge et Blanc, etc.



on the summit of a mountain, and appearing as if it were suspended in the air. As far as Tende the road follows the course of a torrent. *Tende*, once the capital of a comté, gives the name of the Col de Tende to this passage of the Alps, which is made in five hours; three for ascending and two for descending. The passage of the *Col de Tende* was formerly more inconvenient than that of Mount Cenis: if the mountain is covered with ice, it may be descended in a sledge. A little distance from Tende, is a cross road which leads to Oneglia, and thence to Genoa.

Between Limoni and Coni, Monte Viso, where the Po takes its source, may be seen at the distance of 40 miles, and the Poggio Melone and Mount Cenis at 70 miles. The valley between Limoni and Coni is partly watered by the Gesso, which fertilizes all this part of Piedmont, and partly by the Varmenagna, whose waters contribute greatly to the rich corn and grass with which this tract abounds.

*Coni*, once a strong place, is celebrated for the number of sieges it has sustained, and the battles fought in its neighbourhood. The fine and formidable fortress of Coni, the bulwark of Piedmont, on the side of the maritime Alps, was surrendered to the Austrians by the French, after a siege of eight days, in the year 1799. It had been besieged in vain in 1691 and 1744; and if, in 1799, it made so bad a defence, inferior even to those of the citadels of Turin and Mantua, it must be attributed to the want of provisions, and the

almost total deprivation of military stores. It was garrisoned by more than 3000 men. It is situated in a plain at the junction of the *Gesso* and the *Stura*. Its well-known fortifications have been demolished. From this place to Carmagnola is a canal, on which there is a considerable traffic. Leaving this point, the road improves, and opens into a beautiful plain, abounding with corn and hemp, and covered with mulberry-trees, vines, and excellent pasturage. From Racconigi to Poirino is seen the handsome church of *Superga* and *Chieri*, near Turin. At Racconigi is a post-road leading to Carignan, and thence to Turin: at Poirino we enter the high road from Turin to Genoa.

*Asti* is one of the principal towns of *Montferrat*. The quarter where the higher classes dwell is well built, but thinly inhabited: here are the palaces *Frinco*, *Bistagno*, *Masseti*, and *Rovero*. The other part of the town is very dull. The streets are narrow; the people poor, without industry or commerce; the fortifications are inconsiderable, and in ruins. There are a few churches worthy of notice. *Asti* gave birth to the modern *Sophocles*, *Alfieri*, the immortal father of Italian tragedy.

*Alessandria di Paglia*, on the *Tanaro*, is celebrated for the number of sieges it has sustained. Its citadel to the N. E. is esteemed one of the best in Italy; the fortifications have been greatly improved within these few years, and form some of the finest boulevards

wards. The fortress of Alessandria capitulated in 1799 to Suvorof, after a siege of six days. The defence of it cost the French 900 men, and the allies nearly as many. The population amounts to about 30,000. The governor's house in the citadel, and the palace *Ghilini*, are fine buildings. There are some handsome churches at Alessandria, and a good modern theatre. The inhabitants are attached to commerce, and two fairs in April and October attract a great number of foreign merchants. Between Alessandria and Novi is the Abbey del Bosco, belonging to the Dominicans, which contains a few good paintings, and some fine sculpture of Michael Angelo.

About two miles from Alessandria is the village of Marengo, surrounded by that plain rendered so celebrated all over the world, for the battle fought there by Bonaparte in person, on the 14th of June, 1800, between the French and Austrians. This victory decided the fate of Piedmont and Lombardy; but it cost the life of the intrepid Desaix, of many other excellent officers, and of full 15,000 men, killed, wounded, and prisoners, on both sides.

*Novi* is, on this route, the first town of Liguria, situated in a plain, at the foot of the Apennines. It has a citadel capable of some resistance, and a population of 6000 persons. Here are some fine houses belonging to the Genoese who reside at Novi in the autumn. A considerable body of British

troops were quartered at Novi in 1815, to guarantee the delivery of Genoa to its new master, Austria. At *Novi*, and in its immediate neighbourhood, a terrible battle was fought in the year 1799, between the French and the Allies (Austrians and Russians), Joubert and Moreau being at the head of the French; and Kray, Bellegarde, Melas, and Suvorof, at the head of the allies.

Between Novi and Voltaggio is the castle of *Gavi*, advantageously seated on a rock for the defence of this mountain-pass, but, like all the other fortresses of ancient Piedmont, it has fallen into ruins. *Voltaggio*, on the bank of a rivulet, offers nothing remarkable. From this place we pass the *Bochetta*, one of the highest mountains of the Apennines. The road on the side of the mountain is very good, and presents to the eye a continual variety of hill and dale. From the top of the *Bochetta* is a fine view of Genoa, and the adjacent country, watered by the Polcevera. From the highest summit of this mountain two rivulets take their rise: the one, which runs from N. to S., is lost in the sea at Genoa; and the other, which runs from S. to N., passes by Voltaggio, Serravalle, and throws itself into the Po.

The last post from Campomarone to Genoa is by a new road, made at the expense of the Cambiaso family. Formerly the traveller was compelled to ford the Polcevera twenty times, but now it is only passed once, over the bridge at Campomarone. The whole of the road is

level, straight, and good. On every side are handsome country seats; and just before we enter Genoa, is the celebrated *Palazzo Doria*. (See Genoa described at length in a future page.)

No. 6.—From ANTIBES to TURIN,  $28\frac{1}{4}$  posts, 35 hours 5 minutes.

FROM	POSTS.
ANTIBES to Racconigi. . . . .	$23\frac{3}{4}$
Carignan . . . . .	$2\frac{1}{4}$
TURIN . . . . .	$2\frac{1}{8}$

SECT. V.—*Passage of Mount Cenis.*

No. 7.—From CHAMBERY to TURIN,  $33\frac{3}{4}$  posts, about 170 English miles.

FROM	POSTS.	FROM	POSTS.
CHAMBERY to MONTME-		Ver. to Lans-le-Bourg.	2
LIAN . . . . .	2	MOUNT CENIS . . . . .	3
Maltavern. . . . .	$1\frac{1}{2}$	Molaret. . . . .	3
Aiguebelle (1) . . . . .	$1\frac{1}{2}$	SUSA (3) . . . . .	2
La Chapelle(Mont Blanc)2		Saint Georges . . . . .	$1\frac{1}{2}$
SAINT JEAN DE MOU-		St. Antonin . . . . .	$1\frac{1}{2}$
RIENNE (2). . . . .	$2\frac{1}{2}$	AVIGLIANA. . . . .	$1\frac{1}{2}$
St. Michel . . . . .	2	Rivoli. . . . .	$1\frac{1}{2}$
Modene. . . . .	$2\frac{1}{2}$	TURIN (4). . . . .	$1\frac{1}{2}$
Vernay . . . . .	2		

Approaching Montmelian, the citadel is seen on an eminence which is not commanded by any neighbouring height; on the right is a beautiful view over the Isère. *Montmelian* was formerly a place of great impor-

INNS.—(1) The Post. (2) St. George. (3) The Post. (4) L'Auberge Royale, l'Hotel d'Angleterre, de France, les Bonnes Femmes, etc. etc.

tance; it is agreeably situated on the Isère, but has no remarkable edifice. To the east of the town are many pretty country seats. The wine of Montmelian is celebrated. Population, 1200. Quitting this place, and passing over the Isère, the climate becomes colder, but the country is fertile. We next arrive at the village of

*Aiguebelle*, where are the ruins of a church and some houses, buried by a sudden fall of earth and rocks from the top of the mountain; these accidents frequently happen, particularly in La Maurienne, where the snow is heaped up, and the mountains are high and the valleys narrow. The greater part of the inhabitants of this village are small, ill made, and afflicted with *goitres*. Near Aiguebelle a famous battle was fought in the year 1742. Below the town, the *Arc* loses itself in the *Isère*; the plain washed by this torrent becomes very narrow, and the mountains are high, little cultivated, and almost inaccessible.

*St. Jean de Maurienne* is situated in the midst of the Alps, and is, after Chambery, the most considerable town in our route, yet it offers nothing remarkable. The streets are narrow and the houses ill built. Its commerce is in cattle, timber for ship-building, and iron tools. Population, 2200. Some fine views are observed over the less elevated mountains. From this place to Lanslebourg there is a continual rise, and the air becomes still keener. To the foot of Mount Cenis there

are forty miles of road, bounded on one side by a mountain, and on the other by a torrent. In the winter, and when the snow melts, avalanches are sometimes to be feared.

Near *Modane*, about a mile out of the great road, is a considerable waterfall. Mountains, some sterile and some covered with wood, are now seen—not a single habitation, except the caves of the bears on their tops. The chamois are here very common, as well as pheasants. In the summer, the chamois are let out every morning to feed, and return every evening, before sun-set, to be milked and housed. They keep in herds of twenty or thirty, one of which is always stationed as sentinel while the rest are feeding : the reindeer-lichen (*L. rangiferinus*) is a favourite part of its food. The marmot also (*arctomys marmota*) is an inhabitant of the Alpine heights. It remains in a torpid state near the tops of the rocks during winter, when it grows exceedingly weak, and is so benumbed and inactive upon first coming out of its holes, as to be easily caught. It is about the size of a hare, and frequently served up at dinner, in the Swiss auberges. Near *Lanslebourg*, the women wear on their heads a piece of black or dark-coloured cloth, which only adds to their natural deformity. We now arrive at *Lanslebourg*, the last village of Savoy, situated at the foot of Mount Cenis. Those who travel with a long *suite* of carriages and attendants, should send an *avant-courier* to apprise the mayor of Mount Cenis of their ap-



proach, and to request the necessary assistance, according to the season, state of the roads, etc. etc.

Until within these few years, carriages could go no farther than Lanslebourg, but were taken in pieces, and transported over the mountain, on the backs of mules. Their owners also followed them by the same conveyance, or in *chaises-à-porteurs*, rush-bottomed elbow-chairs, without legs, and carried by means of two poles, by *porters* appointed for this purpose. These men (of whom 100 were almost constantly employed) were particularly strong, trod the roughest paths with the agility of goats, and showed great dexterity in following the windings of the mountain. From six to ten porters were assigned to each person, and their pay for this laborious occupation was about half-a-crown a-day.

*The New Road over Mount Cenis,*

made by order of Bonaparte, is practicable at all times of the year, for carriages of all sorts. It commences on the right of the *Arc*, over which the traveller passes by a fine wooden bridge with stone piers. The route is composed of six slopes on the side of the mountain, which are carried through forests of larch and fir to the summit. We next arrive at

*Ramasse*, a place much celebrated in winter before the opening of the new road. The

mountain being then covered with one solid smooth crust of snow or ice, the traveller was seated in a chair, placed upon a sledge guided by one man, and arrived at Lanslebourg in *seven minutes*, travelling nearly at the rate of a mile in a minute. The descent was very dangerous, as the least clumsiness in managing the sledge, or motion of the foot, was sufficient to precipitate the traveller into an abyss, or dash him against the rocks. At present, the sledge may be used on the new road with perfect safety, but with less celerity. To travel in this way is called *se faire ramasser*, and hence the name of the place.

When we have attained the most elevated point of the route, a plain of six miles, with a beautiful lake, lies before us. The new road in this part has been so contrived as to avoid those avalanches which rendered the old one dangerous. This plain, when the snows have melted, offers such excellent pasturage, that very good cheese is made by the persons who reside here. The lake abounds with trout, and gives rise to a rivulet which at Susa falls into the Dora-Riparia; it forms a fine cascade about a mile from the lake. The *naturalist* will find many objects of curiosity on the summit of Mount Cenis. Near the cascade are some remains of lava which cover more than a square mile. Here is also a species of white butterfly, with large round spots, like that which Linnæus saw among the mountains of Sweden. The *botanist* will reap a plentiful harvest.

On the 12th of August, Dr. J. E. Smith found the plain of Mount Cenis all flowery with the rarest Alpine productions, such as the botanist delights to see, even dragging on a miserable existence in our gardens, and the greatest part of which, disdainful of our care and favour, scorn to breathe any other air, than that of their native rocks. Even the most common grass here was *phleum alpinum*, and the heathy plain glowed with *rhododendrum ferrugineum* and *arnica montana*. Numerous species of *arenaria*, *silene*, *achillea*, *astrogalus*, and *juncus*, were every where scattered. « Ascending *little Mount Cenis*, fronting the Hospice, and 9956 feet above the level of the sea (continues Dr. Smith,) no lowland scenes can give an idea of the rich entangled foliage, the truly enamelled turf of the Alps. Here we were charmed with the purple glow of *scutellaria alpina*; there the grass was studded with the vivid blue of innumerable gentians, mixed with glowing crowfoots, and the less ostentatious *astrancia major* and *saxifraga rotundifolia*, whose blossoms require a microscope to discover all their beauties; while the Alpine rose (*rosa alpina*) bloomed on the bushes, and as a choice gratification for the more curious botanist, under its shadow, by the pebbly margin of the lake, *carex capillaris* presented itself. The riches of nature, both as to colour and form, which expand so luxuriantly in tropical climates, seem here not

diminished, but condensed. » (1) The road by which Hannibal entered Italy is said, by many authors, to be about 30 miles E. of Mount Cenis: but, after much learned discussion on the subject, this is still a matter of doubt.

In front of the lake is a hamlet of *Tavernettes*, (little houses of refreshment;) and at the end of it on the Piedmont side, and parallel with the road, are the buildings of the *Hospice*, or convent, (the central inn of Mount Cenis) conducted on the same principle, and under the same excellent regulations as that of St. Bernard. (2) The virtuous Cenobites, inhabiting this edifice, renouncing the beauties of nature to dwell amidst barren rocks and eternal snows, and devoting themselves to the service of humanity, gratuitously entertain all travellers. Upon the summit of this mountain, separating Switzerland and Italy, we find a table, as it were, spread in the wilderness. It is the invariable custom of this convent to entertain all strangers gratis for three days, without any distinction as to religious opinions.

There are twenty-five *cantonniers*, who keep small inns or places of refuge for the traveller, which are dispersed in different parts

(1) See Dr. Smith's *Tour on the Continent*, Vol. III, pp. 133, 139, 140,) an excellent *Botanical Guide* in a tour through Italy.

(2) The Hospice is 6369 feet above the level of the sea; but the highest point of Mount Cenis is 11,977 feet.

of the route, according to the difficulties or dangers which present themselves. Those on the plains of Mount Cenis are provided with a bell, which is rung, in foggy weather, to direct the stranger to the inn. In the winter, the cantonniers are employed in removing the snow, and rendering assistance to passengers; in the summer they keep the road in repair. The articles sold at these places are exempted from duty. During the passage of the mountain, particularly on the top, even in summer, the traveller will rejoice to find a *fire* at the inn; the *ratafia* also will be very acceptable. At the *Grande Croix*, the plain ends, and we commence our

*Descent to Piedmont.*

Above the plain of *San Nicolo*, is a gallery cut in a solid rock of granite, 650 feet in length, which gradually ascends to the top, where the chamois has never trod. The wild aspect of the plain of *San Nicolo*, even in summer, is very striking. From this gallery to the hamlet of *Bart* are some beautiful views and slopes. Opposite to the village of *Ferrières* is another gallery cut in a rock of granite; and to *Bart* the road crosses a rivulet over a wooden bridge. To prevent the falling of the earth and stones in this part of the route, there is a wall nine feet high.

We, after some time, in front of *Mollaret*, discover the well-cultivated hills of *Chautmont*, washed by the *Dora-Riparia*, which descends from *Mount Genevra*; and on the

left the valley of Cenis, as far as Susa. From Mollaret, with some slight exception, the road is carried through the rocks, and on the edge of a frightful precipice, which is flanked by a stone wall. From the last place may be discovered the whole valley of Cenis, together with the villages of Novalezza and Venans.

After quitting Saint Martin, the road passes under an *avalanche*, which commences at a very great height, and empties itself into a basin, from which the water is carried off by a long and winding canal. The avalanche is partly stopped by the road, which opposes a barrier to it, but yet it sometimes extends itself to the hamlet on the plain of Mount Cenis.

This avalanche, which falls every year, and sometimes twice in the year, fills up a width of 230 feet over the road. As it commences, however, at a great distance, it makes a loud noise, like the rolling of distant thunder, some time before its fall, and the traveller has thus abundance of time to shelter himself in the middle of a gallery cut in the rock.

The road now winds by four gentle slopes to the fountain in the village of *Giaglioni*, and passes over hills covered with vegetation, and commanding a picturesque view of the valley of the Dora, and of the hill of Turin, which bounds the horizon. The road continues from the bridge of St. Roch to the *faubourg* of Susa, following the left bank of the Dora.



The passages of the Simplon and of Mount Cenis, may be justly considered as two of the most wonderful works of modern art; and though the latter may yield in extent and variety to the former, it deserves to be ranked with the Simplon, to which it is closely allied, by the number of its galleries, bridges, aqueducts, canals, &c. &c.

The pass of *Susa* was once defended by the fort of *Brunette*, which is now entirely demolished: it was situated on a little height, and cut in the rock. It had eight bastions, which, with the other works, had a communication by subterraneous passages under rocks, so large as to admit carriages and heavy cannon, with several horses, to go from one place to another. It held 2000 men with all their provisions, &c. &c. It was the work of fifteen years. Here Bellisle perished in 1747, the victim of his bravery. There was also another fort in front, on another rock, which communicated with *la Brunette*, and entirely commanded the valley of *Susa*.

*Susa* (the ancient Segusium) the first village of Piedmont, is inconsiderable, and has but a small population. Not far from the town is a triumphal arch erected in honour of Augustus, near to which is an ancient chateau, once inhabited by the Marquis of *Susa*. The road from *Susa* to *Turin*, (more than forty miles) passes over a plain washed by the *Dora-Riparia*. The vine is now seen united to the elm, and the country is covered with corn and mulberry trees, which announce the staple ma-



nufacture of Piedmont—its silks, for which it is so much celebrated.

*Avigliana* is a small town with a ruined fortress. *Rivoli* is a large town, in a most beautiful situation, commanding an extensive plain, ten miles in length. From Rivoli to Turin is a straight road, lined on each side with elms, in the midst of a fertile plain, watered by a great number of canals cut on purpose to distribute the waters of the Dora. Here commences the rich plain of Lombardy, which extends to Venice and Bologna.

### DESCRIPTION OF TURIN.

Turin is one of the most agreeable cities in Italy with respect to its position and its regularity. It is also one of the most ancient. Pliny indeed speaks of it as having for a long time formed a part of Liguria. It is said to have been founded 1529 years before our era, by a colony from Egypt, which came to settle upon the coast of Genoa. Some even suppose its name to have been derived from the Egyptian bull, the symbol of the god *Apis*. It is certain that the population of this city was so considerable, at a very early period, that the Romans sought and obtained its alliance. After the union of Piedmont with France it became one of the principal cities in the French empire. Its citadel, one of the strongest in Europe, is demolished, but serves as a promenade for the inhabitants, being covered with fine trees. The ramparts are three miles in circumference.

Turin is beautifully situated on the northern bank of the Po, at the foot of a ridge of fine hills, rising southward beyond the river; while northward extends a plain bounded by the Alps ascending in gigantic groups like embattled towers, or presenting detached points darting to the clouds like spires glittering with unmelted icicles, and with snows that never yield to the rays of summer. It commands the sublimest prospects—here a crescent of magnificent Alps—there the snow-capt cone of Monte-Viso—in the middle the king of floods opening his way through a rich plain which widens before him—beyond, the *Collina* studded with white villas and crowned by the lofty dome of *Superga*.

Turin is admired for the regularity of its plan, the cleanness of its streets, the symmetry of its squares, the splendour of its hotels, and the general elegance of its houses. The interior of the town is not unworthy of its fame and situation; the streets are in general wide and straight, intersecting each other at right angles, and running in a direct line from gate to gate through some large and regular squares. The royal palace is spacious and surrounded with delightful gardens. There are many edifices, both public and private, which present long and magnificent fronts; and intermingled with at least a hundred churches, give the whole city a rich and splendid appearance. In the churches and palaces, marble of every vein and colour is lavished with prodigality, and decorations of all kinds are scattered with

profusion ; to such a degree indeed as to encumber rather than to grace these edifices. Such are the general features of Turin, grand and airy.

But the misfortune of this city has been, that while both its sovereigns and inhabitants wanted neither means nor inclination to embellish it, no architect of correct taste was found to second their wishes. The two principal persons of that description employed at Turin, Guarini and Juvara, whatever might have been their talents, were deficient in judgment, and preferred the twisted and tortured curves and angles of Borromini, to the unbroken lines and simple forms of antiquity. Novelty, and not purity, *prettiness* instead of majesty, seem to have been their sole object. Hence this city does not present one chaste model, one simple grand specimen in the ancient style to challenge the admiration of the traveller. Every edifice, whatever its destination may be, whether church or theatre, hospital or palace, is encumbered with whimsical ornaments, is all glare and glitter, gaiety and confusion. In vain does the eye search for repose, or the mind long for simplicity. Gilding and flourishing blaze on all sides, and we turn away from the gaudy show, dazzled and disgusted.

The cathedral is an old Gothic edifice, in no respect remarkable ; but several other churches deserve a particular inspection, either for their magnitude or for their pillars, or for the variety of marbles employed in their decoration.

The palaces, though some are large and spacious, are yet so disfigured by ill-placed decorations and grotesque architecture, as to make little impression on the eye, and consequently deserve little attention. Some of them are adorned with fine painting and very magnificent furniture.

*The King's palace* near the Piazza del Castello has a noble façade ornamented with balconies, statues, and vases. It is entered by a fine vestibule and staircase. There is another palace built by Charles Emanuel II, in the last century. But the most remarkable is the palace *Carignano*; although the design of the whole is whimsical and *bizarre*, the windows, the gate, the grand staircase and saloon, are worthy of notice. The architect was Guarini. The *Palazzo della Città*, is a fine building, and a great ornament to the herb market.

The university is a very considerable building, the interior of which is ornamented with numerous statues, bas-reliefs, and antique inscriptions found in the environs of Turin. It possesses a fine cabinet of medals, an anatomical theatre, philosophical instruments, and a library containing 70,000 volumes, 2000 of which are MSS. A catalogue of these books was printed at Turin in 1648, in 2 vols. folio.

One of the finest streets in Turin is that of Mount Cenis, otherwise called *Dora Grossa*. It is more than 3000 feet long, and perfectly straight; and is bordered with flags and uniform

houses, the monotony of which is distinguished by balconies of different sizes and by the diversity of shops which succeeded each other on both sides without interruption. This street leads to the *Piazza del Castello*, the largest square in Turin and perhaps in Europe. It is also considered as one of the handsomest, but its extent is more striking than its beauty. The broad galleries, pierced with heavy arcades, which surround it, have neither elegance nor grandeur. The four fronts of the houses above them, have neither the merit of exact uniformity, nor that of rich variety. On one of the sides the arcades are interrupted to make place for the *King's Palace* above mentioned.

In the centre of this great square is the *Palace of the Dukes of Savoy*, which, from its awkward situation, necessarily required four fronts equal in dignity; but three of them are hideous in themselves, and derive comparative ugliness from the beauty of the fourth. This last front, composed of one Corinthian peristyle raised on a plain basement, is the noblest elevation in Turin, where it holds the place of honour. The staircase is magnificent, but is its only internal beauty. It occupies the whole length and height of the front, and there is not perhaps a finer one in all Europe, except that of Caserta near Naples.

We have mentioned the churches of Turin in general, but some of them deserve a more particular notice. That of *San Filippo* is admired for its vast nave and a fine modern

portico with striated columns not yet finished. The church of *Saint Laurence* and the chapel of the *Santissima Sindone* are remarkable for their domes composed of numerous arches and segments interlaced into each other, so as to excite surprise at the solidity of the construction, without however rendering it doubtful. This particular form had no model any where, and derived its rules only from the imagination of the architect (Guarini), which would render it faulty in the opinion of such as are blindly submissive to the laws of art; but the traveller, whose eyes, surfeited with uniformity, delight in surveying some new conception, when not contrary to real taste, will fix his looks with pleasure on these two curious domes.

The cupola of that of the *Santissima Sindone* can hardly fail to give universal satisfaction. It is lined entirely with black marble, the sombre tint of which agrees admirably with the faint light that penetrates into it. Our eyes drop involuntarily on perceiving this vault, and we feel suddenly struck with a sort of religious awe and respect. The chapel is behind the cupola, which itself is behind the cathedral of which it seems to form a part.

The broad steps by which we ascend to this sanctuary, the majestic altar that occupies the centre of it, the no less majestic tribunes that rise on both sides, the sombre tint of the marble which composes all this assemblage, the holy obscurity which envelopes it, even

the railing which keeps out the profane, contributes to excite devotion. The Corinthian order is carried to the summit; but it is a little disfigured from the columns at the entrance not having their capitals. It is said they were to have been of white marble.

The *Santissima Sindone* to which this chapel is consecrated is religiously preserved in it. It is a large piece of red linen, pretty fine and very open. When Pius VI passed through Turin, it was shown to him. It was spread out on a table surrounded by the cardinals. The Pope who was at one end, bent down respectfully and kissed the holy towel with the sign of the cross, in which he was followed by all the cardinals and priests in his suite.

*Theatres.*—There are many theatres at Turin. The theatre of Carignano is in good taste, but that built by Alfieri in 1740, (the King's opera house) is one of the finest and largest in Europe. The curtain is in reality a magnificent painting, and represents the triumph of Bacchus.

*Manners, Society, etc.*—The inhabitants of Turin are a lively and amiable people, and make no difficulty in receiving a well-educated stranger into the select and polite circle which still exists in this city. The women of rank are generally well made, and of a fresh complexion: cheerful and fascinating in conversation, they seldom fail to captivate those who listen to them. The men are brave, active, and of a good figure. There is little pomp or false pride at Turin, but the people



appear to a foreigner to indulge in luxury;—the tradesmen and their wives dress extravagantly.

The character of the inhabitants, and in general of all the Piemontese, is, like their dialect, a mixture of Italian and French, or, to speak more exactly, Italian manners a little Frenchified. The court, from its close connection with that of France, was formerly almost French; and, during the late revolution, a great amalgamation of the two nations took place. The inns are much in the French style, and there are even *restaurateurs* at Turin, and *cafés* and public baths like those of Paris. There are here no hackney-coaches, but a great number of carriages to be hired both for town and country; and this in fact is the most usual method of travelling. The men who let out these carriages are to be found in particular places, and go and offer themselves to travellers in the inns. These are the people who all through Italy are called *vetturini*.

French manners have gained very little ground among the lower classes, who are not such a bad race as they are often represented, and certainly not worse than those of the same class in certain parts of France, as Brittany, Provence, etc. They have, perhaps, less openness and less morality, though more subject to the empire of religion and of the priesthood. Fanaticism, however, is not more prevalent in Piedmont than in France, nor even so much as in Brittany. Assassinations, noc-

turnal murders, and stabbing with the stiletto, formerly very common, were almost entirely suppressed by the energy of the French government.

The dress of the people of Turin has become, within the last ten years, absolutely the same as that of the Parisians; and the new fashions now reach them almost as quick as the post.

*Cicisbeism*, so common in the great towns of Italy, begins here to make its appearance, though in a very slight degree. And here we may observe that this practice is not so evidently nor so generally vicious as foreigners are inclined to suppose. Ladies, in Italy, are less allowed to go out alone than almost in any other country. The husband is not always disposed or at leisure to go out with them; and the lady therefore selects a complaisant and idle attendant, whom the husband approves of, and whom he permits to perform an act of civility and attention which he is unwilling or unable to perform himself. To suppose that such connexions are always innocent would be silly; but the Italians maintain, and with truth, that in general they are formed and kept up solely for the purposes above mentioned.

*Climate*.—The climate of Turin is very temperate, but wet; it is, however, sufficiently healthy, as there are numerous channels for the water in the town; there are no marshes, and the least heat is sufficient to dry up any moisture in the city. The temperature of the

atmosphere is variable, and the severest cold frequently succeeds the greatest heats.

Notwithstanding the variability of the climate, Turin offers to those who would unite the advantages of the town and country, a very pleasant retreat; as it is free from the distractions of more crowded cities. Its population, about 80,000, extends over a site of ground of three miles in circumference, ornamented with groves of elms planted within the fosses, forming quincunxes and avenues which are much resorted to in the evening as a promenade.

*Public Walks and Environs of Turin.*—

The garden of the Royal Palace is the finest and most frequented walk in Turin; but the statues in it are but indifferent. The basin in the centre is embellished by a group of colossal figures, representing the court of Amphitrite. A broad and magnificent embowered alley all along one side of the garden, is the rendezvous of the fashionable world between twelve and one; while the terrace, on the opposite side, from which may be discerned a vast extent of plain, and a considerable part of the chain of the Alps, is entirely abandoned to the admirers of solitary walks and beautiful prospects.

The place at the gate of the Po, or the *Rondeau*, is also a frequented walk, especially in the evening. From this spot there is a very rich though not extensive view of the *collina* above mentioned; opposite to it, immediately beyond the bridge, is the perspec-

tive of the elegant royal house called *La Vigna de la Regina*; and nearer, a little to the right, the verdant eminence, on the summit of which rises the convent of the Capuchins, which seems to come out of the midst of a grove of verdure.

The garden of the *Valentino*, a small palace a little way out of the town, on the banks of the Po, is also a delightful promenade, but not so much frequented as the others, on account of its distance. The ramparts and the *glacis* of the citadel, which are well planted with trees, afford several very pleasant shady walks.

The Italian custom of driving slowly in a carriage along an avenue where the rest of the people are on foot, is less in vogue at Turin than at Milan and elsewhere; it is not however unknown, but the equipages, comparatively few, are far from producing the same effect. Strangers remark in this town a species of carriage peculiar to it, called a *Carretino*; it is a seat only for one person, without either top or sides—in fact, an arm-chair on wheels, and is drawn by a single horse.

After the physical and moral picture of this city, its description would be incomplete without that of the environs. The country round Turin is by no means deficient in beauty. Its first and most conspicuous feature is the river Po, which gives its name to the principal street of the city, and bathes its walls as it rolls by in all its magnificence.

The account which Pliny the elder has given of the Po, is still found to be tolerably accurate, though physical causes, aided by human exertions, may be allowed to have made some petty alterations.

This magnificent river takes its rise about 30 miles from Turin, in the recesses of *Monte Viso* or *Vesulus*, celebrated by Virgil for its forests of pines, and the size and fierceness of the boars that fed in them. It becomes navigable even before it reaches Turin, though so near its source; and in a course which, including its windings, extends to 300 miles, receives 30 rivers, washes the walls of 50 towns and cities, and gives life, fertility and opulence to the celebrated plains called, from it, *regio circumpadana*. Its average breadth, from Turin to Ariano, may be about 1200 feet; its depth is every where considerable, and its current strong and equal: it may justly therefore be called the King of Italian rivers, and be ranked among the principal streams of southern Europe: we behold it frequently in the course of our wanderings between the Alps and Apennines, and always with interest and admiration.

The next object which attracts the eye of the traveller, and which really deserves his attention, is the mountain of the *Superga*, and the lofty temple that crowns its summit. The elevation and picturesque appearance of the hill itself, and the cause, the destination, and the corresponding magnificence of the edifice, are all so many claims upon our curiosity.

The Superga is about five miles from Turin; the ascent is gradual, and the road good. The summit of the hill commands a noble view of the city, its suburbs, the river, and the circumjacent country; and on it Victor Amadeus and Prince Eugene met during the famous siege of Turin in 1706, and formed their plan for the attack of the enemy and the deliverance of the town. The duke made a vow, if Heaven prospered his arms, to build a church on the very spot, as an everlasting monument of his gratitude. His prayers were heard; the French were defeated with great slaughter, the siege was raised, and the church was built. The edifice is not unworthy of its origin; it is really a grand memorial of royal and national acknowledgment; and its situation is peculiarly well adapted to its object. On the pinnacle of a lofty mountain, it is visible to the inhabitants, not of Turin only, but of the whole country, for many miles round, and instantly catches the eye of every traveller, and awakens his curiosity.

The church, which is of a circular form, is crowned with a dome; the portico is ornamented with columns; all these columns are of beautiful marble of different colours, and give the edifice an appearance unusually rich and stately. Instead of pictures, the altars are decorated with bas reliefs; the pavement is of variegated marble; in short, all the different parts of the edifice, and even the details of execution, are on a scale of splendour and magnificence well adapted to the

rank of the founder, to the importance of the occasion, and to the dignity of the object.

The mansion annexed to the church for the use of the officiating clergy, with the galleries, the library, and even the private apartments—all is proportioned to the grandeur of the establishment, and, like the temple itself, rich in marbles and in decorations. It is occupied by 12 clergymen, who are remarkable for their talents and acquirements, and are here occupied in qualifying themselves for the highest offices and dignities of the church; in fact, the Superga is a sort of seminary, which supplies the Sardinian, or rather Piedmontese territory, with deans, bishops, and archbishops. The expenses necessary for the support of this establishment were furnished by the king himself, who considered it as a royal chapel, and as the mausoleum of the Sardinian monarchs, and of the dynasty of Savoy.

We have already noticed this hill, at the foot of which Turin is situated. There are collected the villas of the inhabitants; and probably there is not a finer landscape in the world. Figure to yourself a sinuous and varied slope, with every species of tree and shade; all the luxuriance of the freshest, most animated, and most vigorous vegetation; all the effect that is produced in the midst of this picture of verdure, by the shining whiteness of a multitude of country seats; in fine, all the charms of nature and art united, and you will still have only a faint idea of this



delightful hill. It forms the principal beauty of the situation of Turin, and derives, itself; its chief ornament from the royal palace called *La Vigna de la Regina*, situated at its base, which seems to form a circular recess in that part, as if on purpose to make place for this delightful residence. The walk of Spanish chesnuts, which marks the semi-circle behind, forms a sort of amphitheatre, which has an admirable effect. The interior of this palace is worth visiting. The view from it is superb, and extends over the city, the plain as far as Rivoli, and the course of the Po for three leagues.

Another part of the same hill is embellished by the palace of *Moncaliere*; and the summit, which assumes a mountainous character, is crowned by the fine church of the Superga already described.

The *Veneria* is another fine palace, chiefly remarkable for its park; but *Stupinigi* is, in its way, one of the finest country seats in Europe. The building, equally elegant and noble, and in perfect preservation, wins the suffrage of every connoisseur. The ceiling of the hall represents a hunt; it was executed in fresco by Carle Vanloo, and is justly admired. All the other paintings of this house exhibit similar subjects, analogous to its destination. In general, all the interior, as well as the exterior of this palace, is exquisitely beautiful, and the grounds correspond with the edifice.

The convent of the Camalduli is in a fine situation, on a hill five miles from the city;

it was founded by Charles Emanuel in 1599. The road to this convent is very romantic.

*Commerce, Manufactures, etc.*—The chief trade of this city and country is in thrown silk, which is sent to England and Lyons: they manufacture, however, some of it into excellent stockings, and good silk for furniture. Turin is celebrated for rosoli, mille-fleurs, snuff, chamois gloves, and some other trifles. Broad-cloths and linen are imported from Great Britain; some woollens and Lyons goods from France; linens from Switzerland and Silesia; also iron, copper, sugar, and drugs of all sorts. Their chief exports are cattle, some hemp, thread, and cordage: more than ninety thousand bullocks are said to be annually sent out of Piedmont. All the salt used here comes from Sardinia. A great deal of wine is made in Piedmont, but it is not all good: the principal attention of the people has been directed to the cultivation of mulberry-trees. Rice also is a great object of culture in some provinces. There is abundance of good fruit, particularly chestnuts, and the truffles are remarkably fine.

The art of engraving dies for medals is in great perfection at Turin. The Piedmontese language is a mixture of French and Italian, but well-educated persons speak both languages with purity. The people have the reputation of being sharp and crafty, make very good soldiers, and the peasants and artisans are industrious, and not unskilful.

The distance from *Turin* to *Genoa* is 122

English miles, which may be performed in less than 24 hours. From Turin to Trussarello is one post and a half, and from the last place to Poirino, the same distance. The remainder of the route from Poirino to Genoa has already been described.

*Soil and Agriculture of Piedmont and Lombardy, and of Italy in general.*—Though a description of the towns of Italy, with the buildings and monuments of the fine arts that embellish them, is most peculiarly interesting, still the intelligent traveller will not leave unnoticed the various cultivated tracts into which that fine country is divided, and will probably peruse with pleasure some notices concerning its divers aspects, its soil and agriculture, and rural economy.

Under these points of view, Italy may be classed into three regions, according to the three systems of cultivation which distinguish them from each other; while the difference of climate, of productions, and of rural manners, will readily point them out to the observation and the remarks of the traveller.

The first of these regions begins towards the Alps of Susa and of Mount Cenis, and extends to the shores of the Adriatic. It comprehends all the plain of Lombardy, separated by the course of the Po into two nearly equal parts. The fecundity of the soil in this rich plain is such, that its various productions, which succeed each other without interruption, emulate each other in the luxuriancy of their growth; and from this skilful mix-

ture of crops, this region may be called *the country of cultivation by a rotation of crops*.

The second of these regions extends over all the southern slopes of the Apennines, from the frontiers of Provence to the boundaries of Calabria. This I call the region of the olive-tree, or the *Canaanean cultivation*. It only occupies slopes and hills. This kind of oriental culture rises on steps on the sides of the mountains, in a series of terraces ingeniously supported by walls of turf, and covers these wild spots with several species of fruit-trees.

The third region may be designated by the name of the *country of bad air*, or of patriarchal culture. It extends along the Mediterranean from Pisa to Terracina, and comprehends all the plains that spread out between the sea and the first chain of the Apennines. This region, fortunately the least extensive, depopulated by the plague of a fatal atmosphere, has beheld its ancient prosperity disappear, with its villages, hamlets, and agriculture. These lands, covered with immense pastures, only serve to feed flocks, which, like those of the first inhabitants of the earth, form the only wealth of the shepherds to whom they belong.

Besides these three grand divisions, Italy contains also in its high mountains wild districts, where the inhabitant lives only on the produce of the woods; and on the banks of the Po there are likewise vast meadows always green, and watered by innumerable canals, solely devoted to the rearing of nume-

rous herds of cattle. But we shall now proceed to describe the system of agriculture followed in Piedmont, which greatly adds to the native beauty of that country, surrounded by the Alps, and favoured by nature with its richest gifts.

The first agricultural region of Italy extends from the foot of the Alps to that of the Apennines, over that immense plain which begins at the passage of Suza, and only terminates on the eastern limits of Italy. This vast region may be called the garden of Europe, and is, without dispute, the part that has been most favoured by nature.

The soil deposited by the waters, equally rich and deep, is almost every where on a perfect level. Banks of pebbles are only found on approaching the mountains, the whole plain consisting of a black mould of great fertility. From the heights of the mountains which command all Lombardy, there descends a prodigious abundance of currents, which art has not yet been able to master; their direction however is divided in innumerable ways by the multiplication of irrigating canals, so that there is hardly a farm or a meadow that is not within reach of a canal and a sluice. This luxuriancy of irrigation is displayed under a beautiful climate, and unites with the action of a southern sun in producing all the phenomena of the most vigorous vegetation.

These great natural advantages have long since accumulated in happy Lombardy and

immense population, and with it all its consequences; such as numerous towns and markets, with fine roads leading to them from every part of the country; the country itself subdivided into an infinite number of small properties, in the centre of each of which is the farm-house; and finally the land cultivated with great art, and in such a way that neither space nor time are lost in its cultivation. The crops are bordered with plantations of fruit-trees of every species, mixed with the mulberry, poplar and oak; and that even the latter may not serve merely for shade, it is made to support the vine-plants, whose branches shooting forth on every side, cover them over like a dome, and fall back in festoons.

The taste for plantations is so great almost all over Lombardy, that the eye of the passenger cannot pierce through it; he travels through an horizon always veiled, and which he only discovers as he advances. This succession of landscapes, which always prepares something unexpected for the imagination; this freshness of verdure; these numberless habitations, which unite a degree of elegance with comfort; these fields, whose luxuriant shade has a wild appearance, while their cultivation bespeaks the utmost perfection of rural economy—present altogether a contrast and harmony which no other country exhibits in the same degree. We do not see here that wide and monotonous vegetation of the plains of India, nor those vast fields which spread



over the uniform plains of the north ; neither do we find those romantic spots in which the Swiss valleys display their charms ; but we run over the face of a country in which these divers aspects seem to unite in a manner to recall them all to the mind .

The accumulation of towns is enormous in Piedmont ; and this country, the limited extent of which is disputed by a great space of mountains, supplies grain and cattle to Genoa, to Nice, and even to Toulon. There is perhaps no country that can dispose of so great a proportion of its annual productions, and none where the economy and administration of farms is better understood.

SECT. VI.—*Route by Germany and the Tyrol to Verona.*

The country of Tyrol is inferior to none in Europe, for grand and romantic scenery, and in the varieties of its soil and the charms of its climate. The beauties of Tyrol are preferred by many persons to those of Switzerland, and are only less spoken of, because less known to the generality of travellers. In *Switzerland*, our time and our money equally suffer by the snail-like pace of the horses. In Tyrol, on the contrary, we trot on briskly through the country with lively post-horses ; and talk or sleep, stop or go farther, as we please. Tyrol, too, has one great advantage over Switzerland, in having all its beauties by the road side : we have no occasion, as in that country, to deviate to the right or left,



and to climb on our hands and knees, in order to catch a charm of nature; she here offers herself at once to our view.

To the lovers of good cheer, the journey through Tyrol has strong attractions. At the inns are many good and often elegant rooms, always very clean, and provided with convenient beds. An hour, or frequently only half an hour after the traveller's arrival, he will find a comfortable meal set before him, consisting of soup, fish, and roast game; and for dessert, pastry, sweetmeats, and fruits, all of which are excellently prepared. The wine of the country is equal to *Bordeaux*. What greater recommendations can we have for a journey of pleasure? Here is a fine country, enchanting scenery, roads in capital repair, good horses, ready obliging post-masters, civil postillions, convenient lodging, delicious food, excellent wine, prompt attendance, and a moderate bill, much more moderate than in Switzerland.

No. 8.—From INSPRUCK to VERONA, 17 posts, 34 hours; about 156 English miles.

FROM	POSTS.	FROM	POSTS.
INSPRUCK to Schoemberg	I	Brandsol to Neumarck	I
Steinach . . . . .	I	Saint Michel . . . . .	I
Brenner . . . . .	I	TRENT . . . . .	I
Sterginzen . . . . .	I	Aqua-via . . . . .	I
Mittwald . . . . .	I	Roveredo . . . . .	I
Brixen . . . . .	I	Alla . . . . .	I
Colman . . . . .	I	Peri . . . . .	I
Teusschen . . . . .	I	Volarni . . . . .	I
Bolsano . . . . .	I	VERONA . . . . .	I
Brandsol . . . . .	I		

*Innsbruck*, encircled by the green waters of the river Inn, and capital of the Tyrol, a large Alpine province of the Austrian empire, contains about 12,000 inhabitants. As it was once the residence of a sovereign prince, it is still the seat of government, and has frequently been visited by the emperors. It possesses some noble edifices, more remarkable, however, as is usual in Germany, for magnitude than for beauty. The style of architecture, therefore, both of the palace and of the churches, is below criticism; and when I mention the great hall in the palace, I point out to the traveller almost the only building that deserves his particular notice. To this I will add another object, that has a claim upon his attention far superior to any that can be derived from mere architectural beauty: it is a little chapel, erected upon a very melancholy and interesting occasion. It is well known that the emperor Francis (husband to the celebrated Maria Theresa) died suddenly at Innsbruck: he was going to the opera, and while walking through the passage from the palace to the theatre, he fell down and instantly expired. He was conveyed to the nearest room, which happened to be that of a servant, and was there laid on a miserable bed. Attempts were made to bleed him, but to no purpose; and it is stated, that for a considerable time the body remained, with the blood trickling slowly from the arm, unnoticed and unattended by a servant of any description. The empress,

who loved him with unusual tenderness, shortly after raised an altar on the very spot where he fell; and clearing the space around, erected over it a chapel. Both the chapel and altar, though plain, are extremely beautiful, and a pleasing monument of the affection and taste of the illustrious widow, who, though in the full bloom of youth and beauty, and the first sovereign in Europe, in title and territorial possessions, continued ever after to wear mourning.

The vale of Inspruck is perhaps the most extensive and most beautiful of all that lie in the northern recesses of the Alps. It is about 30 miles in length; and where widest, as in the neighbourhood of Inspruck, about 6 in breadth. It is watered by the Inn, anciently the *Ænus*, which glides through it, intersecting it nearly in the middle, and bestowing freshness and fertility as it winds along. The fields that border it are in high cultivation, finely adorned with every species of forest-trees, enlivened with towns and villages, and occasionally graced with the ruins of a castle, frowning in shattered majesty from the summit of a precipice. Large woods line the skirts and clothe the sides of the neighbouring mountains, and, with the ragged misshapen rocks that swell above them, form a frame worthy a picture so extensive and so beautiful. In the southern extremity of this vale stands Inspruck; and behind it rises a long ridge, forming part of the craggy pinnacles of the *Brenner*, one of the loftiest mountains of the Tyrolian Alps.

About five miles north of Inspruck is the town of *Hall*, famous for its salt-works; and about four miles on the opposite side, on a bold eminence, stands, embosomed in trees, the castle of *Ambras*. This edifice is of very ancient date; and its size, form, and furniture, are well adapted to its antiquity. Its exterior is dignified with turrets, spires, and battlements, and its large halls are hung with spears, shields, and helmets, and lined with the forms of hostile knights mounted upon their palfreys, with visors down and spears couched, as if ready to rush forward in battle. The smaller apartments are fitted up with less attention to Gothic propriety than to utility, and contain various natural curiosities, intermingled with gems, medals, and pictures.

Between *Inspruck* and *Zelt* is a grotto in a steep rock, at so great a distance that the eye can scarcely discern a crucifix which is erected there.

About five hours ride from Inspruck are *glaciers* of amazing extent, which are generally visited by travellers. The highest mountain in the Tyrol lies towards Graubünden, and is called the Oertler; it is said to be 13,000 feet in height. A peasant, named Peter Honig, has executed an excellent detailed map of Tyrol, and also a pair of fine globes, which may be seen in a castle not far from Inspruck.

The *Tyrolese* are a brave and resolute race, remarkable for their skill in sharp-shooting.

When attacked by the French in 1805, both men, women, and children displayed prodigies of valour; they were *subdued* but not conquered, and delivered over to masters whom they detested—the Bavarians. The French penetrated as far as Mittwald.

The Tyrolese are all passionate lovers of the chase. Every unlicensed hunter is deemed a poacher, and when seized is invariably made a soldier; yet so strong is their passion for the chase, that neither threats nor punishment can deter them. One who had been many times caught in the fact, declared aloud, « And if I knew that the next tree would be my gallows, I must notwithstanding hunt.» Gain cannot be the principal inducement here, for them to risk their liberty; for a goat, when shot, weighs only fifty or sixty pounds at the utmost, and sells, together with the skin (which is of use only in autumn,) only for ten or twelve florins; and for this does the hunter expose himself to a thousand dangers, to ignominy, and a severe punishment; for this he spends the coldest winter nights on the cliffs, buries himself in the snow, and sacrifices his hours of sleep. Provided with a scanty store of victuals, he ranges for days the desert mountains; and braving hunger, thirst, and every other hardship, pursues this way of life as his highest enjoyment; and when he has gained his poor plunder, he is still exposed to great danger and trouble in the sale of it.

Besides goats, there are also deer, and (still

more numerous) bears, wolves, foxes, and badgers.

The poachers wear masks, or by some other means render their faces undistinguishable. If they perceive a game-keeper at a distance, they beckon to him with their hands to depart in haste, calling to him at the same time, "Go, or we will make you." If he does not obey, they level their firelocks at him; and if he still refuses to return, they fire: this, however, is in extreme cases only, and when they see no other means of saving themselves. If a game-keeper informs against him, he must himself afterwards guard against their revenge. Of this there have been some melancholy instances. A poacher who, in consequence of these practices, had been obliged for many years to serve in a distant regiment, was at length discharged, and returned to his country. He immediately began climbing the mountains again in search of game, met the informer, and shot him dead. (1)

In this part of Tyrol is to be seen a charming national physiognomy in the fair sex; oval faces, fine dark eyes, and a white skin: they are all as much alike as sisters. It is a pity only that their clumsy dress disfigures their personal attractions.

Though at Inspruck we have made a considerable progress in the defile, yet we have

(1) See Kotzebue's Travels, Vol. I, pp. 87 et seq. whence we have gleaned some interesting facts and very fruitful descriptions. See also vol. iv, p. 274—281, for an account of the resistance made to the French in 1805.



not risen in elevation so much as might be imagined; for that city is not more than 1500 feet above the level of the sea. But, about three miles farther, the road suddenly turns, and the traveller begins in reality to work up the steep. The road is well contrived to lessen the labour of ascent, winding gently up the mountains, and affording every where perfect security, though generally skirting the edge of a precipice. It presents some striking objects, such as the abbey of *Willtean*, anciently *Villetenum*, the castle of *Sonenberg*, and, through a break to the west, a transient view of a most majestic mountain, raising from amidst the surrounding glaciers its pointed summit to the skies. Its craggy sides are sheathed with ice, and its brow is whitened with eternal snows. Its height is supposed to be nearly equal to that of Mount Blanc, though in grandeur the mountain of Savoy yields to that of the Tyrol; because the former heaves itself gradually from the plain, and conducts the eye, by three different stages, to its summit; whilst the latter shoots up at once, without support or gradation.

The ascent still continues steep, and without intermission, to *Steinach*, which, though situated amidst the pinnacles of the Rhetian Alps, is yet not the highest point up the tremendous steeps of the *Brenner*. The summit, or rather the highest region of the mountain which the road traverses, is crowned with immense crags and precipices, enclosing a sort of plain or valley, which derives some degree



of animation, of beauty, and even of fertility, from the source of the river *Adige*, bursting from the side of a shattered rock, and tumbling in a noble cascade to the plain. Just before, we pass the fountain-head of the river *Sill*, which takes a northward course, and runs down the defile that leads to *Innsbruck*; so that the traveller now stands on the confines of the north, his face turned towards Italy, and the genial regions of the south. We now pursue our way with great rapidity down the declivity through *Mark* and *Mittwald*, and at length enter the episcopal city of *Brixen*.

We have now passed the wildest retreats and most savage scenery of the Alps, once the impenetrable abode of fierce tribes of barbarians, and the haunt of associated robbers, who plundered with the number, the spirit, and the discipline of armies. The Roman legions were not unfrequently impeded in their progress, and more than once stripped of their baggage by these desperate mountaineers.

*Brixen* presents nothing very remarkable to the attention of the traveller. Its cathedral is neither large nor beautiful, and the claim of the town to antiquity is dubious. The descent from the little plain of *Brixen* is not so steep as the road which leads to it. On a hill not far from *Chiusa*, stands the abbey of *Sabiona*, the only remains of the ancient *Sabina*. *Chiusa*, or *Clausen*, once *Clusium*, takes its name, as other towns of similar ap-

pellation, from its situation, as the plain in which it stands is terminated by a tremendous defile, whose rocky sides jut out so far, and rise so high, as almost to hide the face of heaven; while the river, contracted into a torrent, or rather a continual cascade, hurrying from steep to steep, rolls shattered fragments of rock down its eddy, and fills the dell with uproar. Numberless chapels, hewn out of the rock, on the road, answer the double purpose of devotion and of security, protecting the traveller from the sudden bursts of storm in summer, and against the still more sudden and destructive masses of snow that roll from the mountains, towards the termination of winter. The road which leads to this dell runs along the edge of a most tremendous precipice, and is so near it, that, from the carriage, the eye, without perceiving the parapet, plunges at once into the abyss below, and it is scarcely possible not to draw back with involuntary terror.

Between *Brixen* and *Bolsano* the road is extremely romantic. On the right are seen rugged rocks, on the left, steep precipices, and below, the rapid stream of the *Eisach*, which may be almost called a cataract, of many miles long. Yet the rude soil is very often diversified, and a countless number of gourds sprout up from the crevices of the rocks. Vines are also cultivated here.

Crucifixes are to be seen, by hundreds, on the road side. In some places the Saviour has nosegays of flowers between his feet; in

others, the Turkish corn descends from his arms. Here and there, even a vine is planted by the side of the crucifix, which is so completely encircled by it from top to bottom, that we should suppose the figure a representation of Bacchus. The crucifix sometimes stands on the brink of a fountain, and in the side which was opened by the spear, a tin pipe is fixed, which continually spouts out water.

*Bolzano*, converted by the Germans into the barbarous appellation of *Botzen*, is almost an Italian town, more Italian than German being spoken here. On the roofs of the houses too, as in Italy, are galleries for enjoying the fresh air. The women of *Botzen* wear a sort of triangular hat of black gauze, which is placed almost in the back of the neck. In the front, a sort of black edging flows on the forehead.

It is a commercial and busy place, and its situation at the opening of several vallies, and near the confluence of three rivers, is very advantageous: its neighbourhood is picturesque, and well cultivated; it contains, however, no remarkable object.

From *Bolsano* the road presents nothing peculiarly interesting as to Alpine scenery; some castles, however, finely situated, project into the vallies of *Sole* and *Anaria*; *Monte Cerno* and *Monte Mendala* are objects grand and beautiful.

Between *Neumark* and *Trent* the traveller will be delighted with the various scenery.

presented to his view. Maize fields appear before him, bordered by numberless gold-coloured gourds. From arched branches of immense length, blue grapes glitter in the sun. The vines are entwined in the elms, like garlands for decorating a festival. The wild hops run so close together, and form such thick bushes by the road side, that we seem to be passing through an extended arbour. Long rows of mulberry-trees border the road in other places. Lofty cypresses are to be seen here and there, erecting their heads high in the air; chesnut-trees, with trunks of monstrous extent, and their thousand-fold branches, overshadow the meadows; large fig-trees interweave their wide-spreading boughs in each other; high reeds, whose feathered heads appear to emulate the loftier trees in growth; and among all these we see pretty dark-eyed peasant girls, with their black hair turned and pinned up.

*Trent* is the seat of an archbishop. Its ancient name was *Tridentum*, and the tribes and Alps in its vicinity were not unfrequently called *Tridentini*. It is seated in a small but beautiful valley, exposed however, from its elevation, to intense cold in winter, and, from the reflection of the surrounding mountains, to heat as intense in summer. The town is well built, and boasts of some palaces; that of the prince-bishop contains some very noble apartments. The cathedral is Gothic, and not remarkable either for its beauty or magnitude. Its organ is admired, though sup-

posed to be inferior to that of the church of *Santa Maria Maggiore* in the same city.

But Trent owes its fame neither to its situation nor its edifices, but to the celebrated Council held within its walls about the middle of the sixteenth century. It was opened in the cathedral, but generally held its sessions in the church of *Santa Maria Maggiore*, where a picture still exists, representing the Council sitting in full synod. The most conspicuous figures are supposed to be portraits taken from the life. This assembly, convoked by Paul III, sat, with various interruptions, under three successive pontiffs, during the space of eighteen years.

From Trent the road continues to run through a narrow valley, watered by the Adige and covered with vines conducted over trellis-work, or winding from tree to tree in garlands. High mountains rise on each side, while the number of neat villages seems to increase on both banks of the river. A fortress, covering the brow of a steep hill, rises on the left, at some distance from the road, and forms too conspicuous an object to pass unnoticed. Its ancient name was, according to Cluverius, *Verruca Castellum*; it is now called *Castello della Pietra*, from its site. It was taken and retaken twice by the French and Austrians during the last war, though its situation might induce a traveller to consider it impregnable.

*Roveredo*, anciently *Roboretum*, the second stage from Trent, is a neat little town in the

defiles of the Alps, in the beautiful valley of *Lagarina*, situated, geographically speaking, in the German territory, but, in language, manners, and appearance, Italian. The entrance on the side of Trent looks well, though the main street is narrow. From Steinach, or rather a few miles south of that village, three stages before Brixen, we had begun to descend, and the descent now becomes more rapid between Roveredo and *Ala*; the river, which glided gently through the valley of Trent, assumes the roughness of a torrent; the defiles become narrower, and the mountains break into rocks and precipices, which occasionally approach the road, sometimes rise perpendicular from it, and now and then hang over it in terrific majesty. *Ala* is an insignificant little town, in no respect remarkable, except as forming the geographical boundary of Italy.

Amid these wilds is a vast tract called *Slavini di Marco*, covered with fragments of rock torn from the sides of the neighbouring mountains by an earthquake, or perhaps by their own unsupported weight, and hurled down into the plains below. They spread over the whole valley, and in some places contract the road to a very narrow space. A few firs and cypresses, scattered in the intervals or sometimes rising out of the crevices of the rocks, cast a partial and melancholy shade amid the surrounding nakedness and desolation.

The same appearances continue for some



time, till at length the mountains gradually sink into hills, and the hills diminish in height and number, leaving at last an open space beyond the river on the right. In front, however, a round hill presents itself at a little distance, which, as you approach, swells in bulk, and opening, just leaves room sufficient for the road, and for the river on the right, between two vast perpendicular walls of solid rock, which tower to a prodigious height, and cast a most terrific gloom over the narrow strait that divides them. As the road leads along a precipice hanging over the river without any parapet, the peasants who live at the entrance of the defile, crowd round the carriage to support it in the most dangerous parts of the ascent and descent. The fortress of *Chiusa*, said to have been built originally by the Romans, formerly defended this dreadful pass, but was ruined by the French in the late war. In the middle of the defile, a cleft in the rock, on the left, gives vent to a torrent that rushes down the crag, and sometimes sweeps away a part of the road in its passage. After winding through the defile for about half an hour, we turn, and suddenly find ourselves on the plains of Italy.

A traveller, on his entrance into Italy, longs impatiently to discover some remains of ancient magnificence, or some specimen of modern taste; fortunately he finds much to gratify his curiosity in *Verona*, the first town that receives him on his descent from the Rhetian Alps.



## DESCRIPTION OF VERONA:

Verona is beautifully situated on the Adige, partly on the declivity of a hill which forms the last swell of the Alps, and partly on the skirts of an immense plain, extending from these mountains to the Apennines. The hills behind are adorned with villas and gardens, where the graceful cypress and tall poplar predominate over the bushy ilex and the spreading laurel. The plains before the city are streaked with rows of mulberry-trees, and shaded with vines climbing from branch to branch, and spreading in garlands from tree to tree.

The interior of the town is worthy of its situation. It is divided into two unequal parts by the Adige, which sweeps through it in a bold curve, and forms a peninsula, within which the whole of the ancient, and the greater part of the modern city is enclosed. The river is wide and rapid; the streets, as in many continental towns, are very narrow, but long, strait, well built, and frequently presenting, in the form of the doors and windows, fine proportions and beautiful workmanship.

But besides these advantages which Verona enjoys in common with many other towns, it can boast of possessing one of the noblest monuments of Roman magnificence now existing. This is its amphitheatre, inferior in size, but equal in materials and in solidity to the Coliseum. The external circumference,

forming the ornamental part, has been destroyed long ago, with the exception of one piece of wall, containing three stories of four arches, rising to the height of more than eighty feet. The pilasters and decorations of the outside were Tuscan. Forty-five ranges of seats, rising from the arena to the top of the second story of outward arches, remain entire, with the different vomitoria, and their respective staircases and galleries of communication. The whole construction is of blocks of marble, and presents such a mass of compact solidity as might have defied the influence of time, had not its power been aided by the more active operations of barbarian destruction. The arena is not, as in Addison's time, filled up and level with the first row of seats, but a few feet lower, though still somewhat higher than it was in its original state. With respect to its dimensions, the outward circumference is 1290 feet, the length of the arena 218, and its breadth 129. The seats are capable of containing 22,000 spectators.

But the amphitheatre is not the only monument of antiquity that distinguishes Verona. In the middle of a street called the *Corso*, stands a gate inscribed with the name of Gallienus, on account of his having rebuilt the city walls. It consists of two gateways, according to the ancient custom, one for those who enter, the other for those who go out: each gateway is ornamented with Corinthian half pillars, supporting a pediment;

above are two stories, with six small arched windows each. The whole is of marble, and does not seem to have suffered any detriment from time or violence. The gate, though not without beauty, yet proves, by its superfluous ornaments, that, at the time of its erection, architecture was on the decline. The remains of another gate, of a chaster form, may be seen in the *Via Leoni*, where it stands as a front to an insignificant house; and within that house, in the upper story, a few feet behind the first gate, there exist some beautiful remnants of the Doric ornaments of the inner front of the gate—remnants much admired by modern architects, and said to present one of the best specimens of that order to be found in Italy.

Modern Verona is of much greater magnitude than the ancient, and spreading into the plain to a considerable distance beyond the old wall on one side, and on the other covering the opposite banks of the river, encloses the ancient town as its centre, and occupies a spacious area of about five miles in circumference. Many parts of it, particularly the square called *Piazza della Bra*, near the amphitheatre, are airy and splendid. Some of its palaces and several of its churches merit particular attention. Among the latter, the beautiful chapel of *San Bernardino*, in the church of the Franciscan Friars, and *San Zeno*, with its painted cloister and vast vase of porphyry, may perhaps claim the precedency.

Among public edifices, the *Gran-Guardia* and the *Museo Lapidario* are the most conspicuous; the portico of the latter is Ionic, and its court, surrounded with a gallery of light Doric, contains a vast collection of antiquities of various kinds. The garden of the *Giusti* family, alluded to by Addison, is still shewn to travellers, though it has little to recommend it except its former celebrity, and some wild walks winding along the side of a declivity remarkable as being the last steep in the immense descent from the Alps to the plain. From the highest terrace of this garden there is a beautiful and extensive prospect of the town, the hills, and the Alps on one side; and, on the other, of plains spreading far and wide, and losing their fading tints in the southern horizon. The eye ranges at liberty over an immense extent of scenery, rich, magnificent, and sublime. This is, in reality, one of the best spots for viewing Verona, and, as such, it may be considered worthy the attention of travellers.

Few towns have contributed more largely to the reputation of Roman literature, or have been more fertile in the production of men of genius, taste, and knowledge, than Verona. Catullus, Nepos, Vitruvius, and Pliny the elder, form a constellation of luminaries of the first magnitude, and shed a brilliant lustre over the place of their birth and early education. In the revival of letters, at the commencement of the fifteenth century, Verona had some share. *Guarini*,

a Veronese, returning from Constantinople, restored the study of Greek some time before the arrival of *Chrysoloras*, and of the other learned fugitives. He was succeeded by a long line of eminent men, among whom we may distinguish *Calderini*, *Valla*, *Politian*, *Scaliger*, *Panvinus*, and finally, *Fracastorius*, a poet, physician, naturalist, and astronomer. In modern times, Verona still preserves her reputation in taste and science. The number of inhabitants is about 50,000.

Among the curiosities in the Veronese, *Bolca* and *Ronca* are most worthy of notice. *Bolca* is a miserable village, which would never be visited, were it not for the celebrated mountain that produces the petrified fish and plants. The fish are found in a calcareous shivery stone, and are well preserved, their bones, and frequently their scales, being entire: also crabs, large oyster shells, bones of animals, leaves of fern, and other foreign plants. There are few spots more romantic than *Ronca*.

There is nothing more remarkable in the Veronese than the apparent barrenness of the country, and the astonishing number of mulberries it produces. They grow rice in the vallies that are unfit for pasturage or corn.

Abundance of silk is made and manufactured here and at *Vicenza*. The remaining trade of the Veronese is in olives, oil, wine, and some silks and woollens: their olives, and some of their wines, are much esteemed. The woollen and silk manufactures are said

to employ 20,000 persons. There is a variety of fine marbles here, and in the Vicentine: a *studio* consists of about 136 pieces, for which they ask 30 or 40 sequins.

At Verona, the tomb of Juliet will certainly interest those who connect the remembrance of this celebrated character with what they have read in our immortal bard. Contiguous to the church, in a small garden, formerly attached to the Franciscan monastery, but now in private hands, is an old sarcophagus, which from time immemorial has been shewn as the tomb of Juliet. It is much eaten by age, and has sunk considerably into the earth. It is exactly six feet long, and just wide enough to contain two bodies. Close to it is the well mentioned by Della Coste.

We conclude this description of Verona by recommending to the traveller the *Compendio della Verona*, a small work, with prints; which is an abridgment of a larger work, entitled *Verona Illustrata*, by the celebrated Maffei.

## CHAP. II.

### DESCRIPTION OF GENOA.

Ecco! vediam la maestosa immensa  
Città, che al mar le sponde, il dorso ai monti  
Occupa tutta, e tutta a cerchio adorna.

THE situation of Genoa (1) (justly styled *la Superba*) is perhaps without a rival for pic-

(1) The best Inn at Genoa is the *Hotel di Londra*. It is situated not far from the landing place. The charges



turesque beauty. It is placed on an eminence commanding a fine bay, and from some points of view an extent of very fine coast for thirty or forty miles each way ; it is sheltered from the North by an amphitheatre of bold and verdant hills, and being less dispersed than Naples, the eye can, from many different parts, command at once every principal object. The harbour is in the form of an amphitheatre ; Genoa occupies one side, and spreads her streets and churches, her suburbs and villas, over a vast semicircular tract of craggy declivities. Its white buildings ascend one above the other, and give it an appearance of splendid magnificence. In fact, the situation of Genoa is singular, and has been compared to that of Naples ; but the high and dismal crags which overlook Genoa, have no other relation with the low, cultivated and smiling hills that surround Naples but that of contrast. The latter occupy only a part of the circumference of Naples ; but the former border the whole of Genoa.

The hills of Naples are lost in the distance, and the eye surveys a vast and rich country ; but at whatever distance Genoa is seen from

are, for a sitting-room and two bed-chambers, 6 francs per day and upwards. Breakfast 2 to 3 francs per head. An excellent dinner served up in a private room, well dressed in the English, French, and Italian manner, consisting of soup, fish, joints, game, puddings, and several foreign dishes, together with dessert and common wine, at 6 francs per head, even when there are but two persons ; the price of the *tavola ronda*, or ordinary, is 3 francs each person.



the sea, the Apennine always rises behind it like an immense rampart, leaving only the narrow space which the town occupies between the mountain and the sea.

The wild, dismal and monotonous character of these mountains helps to shew off the magnificence of Genoa. It is the most striking contrast between the richness of art and the poverty of nature;—a spot that seemed only destined for the huts of fishermen, is covered by the most sumptuous palaces in Europe.

The magnificence of Genoa consists chiefly in these sumptuous palaces, with their massy pillars, cornices of marble, spacious courts, arcades, and galleries. There are few fine streets, except those of *Balbi*, *Nuova*, and *Nuovissima*, almost all the others being narrow and winding: the houses are very lofty, and afford an agreeable shade to the pedestrian in summer. They are built of brick, and covered with stucco, which is frequently painted in various devices. The greater part erected on the descent of the hill are furnished with platforms ornamented with trellis-work of honey-suckle, jessamine and other sweet smelling flowers: oranges and aloes also on the walls. Nothing can be more beautiful than the hanging gardens upon the bastions of the town: every step presents a prospect of the bay and surrounding country, equally rich, varied, and extensive. Here women of fashion resort in the cool of the evening to hold their conversaziones.

*Streets.*—The streets though narrow are

clean at all seasons of the year; the pavement is formed of large flags, or pieces of lava, brought from Naples, as formerly, every ship returning from Naples was compelled to take them as ballast. Some streets however are paved with common black marble taken from the neighbouring mountains. Few carriages are seen except in the lower parts of the city, and these chiefly in the street of Balbi; in the other parts sedan chairs are constantly used. In some streets defamatory stones are observed on the walls, on which are inscribed the names of those who have been found guilty of high treason, or other state crimes. The town is well supplied with water by means of aqueducts and fountains.

*Palaces.*—The palaces are literally heaped upon one another in the streets, they have not the appearance of castles, as in some towns in the North of Italy, but bespeak every where the residence of noblemen. Within and without is seen a profusion of marble, columns, pilasters, balustrades, statues, staircases, colossal figures of men and animals, fountains, and open galleries, all constructed of the same rich material; the latter ornamented with boxes of orange trees, myrtles, Spanish jessamine, and aloes; in a word, every thing that can decorate the interior of a house is here brought together, and often in such profusion as to give the spectator an idea rather of a regal palace than a private residence. The roofs are formed of a grey slate, called *Lavagna*, from the quarry whence it is taken.

One of the largest, but not the most handsome, is the Palazzo Reale (Royal Palace,) once the residence of the *Doge*. Andrew Vannoni, a Lombard, was the architect. It is a large square building, but does not possess much to detain the traveller of taste. The great council-chamber, built in the room of that burnt in 1777, is an extremely magnificent room, ornamented with columns of marble (*brocattello*) richly variegated with red and yellow; there are statues between the columns. Here are copies of the paintings of Solimene destroyed in 1777. In the small summer Council Chamber are some good paintings relative to the history of Columbus. In one of the chambers of this palace, there were lying, in 1817, many pieces of sculpture, paintings, etc. restored from France, which however had arrived in a very mutilated state.

The palace *Doria* is without the walls of the city on the sea shore, at some distance from the gate of St. Thomas; but with its gardens, is now in a state of decay, and scarcely worth a visit. On the front of the street is an inscription indicating the motive for building this palace, and the estimation in which Doria was held by his countrymen—  
« A patriot, who after having saved his country by his wisdom and heroism, refused its offered sovereignty, because he thought it not for the interest of the state that so much power should be vested in one man.»

The limits of this work forbid a description of the *eighty nine other palaces*; suffice it to

notice the palace *Balbi*; *Durazzo*, celebrated for its noble staircaise, and gallery of pictures, its fine collection of statues and busts admirably arranged, and its beautiful and agreeable terraces, with the extensive views which they command. In one room, a singular sort of oratory, is placed in a cupboard. Altogether a greater appearance of comfort and elegant domestic enjoyment pervades this palace, than most others on the continent.

The palace of the *Durazzo* family was erected by the celebrated *Fontana*; the length and elevation of its immense front astonish the spectator, who perhaps can scarce find in his memory a similar edifice of equal magnitude. Besides the rustic ground floor, it has two grand stories, with *mezzanini*, and over the middle part consisting of eleven windows, an attic. The portal, of four massive doric pillars with its entablature, rises as high as the balcony of the second story. The *mezzanini* windows, with the continuation of the rustic work up to the cornice, break this magnificent front into too many petty parts, and diminish not a little the effect of a double line of two-and-twenty noble windows. The portico which is wide and spacious, conducts to a staircase, each step of which is formed of a single block of *Carrara* marble. A large antichamber then leads to ten saloons either opening into one another, or communicating by spacious galleries. The saloons are all on a grand scale, in all their proportions, adorned with pictures and busts, and fitted up with prodigious rich-

ness both in decorations and furniture. One of them surpasses in the splendor of its gildings every thing of the kind in Europe. These apartments open on a terrace which commands an extensive view of the bay with its moles and lighthouse, and of the rough coast that borders it on one side. The emperor Joseph, who was lodged in this palace during his short visit to Genoa, declared that it far surpassed any that he was master of.

Yet, though I have selected the palace of Durazzo as the best specimen of Genoese architecture, I know not whether I might not with propriety have given the preference to that of Doria in the *Strada Nuova*; at least in point of simplicity, as its pilasters and regular unbroken cornice give it an appearance of more purity, lightness and correctness. The *mezzanini* are confined to the rustic story or ground floor, and thus leave the range of windows above free and unincumbered. The front however is not entirely exempt from the usual defect, and in graceful simplicity yields to the sides of the same edifice. But these are partly marked by porticos. The palace *Brignole* is distinguished for its fine façade, its extensive terrace, numerous fine paintings, and its costly furniture: the owner resides at Florence: most part of it is let out in lodgings. The palace of *Spinola* is remarkable for some historical fresco paintings after Julio Romano; the palace of *Pallavicino* is without the gate of Acquasola, built after the designs of Michael Angelo; those of *Carega*,

*Negrone*, and a number of others, in the internal and external decorations of which marble, porphyry, granite, gilding, frescos, painting, and stucco, are lavished with the utmost profusion. Most of these palaces were once ornamented with the masterpieces of Titian, Vandyke, Jordano, Veronese, Rubens, the Caracci, Rembrandt, and other celebrated masters. Some families indeed have preserved their pictorial treasures, but an immense number has been sold: some of the palaces have been let to inn-keepers and to rich foreigners.

In the *Palazzo Serra* will be noticed a most elegant, small, circular saloon, very richly ornamented with mirrors, bronzes, and precious marbles. This magnificence is strongly contrasted with the crowds of beggarly servants that importune the visitors.

A remarkable singularity in these palaces is that their opulent proprietors inhabit only the upper stories; probably for the sake of enjoying fresh air.

*Churches.*—The churches are numerous, and as splendid as marble, gilding and painting can make them; but have seldom any claims to architectural beauty. In truth, ornament and glare seem to be the principal ingredients of beauty in the opinion of the Genoese; and as their prevailing taste has almost entirely banished the first of architectural graces, simplicity, both from their palaces and from their churches.

The church of *St. Sirio* has not a good exterior but it is beautiful within, the finest marbles



being employed in its construction ; its nave is supported by columns of the Composite Order, and the frescos of the roof are well designed and beautifully coloured. The *Cathedral* dedicated to St. Lawrence was erected in 985, and is a heavy Gothic structure, built entirely of white and black marble. The chapel of *Saint John* attracts attention by its columns of porphyry, statues, bas-reliefs, and other decorations.

We now pass to the church called *Di Carignano*. In his way to this edifice, the traveller will behold with astonishment a bridge of the same name, thrown over, not a river, but a deep dell now a street ; and looking over the parapet he will see with surprise the roofs of several houses of six stories high, lying far beneath him. This bridge consists of three wide arches, but its boldness and elevation are its only merit, for beauty it possesses none. Full in front, on the swell of the hill of Carignano, stands the church, with a little grove around it. The situation is commanding, and well adapted to display a magnificent edifice to advantage, especially if faced with a colonnade. But this church has not that decoration, being a square building, adorned with Corinthian pilasters. The four sides have the same ornaments and a similar pediment ; only the western side or front is rather encumbered than graced with two towers. In the centre rises a dome. The interior is in the form of a Greek cross, and contains two fine pictures of Saint Francis by Guercino, and Saint Basil by Carlo



Maratti; also some fine statues by Puget of Saint Sebastian, Alexander Paoli, Saint John Baptist and St. Bartholomew; the last is considered a masterpiece, and represents the skin half torn from the body. The merit of the building consists in its advantageous situation and its simplicity. It has only one order, and one cornice that runs unbroken all round; this single order is not loaded either with an attic or a balustrade; the cornice is prominent and effective; the windows are not numerous nor too large, and the few niches are well placed. So far the architect is intitled to praise; but what shall we say to the *pigeon-holes* in the frieze, to the little petty turrets on each side of the pediments, to the galleries that terminate on the point of these pediments, (a new and whimsical contrivance,) and above all, to the two towers which encumber and almost hide the front?

The view from this church is one of the finest in the neighbourhood of Genoa, as it includes the city, the port and the moles, with all the surrounding hills: that taken in the middle of the harbour is however preferable, because it displays the amphitheatric range of edifices, which is the characteristic feature of Genoa, to the greatest advantage.

The reader will be surprised when he is informed that the church of Carignano was built at the expense of a noble Genoese of the name of Sauli, and the bridge that leads to it by his son, to facilitate the approach to a monument so honourable to his family,

The *Annonciata* is a fine church, remarkable for its portal, gilt and painted roof, its chapels, in one of which reposes the Duc de Boufflens, commandant of Genoa, in 1746. The whole interior of this building possesses all that marble, sculpture, the finest painting, and richest gilding can bestow. The church of the *Jesuits*, dedicated to St. Francis Xavier, is near the academy, and contains an assumption of the Virgin, by Guido, a picture admired by every connoisseur; a circumcision by Reubens, and other pictures.

But besides the churches and palaces in Genoa, there are two other kinds of edifices, highly interesting to strangers, and honourable to the republic, *viz.* the moles and the hospitals. The former, by their extent, solidity and utility, may be compared to similar works in ancient times; especially as the depth of the water, by increasing the difficulty, added to the spirit of the undertaking. By the latter, Genoa has attained an honourable distinction even in a country where charitable establishments are founded and endowed on a scale of magnificence, scarcely conceivable beyond the Alps. Of these establishments the two principal are the *Great Hospital* and the *Albergo dei Poveri*; both of which astonish the stranger by their magnitude, interior arrangement, and excellent accommodations. They have been erected and supported by charitable donations. These hospitals of Genoa speak loudly the benevolence of its inhabitants. The largest also called *Pamatone*, receives 2,400 patients

of whatever sex, age, or country they may be.—The *statues* of the benevolent contributors to this institution to the number of seventy-five, with an inscription on each, decorate the staircases and halls of the building. The *Ospidaletto*, for incurables, founded by Hector Vernazza, has also several fine marble statues of its benefactors, but which have been mutilated by the vandalism of the Revolution. The *Albergo dei Poveri*, founded by a noble of the house of Brignole, is a very magnificent hospital; it is situated without the town, towards the North, and is approached by a double row of oak trees. It is appropriated to the old and infirm, as well as to idle persons, who are here employed in spinning, carding, etc. The chapel of the Albergo contains a fine piece of sculpture by Puget, representing the assumption, and a bas relief by *Michael Angelo*, of the most exquisite beauty. The subject consists of two heads, about the natural size; a dead Christ, and his mother bending over him. Words cannot do justice to the expression of grief in the Virgin; it is the grief of a character refined and softened above humanity. The altar of this place ought also to be noticed. It is surmounted by a figure of the Virgin; over her a cherub is represented hovering in the air, placing a wreath on her head. The only support of the cherub is by the thumb and finger which holds the wreath; this again is sustained by the head of the Virgin.

Among the other public buildings of Genoa, may be named, the *Custom House*, a consider-

able building, looking towards the sea, the façade of which was painted by Tavarone: the *Exchange*, the roof of which is supported by Doric pillars of marble; and the *Porto-Franco*, an enclosed space for the reception of every sort of merchandise.

Genoa is surrounded by a double wall or rampart; one encloses the town only, and is about 6 miles in circuit, the other takes a much more extensive range, and covering the hills that command the city, forms a circumference of 13 miles. The interior fortification terminates in a point beyond the summit of the hill, and is supposed or rather proved by late experience to be of very considerable strength. In riding round these works we are forcibly struck by the contrast of the bleak barren hills that rise above us, with the splendour and beauty of the city, its suburbs and its harbour that lie expanded below.

A visit to these fortifications requires the sacrifice of an entire day; and another must be devoted to see the port and all that surrounds it. It is bordered all along by a thick wall, in such a way that the houses, the fronts of which ought to adorn the quays and have a view of the sea, have no other prospect than these high and ugly ramparts which would conceal them entirely, if they were not still higher, so that the sea may be seen at least from the upper stories. On these walls are narrow terraces, with parapets, from which there are some fine sea views, and of course some pleasant walks. It is from them only

that one can survey the port, the docks, the arsenal and the shipping. Nothing of all this can be seen from the town though built all round the port, on a crescent, the opening of which is about two miles broad. This port, closed by two moles, can receive vessels of 80 guns. Though the entrance of the port is wide, being near half a mile from one mole to the other, it is rather difficult and even dangerous without proper precautions. But it is from about a league out at sea that the eye embraces completely the whole amphitheatre of Genoa, and travellers often make this maritime excursion in order to enjoy a sight that has something magical in it from the singular and happy assemblage of so many objects, positions, and contrasts.

*Academy, Libraries* etc.--The academy was established in the year 1751, under the name of the *Instituto Ligure*. It is divided into two parts, and embraces every thing relative to painting, sculpture, engraving, architecture, etc. There are professors in law, medicine, the sciences, and literature. The *Lyceum* has an excellent library, a rich cabinet of medals, etc. There are also other schools, an archiepiscopal seminary, and a school for the deaf and dumb, founded in 1801, by the ABBÉ ASSAROTTI. Lectures are given by the professors in the *palace of the university*, formerly belonging to the Jesuits, and one of the finest edifices in Genoa. Two lions in marble, which decorate the vestibule, are worthy of notice, as are the staircases, and the balustrades ornamented

with orange and citron trees. Here is a *botanic garden*, superintended by that eminent professor Viviani, and a *museum* of natural history, which owes every thing to his skill and industry. It is rich in indigenous productions, as birds and fish; and possesses a fine collection of all the minerals of the country, classified and arranged by the same professor. In a spacious and lofty hall, the walls and roof of which are ornamented with fresco paintings, the examinations and theses are held, and the distribution of the prizes takes place.

The students who frequent the university can have resort to other libraries for information. There are three supported at the public expense; that of *Franzoni*, in the ancient convent of St. Ambrose, open every day; of the *Pères de la Mission*, of *Saint Matthew*, and of the academy in the strada di Balbi. Another library called *Berio* has been opened to the public in the Campetto, by the generosity of an individual: here is a rich collection of ancient and modern books in all classes of literature and science.

*Promenades, Theatres, etc.*—The summer promenade for carriages, takes place every evening, beginning at the new Mole and ending at Acquasola, an extent of more than two miles, in which there is the greatest variety of beautiful scenery. Men in the middle ranks of life, who have neither carriage nor chair, content themselves with the small circuit of the Acqua Verde. Pedestrians choose another walk, scarcely less agreeable, which leads from



the gate of St. Thomas to the square called *la Cava*, about two miles in length. In the small piazza, called *delle Grazie*, the bankers, merchants, and speculators, meet to look out for the arrival of vessels. There are two *theatres* at Genoa frequented by the beau-monde, *San Agostino*, near the church of that name, and *Falcone*, in the palace of Marcellino Durazzo. The grand theatre opens on Christmas-day, and continues till Lent. The Opera Buffa commences at Easter, and finishes in June, when the field is left open to French actors. There are some small theatres (*teatrini*) in the environs of *la Polceverra*, but they are only for the common people.

Among the number of VILLAS in the neighbourhood of Genoa, the most agreeable to the botanist and lover of picturesque beauty, is that at *Zerbino*, belonging to Hyppólito Durazzo, who has collected together a great number of curious plants. A brother of Durazzo's, who lives at *Cornegliano*, has an excellent *museum*, remarkable for the rarity and selection of the subjects contained in it, taken from the mineral and animal kingdoms. The Botanist will find abundant amusement in the garden and greenhouses of M. Grimaldi, at Pegli; the villa of M. Durazzo, on the bastion of Acquasola; and that of M. di Negro, on the bastion of the Capuchins; this last, although small, merits particular attention, it is situated on an eminence, commanding fine and extended views. Several detached buildings and pavilions irregularly placed, but arranged with



infinite taste, are appropriated to a choice library, music, dancing, and billiards. A pleasure garden, in which there is a pleasing labyrinth of shrubs, and agreeable walks, which are ornamented with statues, fountains, cascades, grottoes, alcoves, hermitages, etc. surround the buildings and slopes in their front. Its courteous owner is particularly partial to England, its literature, its natives, and their manners. He prides himself on possessing a good selection of English authors, in the originals as well as translations; many parts of his villa are also decorated with English engravings. Very contrary to the custom that usually prevails abroad, and still more disgraces such English mansions as attract the regard of the public, the hospitable proprietor of this villa never permits a single servant to accept of a present from a stranger; to compensate for which he allows them more than usual wages. A short distance beyond the walls, is pointed out a villa, said to have been built by directions of the Protector Oliver, and to which, at one period, it is here said, he designed to have retired. It is a plain neat edifice, well situated, and by no means large; such as a man of 2,000 per annum in England might be supposed to occupy.

The environs of Genoa indeed offer the greatest attractions to the naturalist, both in the abundance of its rare and curious plants, and in a variety of very beautiful insects.

The glow-worm (*lampyris Italica*) is very common in the evening, and it is frequently

an occupation of the gentlemen to collect these vivid insects, and place them in the hair of the ladies; if trodden upon, and the foot be drawn along the ground, a luminous line remains for some minutes. But as it is foreign to the plan of this work to enter into a description of the various interesting subjects in natural history, found in the vicinity of Genoa, we must again refer to the very excellent *Travels of Dr. Smith*, Vol. III. pp. 91—103, where the reader will find a pleasing account of some herborizing excursions, and a list of the most curious insects.

*Lo Scoglietto.* This house, which at once embraces the advantages of town and country, is perhaps the finest in the neighbourhood of Genoa. The architect, *Tagliafico*, has availed himself of the natural advantages of the place, and formed a fairy palace of exquisite beauty: in the grounds, the visitor may repose under the shade of the box, the oak, the elm, and the plantain, and listen to the sound of the numerous water-falls; while from a neighbouring terrace, may be had the most delicious views of the sea, its coast, and the numerous hills which environ this enchanting spot. There are some very fine arabesques and paintings in fresco, on the staircase, and in the apartments, by *Pietro del Vaga*, a pupil of *Raffaello*. The proprietor of this house has also formed a library with the greatest taste.

*People, Manners, etc.*—The population of Genoa, reckoning the inhabitants of the suburbs, amounts to 150,000 souls. The Genoese

have the reputation of being keen and crafty in their commercial transactions. The Italian Proverb says, that they have a sea without fish, land without trees, and men without faith. The character which the Latin poets have given of them is not very different. Ausonius calls them «deceitful;» Virgil says they are «born to cheat.»

The modern Ligurian, we believe, does not deserve these reproaches of the poets. They are constant in their attendance on religious duties, and are engaged in many charitable associations for visiting the sick and burying the dead. To the former great trade of Genoa, which not only supported, but *enriched* its inhabitants, is to be attributed the number of noble institutions, and works of public utility founded by *individuals*, not only after death, but frequently *during their lives*. All the grand hospitals were built and endowed by a few rich families. The church called *l'Annunciata*, one of the finest in Genoa, was raised at the expense of the Lomelino family.

There are a great many beautiful palaces along the sea-shore on both sides of Genoa. The houses are most of them painted on the outside; so that they look gay and lively: they are high and stand very close together. It is not, however, easy for an Englishman to reconcile himself to the manner of painting many of the Genoese houses. Figures, perspectives, or pieces of history, are certainly very ornamental, as they are drawn on many of the walls; but often, instead of these, one

sees the front of a palace covered with painted pillars of different orders: if these were real marble pillars they would certainly be very beautiful; but at present they only seem to say, « something is wanting. »

The Genoese females are generally *brunettes*, with large, black, expressive eyes: they often wear a black gauze veil, which covers the head and face; but this they dispose with so much art, that when any one is admiring them at church or in the streets, the « half unwilling, willing look, » affords the spectator a full opportunity of seeing their faces. The women, including those of rank, are here, as throughout Italy, but little versed in the science of domestic economy; the greater number, without education, spend their time in the tattle and trifles of society. *Cicisbeism* is still common at Genoa, and the individual who is elected to this office, is denominated *Patito* or *Cavaliere servente*.

It is the privilege of the husband to make the first choice, but the second is always left to the lady. Although this practice may be a great source of immorality, it is not *necessarily* so, and is often as burthensome to one of the parties as the heaviest matrimonial yoke can be. Some men of the highest fashion have been known to refuse their wives this sacrifice to custom, and have had the manliness to scorn the office of *cicisbeo* themselves, but few can long resist the torrent of opinion. The wives of tradesmen, and women in middle life, are too much employed behind the

counter, and in seeking the means of subsistence, to think of *patiti*; they are, consequently more correct in their conduct. They are distinguished from other Italians of their sex, by the abundance and fineness of the linen in which they are dressed.

*Commerce, Natural Productions, Climate, etc.*—The department of Genoa is so mountainous, that little use can be made of the plough, and consequently there is not much arable land. The Genoese, however, have sought on the sea a compensation for the sterility of their soil, (1) and have been completely successful. Their export trade consists in rich silks, velvets, the best of which are manufactured from the silk imported from China by the English; damasks, gloves, hosiery, lace, leather, oils, comfits, and pastry, (patties), particularly of macaroni, fruits, dried mushrooms, anchovies, cloths, paper, cannon, clocks, soap, marble rough and worked, and other small branches of industry, for the supply of the interior, as honey, wax, coals, etc. etc. These are exchanged for foreign and native produce, especially for *corn*, from Lombardy, France, Switzerland, or Sicily, Holland, and England.

Bread is white and good, but dear, at Genoa: the beef from Piedmont is juicy and

(1) The industry of the inhabitants, however, has covered their mountains with olives, vines, pomegranates, orange and lemon-trees; they are also shaded with carob-trees, and evergreen-oaks, and adorned with buildings and gardens.

delicious, but as dear as six-pence or seven-pence a pound. The poor live chiefly on chestnuts, macaroni, dried fish, and cheese. Fish is far from plentiful, and wood for fuel is dear; the wine made in the neighbourhood is but indifferent. There is an abundance of garden vegetables, as peas, artichokes, etc. during a great part of the winter; as also of flowers, as roses, pinks, and carnations.

The *climate* of the department in which Genoa is situated, is generally healthy, particularly to the south of the Apennines: at Pegli and Nervi there is a perpetual spring; the air on the coast is not favourable to pulmonary or cutaneous complaints. The winter is often severe, and the mountains are sometimes covered with snow for a long period; the climate of other parts is remarkable for sudden changes from heat to cold, and vice-versâ. To the north of the Apennines it is more regular, but fogs are frequent.

Genoa presents no vestige of antiquity; if ever she possessed magnificent edifices or trophies of glory they have long since mouldered into dust, or have been swept away by the waves. The name alone remains, and that she has ennobled by a series of great achievements abroad, and at home by an almost uninterrupted display of industrious exertions, bold speculations and wise councils. Genoa was one of the three great republics, which during the middle ages, when almost all the rest of Europe was immersed in slavery, ignorance and barbarism, made Italy the seat of liberty,



science and civilization, and enabled her not only to outshine her contemporary powers, but even to rival, at least in military fame and domestic policy, the glories of Greece herself, in her most brilliant æra. Of these republics Venice was undoubtedly the first, and Genoa confessedly the second. Those honours she acquired by her commerce and her fleets, which enabled her often to dispute and frequently to share the empire of the seas with her adversary. At one period indeed the Ligurian capital had for some time the advantage, and reigned queen of the Mediterranean.

Divided by many intestine debates, and perpetual contests between the nobles and the people, the Genoese were often forced to submit to the authority of the Emperors, the Popes, the Kings of Spain, France, and Naples, and to the Princes of Milan and Monserat. At length they submitted to the French republic, and finally were ceded at the Congress of Vienna in 1815 to the King of Sardinia, of whose dominions Genoa and its territory now forms a part.

For a further description of Genoa we refer to an excellent local guide, called "*Description des beautés de Gênes et de ses environs* ;" concluding with the following directions for those who make but a short stay in this city, and wish to see as much as possible in a little time :—*First day.* Walk in the street Balbi, Nuova, and Nuovissima ; visit the Albergo dei Poveri, and walk from thence along the north-east fortifications, returning by the sea-side,



etc.—*Second day.* Visit the Royal Palace, formerly the Doge's, and those of Serra, Brignole, and Durazzo.—*Third day.* The cathedral and the churches of the Annunciation and St. Sirio; even a cursory observation of these will leave little time to visit others.—*Fourth day.* Proceed to the church and bridge of Carignano; afterwards, if possible, procure admission to the villa of M. di Negro, situated in a bastion within the city walls.

### CHAP. III.

*Departure from Genoa.—Voyage to Leghorn—Lerici, Sarzanna, Carrara—From Genoa to Milan—Description of Pavia and Milan.*

If the traveller be desirous of going immediately to Rome, Florence, and Naples, he may hire a felucca at Genoa, for Leghorn. A large one, manned with ten hands, may be had for seven or eight guineas; the distance is about 160 miles, and if the weather be favourable, they will arrive at Leghorn in two days. Feluccas that convey the mail between Genoa and Leghorn, depart twice every week. A passage may be procured either by them, or others that frequently proceed for the same place. This route is greatly to be recommended, both as avoiding the fatigues of a land journey, and the danger of banditti in the Genoese territory and Piedmont, robbery seldom occurring in the Tuscan states. Several

objects well worthy of notice, and a most delightful country, rivalling any in Italy, and surpassing most, will also be seen; and if this opportunity be omitted, it would occasion much trouble, inconvenience, and loss of time, to make an excursion, at a future period, from either Florence, Pisa, or Leghorn, to visit them. With the *padrones*, or captains of the feluccas already mentioned that go to Leghorn, an agreement may be made to be put on shore at *Lerici*, on the Gulf of Spezzia, which ought to be done for 10 or 12 francs each person, luggage included, and a *buono mano*, or drink-money, of two francs, on good conduct. Nothing, however, should be paid till the end of the passage; and the traveller should be on his guard, as the *padrones* will endeavour to dupe him, by landing him at *Porto Venere*, instead of *Lerici*; the former place being almost in the direct tract to Leghorn, and the other rather out of it, especially when certain winds prevail. Should this be the case, and you have made your agreement to be *landed* at *Lerici*, the *padrone*, at his own expense, must hire a boat at *Porto Venere* to convey you across the Gulf of Spezzia (about a mile and a half,) which to him will be a mere trifle, but might cost the traveller, once put on shore at *Porto Venere* and left to the mercy of the boatmen, five francs or more.

The only place of the least note on the coast between Genoa and *Porto Venere* is *Porto Finno*, finely situated, but a miserable place, where scarcely any accommodation or refresh-

ment is to be procured, and the traveller must depend on what he has brought along with him. After passing this place, the country on the coast attracts the observation of the stranger by its novel and interesting appearance. Elevated, abrupt, and steep hills, highly cultivated in terraces, to prevent the soil being washed away by the rains, extending to the very margin of the sea; the husbandry consisting of Indian corn, some vines, but mostly olive-trees. Numerous cottages, cabins, and small hamlets appear absolutely clinging to the hills, placed in the most picturesque situations. Approaching *Porto Venere*, the lofty and rocky coast, and several small islands possessing a similar feature, perforated, by the effects of the sea, into many spacious caverns, the singular vistas formed by the channels between these islands themselves and also the shore, presents to the eye a most extraordinary and romantic appearance.

*Porto Venere* is a ruined and deserted town. The short sail from thence to *Lerici*, especially in fine weather, is truly delightful; the scenery is beautiful at any time. The Gulf of *Spezia*, being almost land-locked, and extending a considerable distance into the interior of the country, has towards its extremity every appearance of a large lake: it is indeed a noble sheet of water. The country and objects which environ it, are equally fine in their way.

*Lerici* is a small poor town, but its situation is fine. The *Locanda* inn is none of the best; but if a bargain be made, the traveller will

meet with tolerably fair and moderate charges. Landing at Lerici, the traveller is surrounded by a mob of beggarly creatures of both sexes, who endeavour to lay hold of the baggage, dividing it into as many articles as it is practicable, all endeavouring to obtain something, if it is only an umbrella, great coat, or stick to carry, for which each one expects to be remunerated as highly as if he carried a heavy portmanteau. The best method, therefore, is to have as many articles as possible fastened together, proceeding immediately to the inn. Carriages are to be procured at *Lerici*, but where there is no competition, imposition must be expected. The better way is to hire porters to carry your effects to *Sarzanna*, about three Italian miles distant, and to walk yourself, taking care to walk behind your luggage, and keep it constantly in sight.

*Sarzanna* is a considerable town, but offers no object of notice. The *Acquila Nigra* (Black Eagle) is considered the best inn. The fair and reasonable charge of the inns on the road, between this place and Florence, ought to be eight or ten pauls each person per night; the entertainment to consist of a bed-room for each person, the accommodation of a room for eating, fire if it be requisite, a dinner or supper, consisting of soup, boiled meat, cutlets, roast meat, macaroni, potatoes, sallad, desert of cheese, fruit, and cakes, and common wine. It should make no difference in price, if there are one or more persons in the party; the portions of each dish are then only

enlarged: frequently, however, fifteen pauls and more are asked, especially if, on arrival, the traveller appears to be fatigued, and wishes to avoid trouble.

Return *Vetturini* carriages frequently pass through Sarzanna to Pisa, Lucca, and Leghorn, by which a place may be had for ten or twelve francs; but in going by them, *Carrara* is lost. The better plan is, according to the number of the party, to engage a *voiture* (coach,) with a pair of horses and a driver, or a one-horse chaise, having a top, to proceed first to Carrara, thence to Massa, and either to Lucca or Pisa. The latter, to carry two persons, ought to be procured for forty or fifty pauls as far as Lucca, where the party may rest a day, and another similar carriage engaged to Pisa for twelve to fifteen pauls. The journey from Sarzanna ought to be commenced not later than eight o'clock in the morning. The approach to Carrara is pleasing, its white buildings being contrasted with the verdure of the fields and the shade of the adjacent wood-crowned hills. It is situated at the extremity of a small valley, near the hills which bound it to the north-east; the greater part of it being built on a small plain, the others on rising ground, and is bounded to the west by a small and rather rapid stream. It consists of a public square surrounded with good-looking houses (1). The first object

(1) We have not noticed any inn at Carrara, because as the traveller will not spend more than an hour or two there, he will not have any occasion to enter one.

that attracts the attention is *Lo Studio*, or the Academy, where lectures are given on sculpture; and there is a great number of casts and models from the antique, for the improvement of the students.

Leaving the *Studio*, the workshops of the numerous artists are next visited, in which are to be seen the various stages of working the marble, from the rude block, as extracted from the quarry, to the finest sculpture.—Among them at this period, 1817, was to be remarked a copy of Canova's Venus, one of the Laocoon, executed for an Englishman, and which cost 3000 sequins, about 1500*l.* sterling, a beautiful small Cupid, and many others.

The quarries are a few miles distant from the town. The marble is mostly of a pure white; but that of *Seravessa* is considered to be of a still finer grain. That of *Porto Venere* is yellow mixed with black, and extremely beautiful. Near *Sestri* different coloured marbles are found.

Leaving Carrara, a steep hill is ascended for about a mile and a half; on the summit, a fine view is obtained of the vale of Carrara, the truly beautiful, tranquil, and retired asylum of the fine arts. The hill is most agreeably shaded with chesnut, and lofty forest trees; a winding road descends on the other side for above four miles.

We next approach *Massa*, its spacious and romantic castle overhanging the town. The palace more resembles a barrack than a princely residence: and merits not a moment's atten-



tion. There is a very good inn at Massa, kept by a Frenchman; it is well known, and usually called the *Albergo Francese* (French inn).

Some miles after leaving Massa, we pass by the ancient, small, square-built, and walled town of *Pietro Santo*; a most excellent road, equal to any in England, generally on a very gradual descent, leads to

*Lucca*.—Nothing can be finer than the general scenery all the way from Carrara to Pisa, especially between Lucca and the latter place. Here we have continually before us the sublime prospects of the distant, lofty, and snow-clad Apennines; the romantic beauties of the more proximate hills, frequently adorned, and their summits crowned with ruins; convents, villages, and small castellated towns; an occasional glimpse of the Mediterranean; the milder but not less pleasing charms of the country more immediately situated on the road, possessing a rich soil, favoured with a soft climate, improved by the most active and industrious cultivation, every foot of ground being tilled and dressed with the neatness of a garden, and the small fields well drained, and surrounded with rows of fruit-trees. Vines are reared around the trees, carried in festoons from one tree to another, and even occasionally across the road itself. The hills are covered with olive and mulberry plantations; and small circular walls are raised around the roots of the old trees, forming small terraces, at once to nou-



rich them and afford a space for planting vegetables, which would otherwise be left vacant.

On this route, landing at Lerici, the distances are:—

	ITAL. MILES.
Lerici to Sarzanna.....	3
Carrara.....	12
Massa.....	5
Lucca.....	30
Pisa.....	10

Lucca and Pisa are described in another part of this Guide.

Those who do not like to trust the « faithless deep,” may go by *land* all the way from Genoa to Florence.

The best route, however, to those who are not pressed for time, is to go direct from Genoa to Milan. To do this, we must return to Novi (noticed above, Sect. iv, No. 5,) and then go by Tortona to Voghera and Pavia, whence it is two posts and three quarters to *Milan*.

No. 9.—From GENOA to MILAN,  $9\frac{1}{4}$  posts ;  
10 hours 33 minutes.

TIME.			TIME.		
FROM	POSTS.	h. m.	FROM	POSTS.	h. m.
NOVI (1) to TOR-			Casteggio to PA-		
TONA (2) . . . .	2	1 55	VIA (4) . . . .	$2\frac{1}{4}$	2
Voghera (3). . . .	$1\frac{1}{4}$	1 35	Binasco . . . .	$1\frac{1}{4}$	1 5
Casteggio. . . .	1	2 18	MILAN (5). . . .	$1\frac{1}{2}$	1 40

INNS—(1) L'Auberge Royale, rue Gerardenghi, and out of the town, the Post. (2) The Post. (3) The Moor. (4) The Post and the White Cross. (5) L'Auberge Royale, the Cross of Malta, Three Kings, etc.

Though we have already noticed the road from Novi to Genoa, still, as we are now to follow it in a contrary direction, we think proper, for the satisfaction of the traveller, to enter into some further details concerning it.

About half a mile from the gate of Genoa is the village or rather suburb of *San Pier d' Arena*; its situation on the coast, and close to the river Polcevera, rendered it once a place of great resort, and many palaces and villas remain as monuments of its magnificence. The *Villa Imperiale*, which is its principal ornament, is said to have been planned by Palladio, and has two regular rows of Corinthian and Ionic columns—an arrangement both simple and majestic.

The valley of the Polcevera, so called from the torrent that intersects it, extends from Genoa to the famous pass of the *Bochetta*. The water of this stream often disappears entirely, and leaves no traces but its broad rocky channel, which was formerly the road; however, it returns sometimes with such rapidity as to carry off travellers crossing its channel and loitering in the passage. The bridge thrown over the Polcevera and Cornigliano, is a monument of the munificence of a nobleman of the *Gentile* family; and, to the honour of the Genoese nobility, the same may be said of the excellent road that leads from San Pier d' Arena to *Campo Marone*. This road follows the banks of the Polcevera, forming a long winding defile, beautifully diversified with villas and gardens, cypresses, olive-

trees, and vineyards. The soil is indeed naturally a dry naked rock; but industry, protected by liberty, has covered it with verdure and fertility. Immediately on leaving Campo Marone, the first stage, we begin to ascend the steep of the Bochetta, one of the loftiest of the maritime Apennines. The lower and middle regions of this mountain are well peopled, well cultivated, and shaded by groves of lofty chesnuts.

The Bochetta is one of the great bulwarks of Genoa. The view from it is very striking, though confined by the various swells and pinnacles that form the ridge of the mountain; excepting on one side, where it extends over the valley of the Polcevera, takes in the outworks of Genoa intersecting the brows of the hills, and just catches a glimpse of the sea on each side; for Genoa itself lies covered by its guardian mountains. The Bochetta is one of the few mountains where the road runs nearly over the summit, while, in the other passages of the Alps and Apennines, it commonly winds through a defile. The height of the Bochetta is said to be 777 *metres* above the level of the sea. The descent is almost as long and tedious as the ascent, but neither are dangerous, excepting in a few places, where there is no parapet on the brink of the precipice.

From *Voltaggio* the road traverses the defile, sometimes on level ground, sometimes on the verge of a precipice suspended over a torrent. The scenery is very romantic, alternately open and wooded; here green and fer-

tile, there barren and rocky; thus presenting all the delightful contrasts of shade and nakedness, of wildness and cultivation, which characterize the Apennines. One of the most striking objects is the fortress of *Gavi*, occupying the summit of a rocky hill and commanding the defile. Shortly after, we discover, through a break in the mountains, the immense plain of *Piemonte*, and then crossing the *Molinario*, a high, fertile, and well-wooded hill, find ourselves at the foot of the Apennines. The country we have just traversed exhibits no monuments, and awakens very few recollections of the classic ages.

*Tortona* is a town situated on the *Scrivia*, with a small population, some good houses, and a cathedral; but there is little here to interest the traveller. *Voghera* is pleasantly situated, and has a cathedral of modern architecture, worthy of inspection. From *Voghera* there is a direct road to *Piacenza* by *Bronio*.

We next pass the *Staffora* over a bridge, and in approaching *Pavia*, pass the *Po*, and afterwards the *Gravellone*.

From *Tortona* to *Voghera*, and indeed to *Milan*, the road traverses one of the most fertile as well as beautiful parts of the celebrated plain watered by the *Po* and the *Tesino*, with their many tributary streams, and bounded by the Alps and the Apennines. No country in the world perhaps enjoys more advantages than this extensive and delicious vale. Irrigated by rivers that never fail, it is clad, even

in the burning months of July and August, with perpetual verdure, and displays, after a whole season of scorching sunshine, the deep green tint of the vernal months. Even in the beginning of October, autumn has scarcely tinged the woods, while the purple and yellow flowers of spring still variegate its rich grassy meadows. The climate, like that of Italy at large, is uniform and serene; but as the more southern provinces are refreshed during the sultry season by a breeze from the sea, so these plains are cooled by gales that blow constantly from the bordering mountains. Hence the traveller, who has been panting and melting away in the glowing atmosphere of Florence and Genoa, no sooner crosses the Apennines and descends into the Milanese, than he finds himself revived and braced by a freshness the more agreeable and unexpected, because he still continues to enjoy the same unclouded sky and azure firmament. Nor is this vale deficient in interest, as plains, if extensive, usually are; nor is it, like the Netherlands, a level, where no swell presents itself to attract the eye and vary the sullen uniformity. The plains of the Po, enclosed between two chains of vast mountains, always have one, and sometimes both in view; while numberless ramifications, branching from them, intersect the adjacent country in all directions, and adorn them with ridges of hills that diminish in size and elevation as they are more distant from the mountains.

The road from Novi to Pavia presents, on the

right, many of these eminences, resembling the hills of Surrey, and, like them, adorned with trees, churches, villas, and castles.

Approaching the Po, the road becomes deep and sandy. The banks of this majestic stream, being low, are susceptible of one species of ornament only, and that consists of groves of forest trees that shade its margin ; and as they hang over it, and sometimes bathe their branches in its waves, enliven it by the reflection of their thick and verdant foliage. Among these trees, the poplar is now, as anciently, predominant, and by its height and spreading form adds considerably to the beauty of the scenery. The fable of Phaeton, so prettily told by Ovid, and so amusing to boyish fancy, naturally occurs to the recollection of the traveller, and enhances the pleasure with which he contemplates the stream and its bordering scenery. Near Pavia, the verdure and freshness of the country, if possible, increase, and exhibit an appearance altogether cooling and delightful. The Po, however, is subject to great inundations, and sometimes commits dreadful ravages.

The *Tesino* is next passed, over a fine rich bridge, partly covered with marble, 340 paces in length, built by Galeazzo, duke of Milan : it joins the city of Pavia to one of the principal suburbs.

*Pavia*, the *Ticinum* of the ancients, and once the metropolis and residence of the kings of Lombardy, is situated in a beautiful plain, on the *Tesino*. This city was razed to the



ground in the early ages of the Roman empire, but, like a second phoenix, it rose again from its own ashes. It afterwards became a municipal city, but was again ruined by Odoacer, king of the Heruli. It subsequently resumed its ancient splendour, and became the capital of the kingdom of Lombardy. Little of this magnificence, however, at present remains, except a few public monuments in a very bad taste.

The territory about Pavia is called the garden of the Milanese. The most remarkable square is in the centre of the town, and surrounded with open porticos: it has an antique bronze equestrian statue in it, said to be of Marcus Aurelius. There are several high towers, and in one of them Boetius was confined by Theodoric, in the year 524, and wrote his book *de Consolatione Philosophiæ* while in imprisonment. The cathedral, which has been rebuilt, is in a very bad taste, and the remains of the old church are Gothic. Here is preserved the pretended lance of Rolando, which is probably nothing more than the mast of a small vessel shod with iron. The church of *Saint Peter*, where the body of Augustin is said to be preserved, ornamented with marbles and statues, is a fine building, as is also the convent. That of the *Dominicans* is worthy of inspection, particularly on account of some good pictures, and a chapel entirely of marble, of exquisite workmanship. At the *Augustins*, among other tombs is that of Boetius.



Pavia has a *university*, which has been always celebrated for the great men it has produced; among whom may be reckoned Scopolì, Spallanzani, Bianchi, Scarpa, Volta, and others. It was founded by Charlemagne, and re-established by Charles IV, in 1361. It still retains its ancient reputation. Here are a library, a museum of natural history, and a botanical garden: among other colleges, the *Boromean* is remarkable for its architecture. For magnificent apartments and richness of internal decorations, the palaces *Botta* and *Bellisomi* are celebrated; and for architecture and fine gardens, those of *Maino* and *Olevano*. The *theatre*, built in 1773, is also very fine. Many good buildings have been lately erected in Pavia, among the first of which is the grand *foundery of cannon*. The population of this city is about 24,000.

On leaving Pavia, are seen the remains of a large park, fifteen or sixteen miles in circumference, celebrated by the victory which Charles V gained there over Francis I. Considerable progress has been made in a navigable canal from Pavia to Milan. About three miles from Pavia, at a little distance out of the grand road, is the monastery of the celebrated *Chartreuse*, suppressed by Joseph II, about thirty years since, and accounted the finest in Europe. The revenue, which passed to the government on the suppression of the monastery, was twenty thousand pounds per annum; of this sum, about 500*l.* per annum was annexed to the hospital of Pavia. The

building announces the greatest magnificence; painting, sculpture, and architecture have lavished all their embellishments upon it. The Chartreuse was founded about the year 1400, by Galeas Visconti, duke of Milan, for sixty cenobites. There are twelve chapels highly ornamented: the sacristy is very grand; here is a frame containing sixty-four small bas-reliefs in ivory, of various subjects taken from the Old and New Testament.

From Pavia to Milan is a plain of about eighteen miles in length; the road passes by the side of canals, and is lined with trees. The river Tesino, which runs by Pavia, and falls into the Po, is a noble stream, clear and rapid. Another circumstance which contributes much to its beauty, is its serpentine course and the number of islands encircled by its meanders, which, shaded as they frequently are with poplars, beeches, and elms, entitle the river to the epithet of *beautiful* attached to it by Claudian. In clearness, as well as in the shades that grace its banks, it agrees with the well-known description of Silius; for which it is remarkable, as in Italy few rivers are clear, most of them falling from the mountains, their waters are generally muddy. The Tesino is only an outlet of the Lago Maggiore.

*Binasco*, half way between Pavia and Milan, is a little town remarkable for its trade in cheese, known throughout Italy, and the principal towns of Europe, under the name of *Parmesan*.

## DESCRIPTION OF MILAN.

The rich and populous city of Milan, situated between the Adda and the Tesino, is of considerable antiquity, and once possessed its circuses, theatres, and palaces; a fine ruin of its baths, commonly called the columns of St. Laurence, yet remains. Three navigable canals, of which the first is from the Adda, the second from the Tesino, and the third communicating between Pavia and Milan, pass through the town, and are very advantageous to its commerce. These canals are the fostering parents of Milan, and not only furnish it with provisions, fuel, and other necessities of life, but with marble and granite, already cut and furnished for use from the environs of the *Lago Maggiore*, where labour is much cheaper than at Milan.

The circumference of Milan, following the course of the ramparts, is about eight miles, a space which includes nearly 130,000 inhabitants. Formerly, towards the citadel, there were walls and forts; but these have been destroyed since the last occupation of Milan by the French; the citadel also is dismantled. At present, the open space between this fortress and the town has been converted into a bowling-green for the amusement of the people, and into a square for the exercise of troops. Here, on quitting the town, is the *triumphal arch*, erected after the designs of Cagnola, to correspond with the fine avenue of the Simplon on one side, and, on the other,

with the *Forum*, built entirely of white marble. Four columns, hewn entire from blocks of marble, support its two façades, which are ornamented with the finest bas-reliefs.

*Streets.*—The streets of Milan are not so splendid as those of London, but some of them are sufficiently long and broad to admit of promenades and cavalcades, and are called *Corsi*. In these streets on Sunday, after mass till dinner-time, the fashionables of both sexes ride and drive with their splendid equipages. Most of the streets are paved with small pieces of marble and granite of all colours (*miglianiolo*), which are found in the beds of the torrents and neighbouring streams, as also in the earth at a certain depth. On the sides, and near the houses, is a way, paved with brick, for foot-passengers; and in the centre of the streets are two kirbs, or rows of stone, so contrived as to admit the wheels of the carriages that pass along; and in the large broad streets there are several of these stone rail-ways, so that no jostling or confusion takes place among the numerous carriages. Thus the pedestrian is uninterrupted in his progress, and is not in perpetual fear, as at Paris, of the dashing cabriolet and the dirt which flies from its wheels. Shops abound in the streets of Milan, particularly near the cathedral and the palace. There are several *cafés* in the vicinity of the large theatres, to which the *gens comme il faut* resort to take their ices. The street inhabited by the goldsmiths, is furnished with a number of shops,

full of the richest and finest articles of jewellery, and of costly workmanship, in gold and silver.

*Churches.*—The most celebrated church in Milan, and, after St. Peter's, in the world, is the cathedral (*il Duomo*,) situated in the centre of the town, near the palace of the viceroy. It was begun in the year 1386, in the reign of John Galeas, after the plan of *Gamodia*, a German, in the Gothic style, and is entirely constructed, together with its innumerable statues and ornaments, of the most beautiful white marble, brought from the environs of the Lago Maggiore. The whole cathedral, indeed, can be compared to nothing else but an immense mountain of marble, fashioned, chiselled, and indented in the rock itself, as is sometimes displayed in the temples or pagodas of the East. It has a Grecian front, designed by Pellegrini, and executed by Bassi. The outside is loaded with sculpture; the roof is exquisitely wrought, and supported by 160 vast columns of white marble. The dome, by Brunellescho, is in the middle of the cross, and immediately under it is an opening, surrounded with rails, to give light to the subterraneous chapel, where reposes the body of St. Carlo Borromeo. The church is paved with pieces of red, black, and white marble, in mosaic, representing flowers, festoons, foliage, etc.; so that, when it is viewed from the cupola, it appears like a beautiful carpet. The pavement of the choir is said to have cost more than 5000 scudi. Length of the church,

nearly 500 feet; height, 400; breadth, 300; height of the pillars, 93 feet. The number of statues, in the year 1714, was 4400. Addison reckons them at 11,000; and this may be the case, if the figures in *relievo* are included. On the outside were 200 statues, larger than life.

The grand façade of the cathedral, which was still unfinished in the sixteenth century, and which, in the seventeenth, occupied the attention of the most celebrated artists, particularly *Pellegrini*, was but little advanced towards its completion in the year 1780. It was reserved for Bonaparte to attempt the completion of this grand work. When he had been proclaimed king of Italy, an immense number of labourers were employed in finishing the front of this cathedral, after the designs of Soave and Amati; but the change which took place in political events will perhaps entirely prevent the accomplishment of this laudable object.

The interior and exterior of the choir, the two grand organs, and the *Scurolo*, are the invention of the celebrated Pellegrini. The sarcophagus of one of the Medici family was designed by Buonarotti, and Leoni cast the statues and ornaments in bronze.

A rich subterraneous chapel encloses, in a case of crystal lined with silver, the body of Saint Charles of Borromeo, made a cardinal and archbishop in his twenty-third year, by his uncle Pius IV. He was as celebrated for his princely fortune, as his liberal distribu-



tion of it. He resigned, or devoted to charitable purposes, *three quarters* of his ecclesiastical, and all his own large property. In the great famine of 1570, he maintained *three thousand* poor for several months. Six years afterwards, during the great plague, he was indefatigable in saving the lives of his countrymen. Upon the whole, no less than 70,000 persons owed their lives to him. Of splendid wealth, when in the hands of such a man as Borromeo, it may well be said with the poet :

It blesses like the dews of heaven :  
Like heaven it hears the orphan's cries,  
And wipes the tears from widows' eyes.      GAY.

There are some good pictures by Barocci, Zuccari, Procaccini, Meda, and Ficino, near the altars and the organs. No church in the world (it has been justly observed by Dr. Smith) has more statues about it than this of Milan. Most of them are bad ; I can scarcely, says he, except the famous one of *Saint Bartholomew* holding his skin. It is intolerably hard and stiff ; nor is it of much consequence whether the muscles be accurate or not. True science is shown by representing the muscles of a body in action, with the skin over them ; there is no merit in copying them when laid bare and at rest. The Milanese, however, estimate this work of art so highly, that they have refused its weight in gold. The following inscription, comparing the artist to Praxiteles, is placed under the statue :

Non me Praxiteles sed Marcus finxit Agrati.



A walk in this church, about dusk, excites a pleasing solemnity of thought. The declining light through the noble painted windows, the vaulted roofs rising almost out of sight, the labyrinth of taper columns, the scattered lamps glimmering from subterraneous chapels, all conspire to produce this effect.

The admirer of pointed architecture will observe one peculiarity, which is, that in the cathedral of Milan there is no screen, and that the chancel is entirely open, and separated from the nave only by its elevation. In the front of the chancel, and almost immediately above the steps, rises, on four additional steps, the altar, and behind it, in a semicircular form, the choir. Thus the altar stands as in the Roman *basilicæ*, and indeed in all ancient churches, between the clergy and the people.

Two circumstances are particularly observable in this church; one, that there are no chapels, properly so called, because the Ambrosian rite, which long retained the ancient custom of allowing one altar only, and one service in each church, not having conformed to the modern mode when the cathedral was commenced, no provision was made in the plan for private masses and oratories. This omission contributes much to the simplicity and unity of the edifice. Altars, however, there now are in abundance, but placed in such a manner as does not interfere with the general design. The second, is the thinness of the pillars, or rather of the clusters of

pillars, which, while they support the vault, and are of course numerous, yet conceal no part of the edifice, and allow the eye to range over the whole at pleasure.

Over the dome rises a tower or spire, erected about the middle of the last century. Though misplaced, its form is not in itself inelegant, while its architecture and mechanism are extremely ingenious, and deserve minute examination. In ascending, the traveller will observe that the roof of the church is covered with blocks of marble, connected together by a cement that has not only its hardness and durability, but its colour, so that the eye scarcely perceives the juncture, and the whole roof appears one immense piece of white shining marble. The view from the summit is extensive; it includes not only the city and the rich plain of Milan, intersected with rivers and canals, covered with gardens, orchards, vineyards, and groves, and thickly studded with villages and towns; but it extends to the grand frame of this picture, the ALPS, forming a magnificent semicircle, and uniting their bleak ridges with the milder and more distant Apennines.

Near the cathedral is the *archbishop's palace*, with a good collection of pictures, greatly augmented from the gallery of modern paintings of cardinal Pozzobonelli. The court of the neighbouring canonical residence is of the beautiful architecture of Pellegrini, as are also the octagonal stables of three stories. The statues of Carrara marble, which orna-

ment the fountain of the adjoining square of Tagliamento, are some of the most esteemed works of Franchi.

The church of St. Ambrose, one of the most remarkable at Milan, was founded by this celebrated father of the Church, author of the Liturgy of the diocess. Here are several monuments of the times of the primitive Christians, among which the most singular are the mosaic of the roof of the choir, and the famous *pallium* of the altar, a work of the ninth century; the cloisters of the ex-monastery, by Bramante, are also worthy of notice. The *Sanctuary* of Notre Dame, near San Celso, is very beautiful. Here is a miraculous image of our Saviour, which attracts an immense concourse of people. The rich façade was designed by Alessi, and the vestibule by Bramante, with truly Attic simplicity. The statues and bas-reliefs are by Fontana and Lorenzi, and the best paintings by Gaudenzio, Salimi, Bordone, Buonvicino, Ceranno, Procaccini, and Appiani. The celebrity of the Last Supper, of Leonardo da Vinci, painted in the ci-devant monastery of Notre Dame des Graces, is not yet extinct, although the picture itself is nearly lost. An exact copy, executed by Marco d'Oggionno, a pupil of Vinci, which had been carefully preserved in the suppressed monastery of the Chartreuse of Pavia, was not long since in the possession of an amateur at Milan: another old copy, much injured by time, still exists in the neighbouring country of Castellazzo. There is, at this

moment, a copy executed in mosaic, taken from Bossi's very accurate copy, of the same size as the original, at the *School of Mosaic*, lately instituted in the former convent of S. Vincenzino, and under the direction of Raffaelli, a Roman, who has brought with him, from the repository of the fine arts, an excellent taste in this curious branch.

There is a sacristy in the church of *St. Satyre*, the work of Bramante. There are some fine paintings in St. Victor, by Daniel Crespi, Moncalvi, Botoni, and others. Some excellent pictures still remain in the churches of St. Antony and St. Marie de la Passion, where there is a conservatory of music. The churches of St. Paul, Vittore, SS. Sebastian, and Fedele, are remarkable for their architecture. The last was designed by Pellegrini.

*S. Lorenzo*, built by Martino Bassi, is an octagon, in a singular style of architecture. The portico of this church is the only monument of antiquity remaining at Milan. It consists of sixteen fluted columns of the Corinthian order; and the proportions shew that they are the work of a period of architectural perfection: the marble was brought from the lake of Como. This ruin is generally considered to have been a temple, or public bath dedicated to Hercules. The church of *San Alessandro*, belonging to the Barnabites, is very rich in precious stones. Near the church are the public schools of the *Lycée Arcimboldi*, where there is a museum of natural history.

*Palaces and Public Buildings.*—The *Royal Palace of Arts and Sciences*, formerly called Brera, contains all the establishments which its name imports. Here is an astronomical *observatory*, the first in Italy, and one of the best in Europe. The court of the Lycée, and its staircase, the design of Ricchini, are magnificent; the *library* is rich in rare editions and in MSS., and the botanical garden is well supplied with exotic plants. Here is a collection of medals made by the president Pertusati, amounting to 12,000. Engraving, painting, sculpture, the elements of drawing, architecture, perspective, etc., have each their several professors, and halls ornamented with excellent specimens. The new saloons of the gallery, built in imitation of those in the Musée at Paris, contain some choice pictures, collected by the government, and some specimens of the fine arts, for which premiums have been given at the annual meeting of the academy, or at the assemblies of the different professors throughout the kingdom.

The lovers of astronomy will doubtless visit the observatory of *M. Moscati*, where is also a collection of philosophical instruments.—Those who are fond of natural phenomena must seek the palace *Simonetta*, a few miles out of town, where there is a remarkable *echo* which repeats the two last syllables of a word 29 times, the report of a pistol 36 times, and of a gun without number.

*Ambrosian Library.*—The Ambrosian Library, founded by cardinal Federigo Borro-

meo, archbishop of Milan and nephew of S. Charles, is perhaps the largest and most valuable establishment that any private person ever planned and executed, in favour of the arts and sciences, since the restoration of learning. The entrance is by a room 60 feet long, 24 wide, and 36 high, which is filled with books. In the middle of the last century, the manuscripts alone amounted to 14 or 15,000 volumes; at the present day, there are not less than 35 to 40,000. The library is open from morning till noon. It was built from the designs of Mangoni. Here are also some plaster casts and good pictures, but Raffaelle's cartoon of the School of Athens, together with the celebrated drawings and writings of Leonardo, which this gallery once boasted, were removed to the Musée at Paris.

The *Royal Palace*, the architect of which was Pièrmarini, has some very fine rooms, ornamented with the richest tapestry, some good pictures by Traballesi and Knoller, and ornaments by Albertelli; the statues in the sumptuous saloon are by Franchi, the caryatides by Calani, and the pictures in the grand *salle* of the throne and of the princes are the production of Appiani. The *Palace of the Senate*, once the Helvetic College, has two large and fine courts with magnificent perystiles, the designs of Mangoni; the court of Meda, in the Seminario, is also very fine.

The orphan-house of *Stella* is a convenient building, and has a fine front by Mangoni.



The palace *Serbelloni* is the design of *Cantoni*; that of the French legation is by *Seave*: the palace of *Diotti* is also worthy of observation. The following may be accounted good buildings: the palace of the *Tribunale*, formerly of *Seregni*; the palace *Marini*, by *Alessi*; the prisons of *Barca*; the palace *Omenoni*, by *Leoni*; the palaces *Belgiojoso*, *Melzi*, *Annoni*, and many others. The stranger should also see the Depository of public records, where 16 million acts are regularly disposed, which furnish employment to as many thousand lawyers, and the other public establishments, as the mint, the exchange, the manufactories of tobacco and nitre, the schools of Mosaic, etc. etc. There are many *private collections* of pictures, gems, and other curiosities, in Milan, but as these are continually changing proprietors, for a list of them and for other particulars we refer to the local Guide of the place.

*Theatres.*—Milan has many theatres, but the principal, are the grand theatre *della Scala*, built by *Piermarini* in the year 1778; it is one of the largest in Italy, and surpasses every other in convenience—that of *Canobiano*, erected after the same design, although much smaller—the *Carcano*, recently built by *Canonica*—and the *Philo-dramatic Society*, where some good actors play select and instructive pieces.

In the erection of the theatre *della Scala*, the greatest attention has been paid both to the interior and exterior. A spacious vesti-



bule leads to the pit, and to two staircases going to the boxes, of which there are five tiers, all so disposed as to hear the least word spoken on the stage. The boxes are large and deep, and are lined with damask of different colours, frequently ornamented with looking-glasses, furnished with taffeta curtains, and lighted by one or two candles burning near a mirror. At the back part are sofas, and in the middle a table for refreshments or a collation. Many of these boxes have blinds (jalousies,) and when the light is observed to burn dimly, it is a sign that the owner wishes to be alone, and woe to the person who disturbs his solitude. In a word, a box is a chamber in town, of which the proprietor always possesses the key; and when he does not choose to go, his domestic lets it for the evening. Above the interior vestibule are rooms for gaming, called *Ridotti*, which are generally full from noon to four o'clock in the morning.

Here also are conversation-rooms and Italian and foreign newspapers. All the boxes communicate with a grand terrace, where those who are oppressed by the heat of the theatre, resort to breathe the fresh air. This theatre is open every night in the week except Friday, for serious and comic operas. The performance begins at nine in the evening, and ends at one in the morning.

The great hospital (*ospidale maggiore*) is a fine building. Here is a grand court, more than 300 feet square, by Ricchini, surrounded

with a double portico supported by marble columns. It contains more than 1200 persons, and the halls appropriated to different trades and to working convalescents. On leaving the hospital a fine street is seen which abuts on the Pantheon, formerly called *Il Foppone*. This building is of an octagon form and was constructed in the year 1698, from the designs of Arrisio Arrigoni, and afterwards completed by Cross. The *Lazaretto* is a vast quadrangle, 1250 feet in length, and 1200 in breadth, composed of 296 chambers, surrounded with a portico, and guarded by a broad and deep fosse. The great barracks are near this spot.

*Public Walks.*—The end of the street of *Corso*, near the villa Bonaparte, is most frequented on Sundays about two o'clock; here the Milanese take refreshments under the thick shade of the chesnut trees which form the avenue. Husband and wife are seldom seen together, and the lady is frequently presiding at one *conversazione*, while her other half joins another groupe. At four o'clock the place is deserted, except by a few handsome women who are on the look out for admirers. This walk is chiefly confined to the citizens; the favourites of fortune sport their equipages at this hour in the *Corso*-street, and have the road watered for them by men who walk before with watering pots. The evening promenade of the citizens is towards the *Porta Romana* where there is a fine avenue and some pretty *guinguettes*, or houses of re-

freshment. In following the ramparts to the left, there is a very fine view of the surrounding country, and you arrive by a long avenue of mulberry trees at the northern boulevard. This walk commences at a quincunx opposite the fortress and the barracks, and turning again upon the town finishes at the eastern gate. It is formed of a grand avenue of elms, and two side avenues so raised as to afford a sight of the town and the public and private gardens which bound its sides, and the fine chain of Alps opposite to it. In the centre avenue, carriages of every description are seen, from the *dormeuse* to the smart whiskey, phæton, and *diable*. This ended, each takes an ice, the pedestrians at a café, and the fashionables at their boxes in the theatre *della Scala*.

*Environs of Milan.*—The amphitheatre, or *Arena*, is a large space appropriated for large assemblies of the people on grand public fêtes. It is situated in the confines of the town toward the barracks, to the N. N. E. The approach is through a young plantation of maple, ash, and elm trees; it is furnished with some stone seats, but the greater part are of turf, disposed in the form of an amphitheatre, and capable of containing 45,000 spectators. The external walls are lofty, and furnished with small entrances, resembling the ancient *vomitories*. At the higher range of seats is a narrow terrace shaded by trees. In the space of 24 hours the whole of the arena can be covered with water, brought from a

neighbouring stream, on which a *naumachia* is held, a species of amusement which Bonaparte witnessed with great delight, when crowned King of Italy at Milan. The description of ancient Milan by Ausonius, is almost realized at the present day.

*Milan* with plenty and with wealth o'erflows,  
 And numerous streets and cleanly dwellings shows.  
 The people, bless'd with nature's happy force,  
 Are eloquent and cheerful in discourse;  
 A *Circus* and a theatre invites  
 The unruly mob to races and to fights;  
*Moneta* consecrated buildings grace,  
 And the whole town redoubled walls embrace:  
 Here spacious baths and palaces are seen,  
 And intermingled temples rise between:  
 Here circling *Colonnades* the ground enclose,  
 And here the marble statues breathe in rows:  
 Profusely graced the happy town appears,  
 Nor *Rome* itself, her beauteous neighbour, fears.

ADDISON.

A splendid *villa* near the ramparts, to the north, is the summer residence of the vice-roy, It was built in the modern style, some years since, by Pollach, for the Duke of Belgiojoso. The furniture is handsome, and the pictures good. Among other interesting objects in the saloon is the *Magdalen* of Canova. Every part of this marble is life itself. She is in a couching posture, her hair floating over her shoulders, and a tear is just dropping from the eyelid: it is contrition personified.

Among other curiosities are three panharmonicons, the automaton chess-player, and a most ingenious sort of steel-strap *secretaire*, which is so contrived as instantly to seize,

rather rudely, the hand of any one who should venture to take any article accidentally left upon it. The floors are paved with polished marbles of various colours. The garden, in the English style, affords much shade, a fine turf, and abundance of water, furnished by a canal from without. There is an obelisk and a mass of trees disposed in the avenues, which form one of the public walks in the heat of the day. Not far distant is the *villa Rosi*, chiefly remarkable for the beauty of its garden, embellished with the finest trees, flowers, and gurgling streams.

About eight miles to the north of Milan is the town of *Monza*, where Charlemagne was crowned King of Italy. The Cathedral is a Gothic edifice, has a handsome façade, and a curious clock. Its treasury was formerly very rich (1), and it still boasts the celebrated *iron crown* used by the ancient Lombard kings, and by Napoleon Bonaparte when crowned King of Italy. This crown is composed chiefly of precious stones, but is called *iron*, on account of a small ring in it of that metal, said to be made from some of the nails which fastened our Saviour to the Cross. Besides the cathedral, there is a sumptuous palace at Monza, the work of Piermarini, as well as the gardens belonging to it. In the park there is abundance of game, and at *Pelucca*, a royal seat in the vicinity, are some excellent stables, and a fine stud of hunters. The

(1) A full account of this, as well as of Monza and its court may be found in *Frisi's Historical Memoir*.



environs of Milan afford many handsome country seats; among these may be named *Montebello*, where Bonaparte lived for two months in the year 1798, and where the treaty of Campo Formio was signed;—*Lainata*, belonging to the Litta family;—*Belgiojosa*, near Pavia, celebrated for the extent of its park and gardens, and many others in the town of *Varese*, and its environs, which enjoy the advantages of constant irrigation.

Every traveller of taste and curiosity who remains some time at Milan, will doubtless visit the celebrated Borromean Isles, situated on the *Lago Maggiore* (Lacus Verbanus) at the foot of the Rhoetian Alps. From Milan to Isola Bella is 43 miles, and from this place back again by Como is 59 miles. The whole may be conveniently performed in three or four days, or less, if expedition be required. There is nothing worthy of remark till we arrive at Varese. The roads are lined with chesnut trees, and there are also some plantations of mulberry trees for the silk-worms. The wine of this country is much esteemed. *Varese*, about 28 miles from Milan, is a large, populous town, and agreeably situated. Here are some fine modern houses, some palaces, and a small theatre: a few miles from Varese is the beautiful sanctuary of Madonna del Monte, on the summit of a mountain, whence are seen Milan, the Lago Maggiore, Novara, etc. There are some pretty little chapels on the road leading to the sanctuary. At *Laveno* you embark on the Lago Maggiore.

This is one of the most beautiful lakes which embellish the plains of Lombardy, and forty miles in length. The marble palaces of Borromeo appear to arise from amid humble cottages and gilded spires of churches, and are surrounded by groves of oranges, lemons, and jasmines. The form of the lake is irregular; the first of the islands which is seen is *Isola Madre*, situated rather more than a mile from the shore, and protected from the north wind by the neighbouring mountains; plants from hot countries here find a suitable temperature. They flourish without culture, and adorn with their broad leaves the rocks which terminate the island.

Whatever fruits in different climes are found,  
That proudly rise, or humbly court the ground;  
Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,  
Whose bright succession decks the varied year;  
Whatever sweets salute the northern sky  
With vernal lives that blossom but to die;  
These here disporting own the kindred soil,  
Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil.

*Isola Bella* is nearer the shore than *Isola Madre*; it is termed by Keysler « a pyramid of sweetmeats, ornamented with green festoons and flowers. » The palace is inhabited for some weeks in the year by the Borromean family. Near *Isola Bella* is the *Isola dei Pescatori*, an island inhabited by fishermen. *Isola Bella* and *Isola Madre*, viewed from the lake, have a charming effect: the regularity of the buildings—the terraces which rise majestically from the middle of the lake—its numerous statues, and the foreign trees which flourish here without experiencing the rigours



of winter, give to Isola Bella something of enchantment.

The environs of Lago Maggiore offer to the eye the most agreeable and animated pictures. The mountains near the lake are of the rudest forms; such as are seen in the very bosom of the Alps; the chesnut, the pale olive, and the vine which rises above the mulberry trees and forms them into bowers, cover the hills and occasion an infinite variety of verdant tints. Many small towns, a crowd of villages, and buildings remarkable for the lightness of their roof and the elegance and variety of their architecture, ornament the borders of the lake. Vessels from Lago Maggiore, with fish, charcoal, wood, and hay, go up the Toccia; they also descend the Tesino, from which a canal reaches to Milan.

In returning by Varese, the traveller may visit Como, and thence go to Milan. *Como* is situated at the foot of some lofty mountains, at the southern extremity of the lake, which takes its name, and where the *Adda* begins its course. The town is well peopled, the inhabitants are industrious, and have the reputation of being good soldiers, though less civilized than the Milanese. Como boasts a high antiquity, and gave birth to Clelius, the comic poet, the younger Pliny, and Paul Giovio, its bishop. The country seat of the latter, built on a peninsula by the lake, has a considerable library and cabinet. The cathedral, repaired at the expense of Odescalchi (Innocent XI,) is worth seeing, and has

some good pictures by Luini and Ferrari. The baptistery and sanctuary of St. Crucifix are two remarkable buildings, particularly the last, which contains an image guarded with the greatest veneration. The Comese signa-  
lized themselves by their fidelity to the Romans, when Hannibal took the town and destroyed it; they soon again rebuilt it, and it was called Novo-Comum.

The lake of Como (lacus Larius) will amply repay those who embark on its smooth surface, if it were only to visit the villa called *Pliniana*, an appellation derived from the intermittent fountain here so accurately described by Pliny; its banks are covered with country houses, belonging to the Milanese, and having gardens full of flowers and fruit. On the Tramenzina side the country is peculiarly delightful. The lake is more than fifty miles in length, and resembles somewhat the human figure in shape. Mr. WORDSWORTH, (*Poems*, vol. i. p. 72.) has beautifully described the scenery of this lake in his sketches of a pedestrian Tour among the Alps.

More pleased, my foot the hidden margin roves  
Of Como, bosomed deep in chesnut groves.  
To flat-roofed towns that touch the water's bound,  
Or lurk in woody sunless glens profound,  
Or from the bending rocks obtrusive cling,  
And o'er the whiten'd wave their shadows fling;  
Wild round the steeps, the little pathway twines,  
And silence loves its purple roof of vines.

The *Lago di Lugano* affords some exquisite scenery, and should be included in the tour of the Italian lakes.

*Manners, Character, etc.* — The Milanese are polite and frank to strangers, and prompt and witty in conversation. Generally speaking, the higher classes are well informed, and more hospitable to strangers than in any other part of Italy, frequently inviting them to their country seats. *Lainata* has long been celebrated for its numerous visitors in the autumn. Activity and industry predominate among the citizens. Throughout Italy, the women remain at home, and the husband goes to market, and transacts all out-of-door business. The church, at the hour of prayer, is too often the scene of assignation, but particularly at the evening Ave Maria, when men, women, and youth of both sexes, lighted only by the glimmer from the altar, mix together to offer their vows to the virgin, and mutter over their prayers. The women are sufficiently handsome, and dress in the French taste. The young girls, who were formerly secluded in convents to the day of marriage, are now educated at home in a particular part of the house, under the care of a governess, and an ecclesiastic who lives in the family. French and music are most cultivated.

*Commerce, Natural Productions.* — There is a great deal of bustle at Milan in the streets of business. All the works of the hammer are here better executed than in any other part of Italy. Here are manufactures of silk stuffs, gold and silver embroidery, glass, porcelain, ribands, velvet, carriages, sadlery, crystals, plaster casts, gloves, artificial flowers, tinsel,

and thread lace. The territory of Milan, rich in pastures, furnishes abundance of excellent cheese, as that of Frachino, Caccinale, etc. a great part of which is sent to the north of the Alps. Corn, dried fruits, and hemp, are also exchanged for the cloth of France. Rice, one of the greatest riches of this country, is sent on the backs of mules into Switzerland and Germany, and also to France.

*Climate.*—Milan is not an agreeable residence in the beginning or middle of winter; nor are the environs very healthy towards the end of September, when a dense vapour, both morning and evening, obscures the horizon. From meteorological observations, it appears that it is as cold in Lombardy, as in the middle of France. The autumnal rains continue till the middle of December, after which the ground is covered with snow for about a month; but the weather is damp and cold till the middle of February. Now commence the intermittent rains of spring, which last to the middle of March; during this period the cold is less severe. In a short time, all the phenomena of vegetation are produced, and to a short spring succeed the heats of summer. Towards the end of August the heat is almost insupportable, and the autumnal rains, often preceded by dreadful storms of thunder and lightning, close the year. Less rain however falls at Milan than at Paris.

## CHAP. IV.

*From Milan to Bologna, and Account of that Place.*

On leaving Milan two routes present themselves, one to Venice and the other to Bologna. The former passes by Bergamo, Brescia, Verona, Vicenza, and Padua, and is 103 English miles, which may be performed in about 24 hours.

No. 10. — From MILAN to BOLOGNA, 149 English miles;  $17\frac{3}{4}$  Posts; 24 hours, 35 minutes.

TIME.			TIME.		
FROM	POSTS.	h. m.	FROM	POSTS.	h. m.
MILAN (1) to Marignano . . . . .	$1\frac{1}{2}$	2 5	PARMA (5) . . . . .	1	1 50
LODI (2) . . . . .	$1\frac{1}{2}$	1 35	S. Hilario . . . . .	1	1 5
Casal Pusterlengo. $1\frac{1}{2}$	1	40	REGGIO (6) . . . . .	1	1 30
PIACENZA (3) . . . . .	$1\frac{1}{2}$	2 35	Rubiesa . . . . .	1	1 30
Firenzeola (4) . . . . .	2	2 10	MODENA (7) . . . . .	1	2 10
Borgo S. Donnino 1	1	10	La Samoggia . . . . .	$1\frac{1}{2}$	2 10
Castel guelfo . . . . .	1	1 5	BOLOGNA (8) . . . . .	$1\frac{1}{2}$	2 0

In the road to Bologna we traverse for the most part the Milanese. *Marignano*, on the Lambre, is celebrated for the victory gained by Francis I, over the Swiss, in the year 1515, but in this well-cultivated country, it is vain to search for the precise spot where the battle

INNS.—(1) L'Auberge Royale, the Three Kings, the Wells, la Villa. (2) The Sun, the Three Kings. (3) St. Mark. (4) The Post. (5) The Post, the Peacock. (6) The Post, the Lily. (7) Grande Auberge. (8) L'Auberge Royale, the Pilgrims.

was fought; about two miles below Marignano is a very magnificent aqueduct, built at the expense of two Milanese, and which continues for more than 30 miles. There are two towns bearing the name of Lodi. One is on the right, on the Sillaro, and is called the old Lodi; it is a large village containing the ruins of some old buildings. In approaching the new Lodi, are some ancient tombs.

On an eminence near the Adda, is situated the modern town of *Lodi*; it is small, but well built, surrounded with walls, and contains about 12,000 inhabitants. Among other palaces are those of Merlini of Barni, and of the bishop, which are not yet finished. At the great hospital are some ancient tombs. The most remarkable church is the *Incoronata*, an octagon building, by Bramante, and painted partly in fresco and partly in oil by a pupil of Titian. Lodi has a handsome square, ornamented with porticos, and without the Adda gate is a manufacture of glazed ware.

Lodi is most celebrated for the battle fought at its bridge by Bonaparte, in person, on the 10th of May, 1796, when he gained a complete victory over the Austrians.

The whole of the *Lodesan* can be irrigated by means of canals. The number of cows kept in this small province is about 30,000, and its cheese, improperly called Parmesan, is the principal article of trade; it is superior in quality to that of the Pavesan, and of many other places in the Milanese. Out of Lodi, a road branches off by Cremona and Mantua to



Bologna, but the other by Piacenza and Parma is the pleasantest and most frequented. To the east of Lodi is also another road by Brescia and Verona to Venice. As *Cremona* is only ten leagues from Lodi, and six from Piacenza, we shall briefly describe that place before we proceed to Piacenza, for the benefit of those who may choose to deviate from the high road to Bologna.

*Cremona*, an ancient city surrounded with walls and ditches, having ramparts and a strong fortress, is situated in a delightful plain, washed by the Po. The streets are broad and straight, and the houses are well built. A canal, which communicates with the Oglio, traverses the town, and fills the ditches with water; *Cremona* is four miles in circuit, and contains about 20,000 inhabitants.

In 1702, Prince Eugene surprised and made prisoner in *Cremona*, the Marshal Villeroy. The violins and other musical instruments of this country are in great request. Here is also a great trade in excellent flax, oil, honey, and wax. The *Cremonese* are active and industrious, and their country abounds in corn, wine, fruits, cheese, etc.

The cathedral, of Gothic, or rather mixed architecture, was begun in the year 1107, and continued at different periods, but not completely finished till the 14th century. It is faced with white and red marble and highly ornamented in a singular and fanciful style. It contains several beautiful altars and fine paintings. One chapel in particular merits atten-



tion being set apart for the preservation of the relics of the primitive martyrs. Its decorations are simple and chaste, its colours soft and pleasing. The ashes of the "sainted dead" repose in urns and sarcophagi placed in niches in the wall regularly disposed on each side of the chapel, after the manner of the ancient Roman sepulchres. It is small, but its proportions, form and furniture are so appropriate and so well combined, that they produce a very beautiful and perfect *whole*. The baptistery, which, according to the ancient manner still preserved in many of the great towns of Italy, is a separate building near the cathedral, contains in the centre a font of curious form and workmanship, cut out of one immense block of party-coloured marble. The tower is of great height and of singular architecture. The view from it is extensive, taking in the town with its streets; the roads that cross the country in straight lines in various directions; the Po winding along almost close to the walls and intersecting the immense plain of the Milanese; the Alps to the north, and the Apennines to the south-west, both covered with snow.

*Torazzo.* The public palace, (for so the town-hall is not improperly called in Italy) and most of the churches, but particularly that of *San Pietro al Po*, are worthy the attention of the traveller. Cremona has produced her proportion of genius and of talent, both in ancient and modern times; but among all her sons, none have contributed more to

her reputation than Vida, whom Pope has so justly praised in his Essay on Criticism.

There is nothing remarkable in the route from Lodi to Piacenza ; from Casal Pusterlengo the road is very good and in the midst of a rich and fertile country.

*Piacenza* is almost entirely built on the banks of the Po, in an agreeable plain, and is celebrated for its antiquity, though there are no traces of it at the present day. In the churches are some frescos and paintings of the best masters, particularly in the cathedral and in La Madonna della Campagna. The church of the Canons regular of Saint Augustin was designed by Vignola. Two equestrian statues of Ranuccolo and Alexander Farnése, in the great square, by Francis Mocchi are much admired. The town-hall also, by Vignolo, is worthy of notice. Piacenza has a pretty theatre recently erected, and contains nearly 25,000 souls ; the richness and fertility of the country afford some idea of the industry of its inhabitants.

Placentia gave birth to Pope Gregory X, author of the regulation which obliges the cardinals to remain in the conclave after the death of a Pope till a new one is chosen ; and to the famous Alberoni, who, from being the son of a gardener came to be prime minister of Spain.

Here begins the ancient *via Flaminia*, constructed under the consulate of Lepidus and Flaminius ; it leads to the *via Emilia* of the Romagna, by Parma, Modena, and Bologna.

About half a mile from Piacenza we pass the Po; and on the right of the road beyond the Po, is the chain of the Apennines, at the foot of which are many pretty country houses and chateaux. About ten miles from Piacenza is *Firenzuola*, a town of the province of Busseto, agreeably situated. A little distance from the Via Flaminia is an ancient abbey, with a spacious monastery. On this very spot Sylla gained a great victory. The little town of St. Donnino is situated on the Stirone, but has no traces of antiquity; at a little distance are some ruins, said to be those of the ancient Julia Chrisopolis. At St. Donnino the cathedral and the college, once belonging to the Jesuits, are worthy of notice. Four miles further is the *Taro*, a torrent very difficult to pass, when swelled by heavy rains; on the mountain side are many agreeable prospects, and the country is covered with villages and detached houses. *Castel Guelfo*, which gave name to the party of the Guelphs, is situated on the Taro. In the valley between the Taro and Parma, as in other parts, the vines are planted according to Virgil's direction (*Georg. II. 296.*) in a square, like an army drawn up in battle array.

The country, as the traveller advances, improves in beauty, and if not in fertility (for that seems scarcely possible) at least in the neatness and order of cultivation. The Apennines advancing at every step present their bold forms to vary the dulness of the plain; hedges and neat enclosures mark the different

farms ; elms in long rows garlanded with vines separate the fields ; and villages, each with a magnificent church, enliven the road at every mile.

The neighbourhood of Placentia is perhaps more interesting than the town itself, as it has been the theatre of many bloody engagements. The first and most remarkable occurred shortly after the foundation of the city, about three miles from it, on the banks of the Trebia, where Hannibal defeated Scipio. A memorable battle was also fought on the same spot between the French, and Russians under the command of Marshal Suworof, and was attended perhaps with more important consequences.

About twelve miles to the south of *Firenz-uola* once stood the town of Velleia, ruined by the sudden fall of a part of the neighbouring mountain, about the end of the 4th century. Several excavations were made amongst the ruins in the year 1760 ; but the difficulty of penetrating through the vast masses of rock that cover the town was so great that the work was suspended, and never since renewed, though many discoveries were made.

The inhabitants of the valley of Taro announce at once the richness and abundance of their country. They are well made, of an agreeable figure, and are habited in a very picturesque costume.

*Parma* is situated in a fertile country on the river which divides it into two, and from which it takes the name. It is surrounded with walls, flanked with bastions, and has a

citadel, but is incapable of defence. It contains 40,000 inhabitants in a circuit of four miles. The streets are generally good; that which passes from one end of the town to the other, across the bridge and the square, is the best. The architecture of the different buildings offers nothing remarkable. The cathedral is a large Gothic edifice; the baptistery is worthy of notice, as is also the ducal palace, and the church of St. John Evangelist. The large theatre is of wood, and in general finely imagined; it has not the defect of Palladio's, where a part of the spectators cannot see: here every body can see and hear; a low voice being audible from one end to the other, and a loud one making no echo: it will hold 9,000 people with ease; and it does great credit to the architect, Magnani. There is also a small theatre, designed by Bernino. The college is a fine establishment. Although the architecture of the churches is not very striking, they contain many fine frescos and pictures; particularly those of Corregio and Parmigiano. The best pictures of these masters, as the Saint Jerome, of Corregio, were removed by the French. In a chamber of the convent of the religious of St. Paul, is a beautiful fresco representing the triumph of Diana in the chace. At the church of Stoccata, designed by Bramante, and at San Sepolcro, the Annonziata, and the Capuchins, are some good pictures and frescos. The library and the printing-office of *Bodoni*, well known for his beautiful editions, are worthy of notice. Parma has a uni-



versity which has produced many learned men. In the Palazzo Giardino, so called on account of its gardens, are some beautiful frescos. There is a fine view of the country from the terrace—the same spot on which the famous victory of the French over the Austrians took place in the year 1734. About a mile from the town is the Chartreux. About eight miles from Parma, on the Casalmaggiore road, is *Colorno*, a beautiful country seat, situated on the river, where there are two antique statues of Hercules and Bacchus. Here is also a silk manufacture. The natural products of the country are more than adequate to its consumption. The inhabitants are polite and affable, and strangers find an agreeable society at Parma.

From Parma, in passing by Colorno, and by Casalmaggiore, a large town, two posts from Parma, we can go to Bozzolo, and thence to Mantua: from Casalmaggiore to Bozzolo is one post and a half. There is a road also from Parma to Mantua by Sorbolo, where you pass the bridge of Enza, by Brescello, Guastalla, etc. From Parma to Brescello is two posts, but one only from Brescello to Guastalla.

*Reggio* (Regium Lepidi,) on the Crostolo, contains 16,000 inhabitants. In the cathedral is the Virgin of Giarra, and the chapel of the dead contains some good pictures. The inhabitants of Reggio are spirited and addicted to commerce; they have a great fair in the spring. Reggio claims the honour of giving

birth to Ludovico *Ariosto*, in 1474. The museum of natural history of the celebrated Spallanzani, purchased by the government, is appropriated to public instruction. Between Reggio and Modena, the road passes within a league of *Correggio*, a place which gave birth and name to the great painter. After Rubiera, an old fortified castle, we pass the Secchia, where are some ruins of an old Roman bridge.

*Modena* is a populous town, though not large, containing 23,000 inhabitants, and is situated in a fertile plain. Modena is celebrated in history for having afforded an asylum to Brutus after the murder of Cæsar. The streets, paved with small stones from the bed of the river, are rather inconvenient for pedestrians. The promenades are under the porticos; that of the college is the finest and most frequented. Modena is divided into the old and new town. The former ducal residence is composed of four orders of architecture, Doric, Ionic, Corinthian, and Composite, and situated in the finest part of Modena. But we may seek in vain for the fine collection of pictures and curiosities which once ornamented it. Augustus, king of Poland and elector of Saxony, purchased 100 of the best pictures; among others, the *Night of Correggio*, for the sum of 50,000*l.* sterling. The remainder of the riches of Modena were removed during the late revolution. The churches are not remarkable, if we except St. Vincent and St. Augustin. The cathe-



is a heavy Gothic building, with a presentation of Christ in the Temple, by Guido. The tower, entirely in marble, is very lofty. The library is rich in MSS. and rare editions.—Modena had once a celebrated university, now a lycée; it also has an excellent college. The theatre is adorned with columns, and the proscenium, tribunes, etc. are well decorated. The *bucket*, become so celebrated by the poem (*Secchia rapita*) of Tassoni, a native of Modena, was the trophy of a victory gained by the Modenese over the Bolognese, within the very walls of Bologna, about the middle of the tenth century. The inhabitants of Modena are noted for making masks and veils. The women wear the *zendado*, a piece of black silk covering the head, crossed before and tied behind the waist. The little trade of Modena arises from their fairs, and the connection with those of Bologna, Sinigaglia, and Alessandria.

The *Campi Macri*, celebrated, in opposition to their name, for their fertility and the excellent pasturage they afforded to a famous breed of cattle, were the plains which lie between Parma and Modena, and extend beyond the latter city towards Bologna.

Before we proceed to a description of the ancient and famous city of Bologna, we shall here take the opportunity of inserting some further account of the soil and agriculture of this part of Lombardy, and shall also add a sketch of an excursion over that part of the Apennines which separates the states of Par-

ma and Modena from those of Genoa and Tuscany.

*Soil and Agriculture of Lombardy.*—The further we advance towards the east, in following the course of the Po, the deeper and more fertile is the bed of vegetable mould; but at the same time, the rivers, the beds of which, at the foot of the Alps, are deep with high banks, here flow on a level with the soil as they approach the Adriatic; and the country of course is better watered and more humid. The cultivation of corn therefore diminishes, and the meadows extend over a vast space.

This change becomes sensible in the environs of Placentia. The subdivision of the farms and the system of their administration are the same as in Piedmont, but the succession of crops and the agricultural produce are different. It is not so much corn as cattle which forms the wealth of this portion of Lombardy, and the face of the country becomes still more beautiful and more animated. All the right bank of the Po is planted with magnificent oaks, whose wide-spreading range of branches give a freshness and verdure that one would not expect to find in Italy. These oaks afford a harvest of acorns, which serves to fatten an immense quantity of hogs. What is astonishing is, that the shade of these oaks hardly does any damage to the crops that grow under them, a circumstance that can only be attributed to the triple effect of the fertility of the soil, irrigation, and climate.

It is in the plains that border on the course of the Po that those Parmesan cheeses are made, of which the consumption is prodigious in Italy and all over Europe. These meadows are the most fertile in the world; constantly watered, they produce three and sometimes four crops of forage; but, being divided into an infinite number of small properties which depend on a multitude of farms, there are but few that can keep up a cheese-factory alone, as this requires the entire milk afforded by at least fifty cows. For this reason, these people have long since formed societies for making their cheese in common. Twice a-day the milk of fifty or sixty associated cows is brought to the common dairy, where a man keeps an account of each separate portion of milk. A running account is thus kept up, which is settled every six months by a proportionate quantity of cheeses.

The breed of horned cattle also changes in the neighbourhood of Placentia: we no longer see those large oxen of Piedmont, with reddish hair and small horns, but the fields are covered with fine cows of a light slate-colour, with thin legs, a cylindrical body, lively eyes, and long horns regularly twisted. This breed is evidently the produce of a constant crossing between the Hungarian breed and that of the small Swiss cantons.

This superb Hungarian breed subsists without mixture in the south of Italy, and affords the finest and best oxen in the world; but the cows are bad milkers, and the people of

Lombardy long ago perceived that it was necessary to cross them to remedy this defect, and to draw from their meadows all the produce of which they are susceptible. Thus, from a period, the date of which is unknown, 2000 cows annually pass Mount Saint-Gothard, and are spread over Lombardy, where they bring a principle of regeneration of the species, which alone preserves in the Italian breeds those qualities which render them precious.

The management of the farms is, as in Piedmont, a lease for half the profits; but the succession of crops is a little different. The meadows occupy a greater space, and the Indian corn cedes a great portion of the soil to the cultivation of hemp and winter beans. The succession of crops is generally as follows:—

First Year.	Indian corn, and hemp manured.
Second....	Corn.
Third.....	Winter beans.
Fourth....	Corn manured.
Fifth.....	Clover, ploughed up after the first crop.
Sixth .....	Corn.

In the environs of Parma they have begun to cultivate tobacco with great success, and it then replaces during the first year the Indian corn and hemp.

This judicious course of cultivation therefore affords, in six years, four crops of corn, one of hemp, and one destined for cattle; and this rapid succession is so skilfully intermixed, that the fertility of the soil is by no means

exhausted, while at the same time all the necessary preparation can be given to the ground, and it can be cleared and cleaned at equal intervals.

Such is the agriculture of that portion of Lombardy which extends along the right bank of the Po, that is to say, a part of the first agricultural region of Italy, which we pointed out above. The reader will perceive that the crops are almost all of the nutritive kind, and that, excepting silk and hemp, none is destined for manufactures. The result of this abundant provision of aliment is an immense population, no branch of which are manufacturers, because they have no material within their reach.

This population is accordingly divided into four classes only; that of persons employed under government, and the military; the proprietors of the soil, who live on the rent of their farms; the tradesmen and artisans; and finally the farmers, who are not proprietors, and live by rural labour.

The last class reside entirely in the scattered farm-houses which cover the whole surface of Lombardy, while the three others live in the towns or great villages. For this reason we see no hamlets, no assemblage of petty proprietors, so common in France, through all this country. On the other hand, all the land being in the hands of capitalists, they are more numerous here than almost any where else, and have occasioned that accu-



mulation of towns which exhibit a pleasing aspect of comfort.

This order of things, which seems to multiply the public wealth, has however the serious inconvenience of keeping all the independent class of proprietors in a state of listless security, which, for want of some serious occupation, tends to give them that indolence and moral paralysis so much blamed in the Italians. It also makes the farmers uninterested in the public welfare, to which they have no tie from property: always sure of getting work, which is their only capital, they never trouble themselves with events that can never reach them; they feel that they can never rise above their situation, and thence contract a degree of carelessness which nothing but necessity can make them conquer.

The mass of tradesmen and artisans, confined in their speculations by the immediate wants of local consumption, have but little change to look to in the future, and consequently but few stimulants to activity. The order of society has long exhibited, in these regions, something good enough not to make it worth while to attempt a change; and a sort of security in their existence, which guarantees the present as well as the future, and makes the inhabitants satisfied with both. War occasioned some momentary alterations, but peace has restored the former state, because it is rooted in the local disposition of the soil, as well as in the division and employment of the whole population.



*Excursion over the Apennines from Parma to Genoa.*

Feeling a great desire to visit the unknown vallies of the Apennines, and to become acquainted with the rural economy of the pastures which cover its summits, I set out from Parma, accompanied by two proprietors of Merino flocks, with the design of going over the whole of the high chain which separates the state of Modena from that of Genoa and Tuscany.

This journey can only be made on horseback, or on foot, as the paths through these mountains are still more steep and rugged than those of the Alps.

Parma is distant three leagues from the foot of the mountains, where is situated the country seat of *Sala*, once the favourite residence of the last grand duchess, daughter of Maria Theresa. It now belongs to a commissary, who had let it, with the grounds belonging to it, to my fellow-travellers, and here we passed the first night of our journey. The stables, coach-house, and riding-school are converted into sheepfolds, in which 2000 Merinos pass the winter, but in summer are on the mountains, where we were going to see them. Vast meadows, situated below the house, produce their winter food.

There are few situations in the world finer than that of *Sala*; placed on the last of the terraces formed in the slope of the mountains,

it commands the whole plain of Lombardy, while it is only commanded itself by an ancient forest of chesnuts. The house itself is insignificant, and derives all its merit from the magnificent scenery that surrounds it.

We quitted Sala at daybreak, and for two hours followed the foot of the hills, proceeding in a direction parallel with the course of the Po. We went along paths which sometimes kept on the level of the plain, at other times rose under vine-bowers and chesnut-trees; and then we enjoyed enchanting prospects. The hills which terminate the Apennines, are furrowed with brooks and covered with dwellings; the vine is the principal object of cultivation, and wherever the soil is too rough for it, we see in its place vast groves of wide-spreading chesnuts.

We arrived at length at the village of *Berzola*, and here we quitted the fertile plains of Lombardy. Turning abruptly to the south, we entered the ruined valley, which is ravaged periodically by the river *Parma*, and ascending to its source, began to penetrate into the wild recesses of the mountains.

We followed this valley for seven leagues, marching in the bed of the river, which at this time exhibited merely a dry surface of rocky fragments, extending from one mountain to the other, about half a league in breadth. The waters often cover the whole of this vast arena, but the inundation never lasts above a few days.

On each side of us rose a parallel chain of heights, which at first had merely the appearance of pleasant hills; but rising as we advanced, finally connected themselves with the high chain of the Apennines, of which they are like arms, stretching from south to north, while the central chain extends from west to east. These ramifications follow each other along the whole length of the Apennines.

During the first hour of our progress; the slopes of these hills were animated by numerous habitations, intermixed with fields and vineyards; here and there we beheld steeples peeping out from among the groves of chestnuts, but these symptoms of life became less frequent as we advanced into the valley; we soon saw neither vines nor elms, and the declivities becoming too steep for cultivation, exhibited only a few pastures, some trees and shattered rocks. The dwellings, scattered and unfrequent, were small and covered with flat stones, and their pointed roofs already indicated the region of the snows. We no longer saw the fine cattle of the plain; some poor animals, a few sheep and goats, were feeding on these meagre plots.

These traces of animated nature left us during the last hour of our road; the valley suddenly narrowed, and enormous rocks straitened the bed of the river; the mountains assumed a grander character, and presented vast masses of rock and forest; in short, every

thing around us assumed the physiognomy of the Alps.

The path which we followed suddenly ascended a great pile of rocks, and presented to our view an abyss, at the bottom of which the waters were roaring, while over them a bridge is boldly thrown, and beyond, on a mount covered with wood, was the steeple of the village of *Bosco*, which was fixed for the termination of our day's journey.

I cannot express the sensation which the sight of this village, the capital of this mountainous district, excited in me; it resembles none that I have ever seen elsewhere, and gave me much more the idea of a hamlet in Otaheite, than of an European village. It has no regular street nor rows of houses, neither gardens nor fields. On a fine green, at a great distance from each other, rise some enormous chesnuts, the branches of which meeting together, form a canopy of verdure over the cottages scattered here and there in the midst of this natural orchard. In an open part of the wood is the church, the front of which is elegant, and close to it the clergyman's house.

We arrived at the moment when the sound of the *angelus* had collected all the inhabitants near the temple, and they were on their knees before the porch. Though the appearance of our cavalcade distracted their attention, this scene, at once moral and religious, had something inexpressibly interesting.

Hospitality is the only way of receiving

strangers in these mountains; and it is the clergy in particular who shew the greatest zeal and eagerness on these occasions. The good rector of Bosco, after his *angelus*, almost carried us off our tired horses, to take us home with him.

After supper, we received a visit from the principal persons of the place, who disputed with each other for the honour of being our guides the next day.

This country is too much ravaged by torrents to leave any space for the cultivation of corn; the climate is also too severe for the vine, the Indian corn, and for vegetables; they confine themselves therefore to the making of hay in all the little spots where grass will grow; and it forms, with beech leaves, the winter provision for the cattle. These consist of a few small horses for carriage, some sheep and goats; they also feed a considerable number of pigs, of an excellent quality, which are fattened with chesnuts and whey.

In summer, these animals wander over the neighbouring mountains, but are put in stables during the winter. With the goats' and sheep's milk they make little hard sour cheeses, which form a great part of the food of the inhabitants. The wool of the sheep is wrought by the women in winter, and made into a stuff the warp of which is thread, and with which the whole family is clothed.

Thus this country, without any cultivation, feeds its inhabitants with its spontaneous pro-

ductions, that is to say, with its chesnuts: but then how plentifully and how vigorously do they grow on the declivities of these mountains! The fruit is larger and of a much superior quality to what is found in the north. It is eaten here under every form, but especially as a flat cake, which they call bread, but which was the only form of them I thought bad. As to wheaten bread, it comes from Parma, and is a great luxury only indulged on important occasions. Besides chesnuts, this Apennine people have great quantities of pigeons and a considerable number of bees, and with this scanty means of subsistence their population is numerous and the soil much divided. They are very industrious, and their first and principal way of making money is excessive economy; they make their own furniture and clothes, and they hardly want any thing more. They make a great deal of charcoal, which is the only way they have of rendering their forests profitable; and finally, they find a certain revenue in emigration. All the active part of the population quit their homes in summer, and go and work in Lombardy, and especially in Tuscany, whence they bring home their savings, which constitute almost the whole circulating capital of the district.

It is likely that a country that can hardly feed its population, and that affords no saleable commodities, and therefore no clear income, would be abandoned by the capitalists to its inhabitants alone; and in fact the pea-



sant, in this whole chain of the Apennines, is the proprietor of the ground on which he treads; it is the only part of Italy where this is found, and it forms the distinctive feature of these regions.

The sun was up when we took leave of our good rector, in order to ascend the high chain of the Apennines. Our cavalcade was very fine, for all the village had joined in loading us with provisions with the most affecting marks of hospitality; the chief people of the place insisted on attending us, so that we had fifteen horses in our equipage when we left the rectory.

We soon penetrated into the depth of a forest of chesnuts which covered the first rise of the mountain. Our road was sometimes over a soft turf, but more frequently over massy rocks, bound together by the enormous roots of these gigantic trees. An eternal coolness reigns under this shade, which the sun never pierced. We were two hours getting through the wood, the noblest ornament of these regions, the manna of these deserts.

We came to the foot of a range of rocks, and after having passed it with difficulty, we entered the region of the beech-trees. The ascent became steeper, and our horses could hardly get up it. At last, after two hours, our guides cried out *l'Acqua santa!* and having attained the last summit, we found ourselves on the borders of a small lake. Its waters were pure and lively, and its oval and regular form, like the crater of a volcano,

was two or three hundred feet high. This slope, covered with beech-trees, was reflected in the limpid waters of the lake; and had it not been for this rich vegetation, I could have fancied myself on the borders of one of the lakes of the high Alps.

The natives of this country attribute great virtues to the water, which has no apparent issue, and it is a sort of pilgrimage to go and visit the *Aqua santa*. I do not know at what height we were, but it must be considerable, as masses of snow appeared around us, which had survived the summer. (September, 1812.)

Beyond the lake begin the great summer-pastures, which in the Apennines are called *Macchie*. They extend over all the ridges of the high chain, setting out from the valley of *La Magra*, which separates the low mountains of Genoa from those of Tuscany and Modena. These pastures are divided by peaks of rocks that have rolled down, in long heaps, on their base. There are some *chalets* tolerably well built, for sheltering the shepherds, but the flocks remain always in the open air.

These flocks come all from Tuscany, where they pass the winter in the pastures of the Maremma. They belong to travelling shepherds, who, like those of Spain, possess no other capital, and have neither a home nor a permanent habitation.

On approaching a spot covered with rocks and thorns, I beheld a flock of more than 12,000 goats, living always in the woods, and

totally unacquainted with a roof or habitation. These animals only approach the shepherds to get the salt which they give them twice a-day when they milk them.

I passed the remainder of this day in visiting the *chalets*, in examining the flocks, and in enquiring into this system of wandering economy which prevails through Tuscany. We spent the night in one of these chalets, and the next morning, at daybreak, I took leave of my fellow-travellers, and set off with my guide to descend towards the Mediterranean.

As yet I had only gone over the northern side of the high chain of the Apennines, and the summit still remained half a league before me. This summit separates the territory of Parma from that of Tuscany. To reach it, I ascended a grassy turf: the moment I reached the highest summit, a boundless horizon opened before me—all Italy was spread at my feet. In a horizon without a cloud, I saw the long chain of the Alps stretching out of sight, from the frontiers of France to the limits of Illyria; they enclosed, as in a frame, that immense plain, watered by so many streams. To the south, I saw the land, as it were, gradually descending from the height where I rested, into the vaporous horizon of the morning, and even to the shore of the sea. I could distinguish the Gulf of Spezzia and the villas around it, and I followed with my eyes that superb line along which the sea makes a curve before the shores

of Tuscany, and thence rolls on to the coast of Naples.

Seated on this ancient soil, the whole history of Italy seemed to unfold itself before me, from the descent of Æneas on the banks of the Tiber, down to the battle of Marengo. What multitudes of events crowded on my memory!

This spot is certainly one of the most remarkable in Europe, and I would advise every traveller to make this excursion. It can easily be done, by going from Parma to Pontremoli by the new carriage-road; and from that place one may reach the summit on horseback in three hours, and return the same day to Pontremoli. But this interesting excursion can only be made in summer, and most strangers select the winter for travelling in Italy. Thus they form no just idea of it; they see the churches and palaces, and the monuments of the fine arts, but all the beauties which nature pours so profusely on this favoured land are lost to them.

On descending towards the Mediterranean, nature presented itself to me under quite another aspect: I had lost sight of fertile farms and corn-fields, of meadows and their canals, with their oaks and willows; I was now in the south, and I traversed groves of olives, laurels, and cypresses; instead of grass and clover, I saw tuberoses and hyacinths; in short, I was among the mountains of Genoa.

Beyond *Magra*, which separates these inferior chains from the upper Apennine I had

just left, I found the Genoese territory, with its luxury, misery, and neglect.

I crossed over sterile ridges, slopes on which vegetated some stunted chesnuts, vallies half devastated by torrents, and villages that indicated wretchedness, as the physiognomy of the inhabitants indicated crime. I passed through *Compiano*, a town the inhabitants of which provide all Europe with the fellows who show monkies and wild beasts, and at length came upon the high road near the post of *Braceo*.

I had thus traversed the whole chain of the Apennine, and found myself on the bank of the river of Genoa. I followed its windings to the summit of the Gulf, on which that superb city seems to have fixed the throne from which it formerly commanded all the neighbouring seas.

### BOLOGNA.

The traveller, as he rolls along the Via Emilia, from Modena to Bologna, amidst scenes of the neatest cultivation and of the most luxuriant fertility, will recollect, that the very fields which spread around him, the very country he is traversing, was the bloody theatre of the last unavailing efforts of Roman liberty. The interview of the triumvirs took place in an island formed by the *Rhenus*, two miles from Bologna. It is three miles long and one broad, and contains two villages; but as the river is small and the island observable only on examination, the traveller

generally passes without being aware of the circumstance. The stream still retains its ancient name, and is called the *Reno*.

Bologna, which dates its origin from the time of the Tarquins, is a large, rich, and populous city, two miles long, about one broad, and five miles in circuit, with more than 75,000 inhabitants. It is situated at the foot of the Apennines, and traversed in part, towards the N. W., by a commercial canal brought from the Reno, by which a navigation is established between Bologna and Ferrara, extending by the Po to Venice. Bologna is surrounded with walls, forts, and deep ditches, easily filled with water. It is entered by twelve gates, the handsomest of which are those of Ferrara and Modena. Most of these gates lead to fine streets, generally ornamented on each side with *porticos* raised above the level of the road, so that a person may walk through the whole town without any inconvenience from sun or rain. Madonnas are frequently painted on the walls. The city is divided into four quarters.

Bologna (*Bononia Felsinia*) was a Roman colony, though it retains few or no traces of its antiquity. Its history, like that of the preceding towns, is contained in a few words. First, great and prosperous under its founders; then, in the succeeding revolutions of the empire, pillaged, destroyed, and rebuilt: sometimes enslaved and sometimes free, it underwent and survived all the vicissitudes of the barbarous ages. At last, after various



contests with the neighbouring states and with their own tyrants, the inhabitants of Bologna made a voluntary submission to pope Nicolas III, in 1278, and afterwards to John XXII, in 1327, which they have frequently renewed since at different periods.

But, in this voluntary submission, the Bolognese did not mean so much to acknowledge the Pope as their direct sovereign, as to put their city under his protection as liege lord: hence they cautiously retained the management of their finances, the election of their magistrates, and the administration of their laws; that is to say, the essential forms of a republic, and only employed the name and the authority of the pontif to repress the ambition of powerful and factious citizens, or to awe the hostility of their neighbours, the dukes of Modena, and of their rivals, the Venetians. They always resisted every encroachment on their privileges, and not unfrequently expelled the papal legates, when inclined to overstrain the prerogatives of their office. This guarded and conditional dependence produced at Bologna all the advantages that accompany liberty; industry, commerce, plenty, population, knowledge, and refinement.

*Churches.*—The cathedral, in the centre of the town, dedicated to St. Peter and St. Paul, is a fine pile of building; the exterior, however, is not very striking; the façade is well conceived, but it is so hid by the *Seminario* opposite, as to prevent a fair judgment of its merits. It was built in the year 1600. The

interior, decorated with Corinthian columns, has three naves, in which are some curious paintings, particularly in the *sanctuary*, a fresco, representing the Annunciation, the last work of Lodovico Caracci; and in the *chapter*, Saint Peter and the Virgin bemoaning the death of our Saviour. This fine piece is by the same master, as is also a fresco at the bottom of the choir, where our Saviour is giving the keys of Paradise to St. Peter. The chapel *Santissimo* was lined with the most precious marbles at the expense of Benedict XIV. Below the choir is a curious crypt, or subterranean church. One altar, erected by the late bishop, of the finest marble, chastest decoration, and best proportion, cannot fail to attract the eye of the observer, it is exquisite in its kind. The church of Saint *Petronius*, in the great square, built in 432, and repaired in 1300, is one of the largest and most ancient. Charles V was crowned in this church by Clement VII. On the left is a marble chapel, erected to the memory of Cardinal Aldobrandi, at the expense of Benedict XIV. On a tomb opposite the chapel is the following:

Pompeius Aldrobandi S. R. E. card. episc. montis.  
Falisci, et Corneli Patricius Bonon.

In this church is the famous meridian of Cassini, the gnomon of which is more than 70 feet in height. There are many other good churches at Bologna, particularly that of the *Dominicans*, where the body of the founder

is preserved in a sarcophagus of white marble, ornamented with statues, one of which is said to be the production of Michael Angelo. The chapel contains some good paintings and sculpture, particularly the *Paradise of Guido*, a fresco, in perfect preservation, and a masterpiece of that painter. The church of *St. Paul* contains two fine sculptures, by *Algardi*. For a further account of the pictures contained in the churches, etc. of Bologna, we must refer to *Zanotti's Peintures de Bologne*. This author enters into the most interesting details, and although the suppression of several churches and oratories has occasioned many a blank in his catalogue, there is yet an abundance of masterpieces which have not crossed the Alps; quite sufficient to satisfy the curiosity of the traveller.

*Palaces and Public Buildings.*—There are many palaces at Bologna; the greater part are of brick, stuccoed within and without. The most considerable is the *Palazzo pubblico*, town-hall, in the great square, formerly belonging to the legate *a latere*.

Among the pictures are a dead Christ, by *Paul Veronese*, and some good frescos. The *private palaces* are more remarkable for interior decoration than external architecture. The palace *Caprara*, the façade and staircase of the palace *Ranuzzi*, and the *Exchange*, are the best specimens. The palace *Zambecari*, much richer formerly, than at present, in original pictures; and that of *Aldrovandi*, with its two noble staircases, demand the pe-

cular notice of the traveller. Here are two galleries, one for Greek and Roman busts, and the other for costly pictures. We must also name the palace *Zampierri*, possessing a beautiful ivory crucifix, by John of Bologna; a St. John, by Giambellino; a dance of children, etc.; a St. Peter weeping for his fault and St. Paul consoling him, one of the most valuable and best preserved pictures in Italy, is said to have been lately sold by the family for the sum of 12,000 louis d'ors. Here are some pictures of the Caraccis; the Rape of Proserpine, by Albano; Hagar pursued by Abraham, and others of Guercino. The palace *Caprara* is particularly distinguished by the richness of its furniture, being ornamented with numerous spoils, taken from the Turks by General Caprara, at the siege of Vienna, in 1683. The palace *Ranuzzi* contains a great quantity of pictures of the highest value. All these paintings, at the taking of Bologna by the French, were considered as private property, and consequently respected.

No city has given more encouragement to painting, or contributed more to its perfection than Bologna; none has produced a greater number of illustrious painters, or enjoyed a higher reputation in the art than its well known school. To perpetuate the skill and the honours of this school, an academy was established, under the title of the *Clementine Academy*, with a sufficient number of eminent professors to direct, and of medals and premiums to animate and reward the zeal of

the young artists. Public instructions are given gratis, models furnished, accommodations supplied, and every possible encouragement afforded to attract scholars and to enable them to develope and perfect their talents.

This excellent institution, so well calculated to preserve the reputation of the school of Bologna, originated in the beginning of the last century, and has already produced several artists of reputation; among whom we may rank its first president Carlo Cignani. The halls and apartments of this academy are very spacious, and form part of the palace belonging to the *Instituto di Bologna*. This latter establishment, one of the most magnificent of the kind in Italy, or perhaps in the world, occupies a vast and very noble edifice, where the various arts and sciences have their respective halls, decorated in a grand style, and furnished with appropriate apparatus. In this palace sits the *Academy of Sciences*, a singular monument of that enthusiasm for knowledge, which has always formed a distinctive feature in the Italian character.

In the same palace is a library containing at least 150,000 volumes, open to the public six days in the week; an observatory furnished with an excellent astronomical apparatus; a vast chemical laboratory; a cabinet of natural history; an experimental cabinet, with all kinds of instruments for physical operations; two halls of architecture, one for the civil, the

other for the military branches of this art ; a marine hall ; a gallery of antiquities ; another of statues, and a third of paintings ; a hall of anatomy and midwifery, particularly celebrated for a remarkable collection of wax figures, representing the female form in all the stages and all the incidents of parturition ; and finally a chapel for the use of the united members of the *Instituto*. Almost all these halls and apartments are adorned with pictures and paintings in fresco, on the walls and ceilings, and form one of the most magnificent abodes ever consecrated to the arts and sciences. Here professors attend and deliver lectures gratis, at stated periods, to all students on the different arts in their respective halls.

Bologna owes this superb establishment to one of its citizens, Count Marsigli, who bestowed upon the city his valuable collections of every kind, and by his exertions formed a society of men of the first talents and reputation in each art and science, which assumed the name of the *Instituto di Bologna*. To lodge this society, and to receive the collections, the city purchased, in the year 1714, the *Palazzo Cellesi*, and had it fitted up in its present style, combining grandeur and convenience.

From the *Instituto* we pass to the University, the glory of Bologna, and equal, if not superior, in antiquity, and once in reputation, to the most celebrated Academies in Europe. The *Scuole pubbliche* or halls of the Univer-



sity form a very noble building ; 70 professors are employed and the endowments are very considerable.

Besides the Instituto and the University, two academies of inferior lustre and celebrity watch over the interests of literature, and endeavour to extend the empire of the Muses. They are entitled the *Inquieti* and the *Oziosi*, and abandoning the higher regions of science to the speculations of their brethren of the two great seminaries of learning, they range at large through the fields of fancy, and amuse themselves in collecting its flowers. In short the two grand features of the Bolognese character are formed by the two most honourable passions that can animate the human soul—the love of knowledge and the love of liberty—passions which predominate through the whole series of their history, and are justly expressed on their standard « *Libertus* » blazing in golden letters in the centre, while « *Bononia docet* » waves in embroidery down the borders.

The tower of *Asinelli*, situated in the middle of the town, was built in 1119, and is 327 feet in height ; it is a few feet out of the perpendicular. This tower, as well as its neighbour, is of brick. There are 440 steps to the first gallery, when a bad wooden staircase conducts to the top, where is a bell, only tolled on extraordinary occasions. From the upper gallery is a view of uncommon beauty and extent. The neighbouring tower, which was built in 1110, by *Garrisendi* and

Otto, a noble Bolognese family, is about 140 feet in height, and is eight feet out of the perpendicular. Dante mentions both of them in his *Inferno*.

There are but few squares, and these are without any regularity. The finest is *Piazza del Gigante maggiore*, which is irregular, but spacious. It is always full of disorderly people, soldiers, priests, petty dealers, and sellers of eatables. The fine fountain of Neptune, made by John of Bologna, in 1563, is much esteemed at Bologna. Opposite the Palazzo publico, is an old building, ornamented with some bas-reliefs, and surmounted by a tower, built for the imprisonment of Enzio, King of Sardinia, in 1242, who died there, after twenty years confinement. Many other squares, less important, have generally some saint or madonna in the centre, supported by a single column. One of the largest is that of the market, near Montagnola.

*Theatres, Promenades, etc.* — The great theatre of Bologna was designed by Bibbiena; it is entirely of stone, and has five tiers of boxes. The same piece is frequently repeated for a month together, without intermission, and to crowded houses. It is not the fashion to frequent public walks at Bologna; their sole amusement is in public or private societies.

*Manners, Society, etc.* — The Bolognese are industrious, gay, and of an enterprising character; but, like all the Italians, fond of amusements. The females are very hand-

some and amiable; they display much taste in their dress, and have good natural abilities, improved by education. Many cultivate literature, and appear very interesting in their conversazioni, which are almost always enlivened by quotations from their best poets. They seldom dance, but sing and play delightfully. Fashionable females enjoy the greatest liberty, but they know how to respect it; hence the husbands are less jealous here than in any other town of Italy. Devotion reigns throughout every class at Bologna; churches and oratories abound and are well attended; madonnas ornament the houses, the shops, and even the chambers of all, of whatever profession; religious processions are frequently held in the streets, when the houses are lined with crimson damask and tapestry.

Bologna has given birth to many illustrious men, particularly the astronomer Cassini, the poet Manfredi, to Gratian, Guiglielmi, Guido, Dominichino, Albano, and the three Caraccis; a hundred cardinals, and more than thirty popes, among whom is Benedict XIV. But above all, Bologna will be celebrated to the end of time, for the number of excellent painters which it has produced.

There are at Bologna many religious houses, the apartments of which are to let. Those who may pay a visit to the convent of *Saint Stefano*, and inquire for Signore Tozzoli, will be received with the greatest urbanity, and will have an opportunity of viewing the trea-

tures of this house, among which an exquisite piece of sculpture, in ivory, (a Christ, by Michael Angelo Buonarotti) is not the least famous.

*Environs of Bologna.*—On the suppression of the Chartreux convent, the government of Bologna converted the monastery into a *campo santo*, or burying-ground. The poor are interred in a large open space, their graves being distinguished by wooden crosses; and the rich in the cloisters, with handsome sculptured tombs and sarcophagi. Particular courts or spots are reserved for illustrious families, members of the government, titled ecclesiastics, and members of religious houses yet existing. The spirit of toleration is extended even to the mansions of the dead, and protestant and papist here repose in one common dormitory; the Jews only have a separate place of interment. In one of the angular courts of this monastery, are the tombs and sculptured ornaments brought from the convent of Capuchins, a place chosen by women of rank and beauty as their long and last abode. The skulls have been transported hither, cleaned and arranged on tablets, with the name of their former possessor inscribed on each. Here, in the midst of this court, as if to mock the sadness of the place, we behold one of those strong contrasts so common in Italy—a mass of vegetation, where oranges, citrons, rosebays, and myrtles, intertwine their foliage and their flowers, and form a retreat for the feathered songster.

A more agreeable pilgrimage may be made to Notre Dame *della Guardia*; the road to it is through the city by a portico three miles in length. The architecture is modern, by Dotti, and resembles somewhat that of the Superga, near Turin; the interior is in the form of a Greek cross, with four chapels. In this church is a picture of the Virgin, said to be by Saint Luke, which is paraded through the streets of Bologna every year, and attracts a great number of persons.

*Saint Michael in Bosco*, is remarkable for its beautiful situation: it belonged to the Olivetans, and does credit to their taste. In the church are some good pictures.

*Commerce, Natural Productions, etc.*—The chief trade of Bologna is in raw and manufactured silk, as velvet, damask, satin, taffetas, etc. They manufacture also gauze, gloves, jewellery, and gold ornaments, snuff, artificial flowers, paper, soap, and perfumes. Hemp, flax, wax, and honey, are among the exports. The greater part of the land is occupied by vineyards, and the wine is tolerably good, but would be much better if well made. There is an abundance of pasture land; and a great quantity of cattle, particularly oxen for labour and draught, are kept. The export trade is greatly assisted by a canal of irrigation which goes round and enters the town, and also communicates with the Po, by means of eight or nine sluices. Epicures boast, and with reason, of the Bologna grape, especially the two sorts called

*uva paradisa* and *angola*; melons of a most delicate flavour, and which grow in large quantities; olives, large and fleshy; walnuts; truffles; *liqueurs*, the ratafia and chocolate; macaroni; hams and sausages, particularly the *saucissons* or mortadelles, and comfits. Among the different trades carried on at Bologna, that of *copying pictures* is not one of the least flourishing.

Among the natural curiosities of Bologna, we must not omit to mention the *phosphorescent-stone*, found on different eminences around this city, and especially on *Monte Paderno*, loose and scattered about between gypseous stones in a marly earth. It is found most readily after heavy rains, in the streams which run down the sides of the hill. To render it capable of shining in the dark, a piece particularly heavy, foliaceous, and pure must be selected. After being made red-hot, it is pounded and reduced to a fine powder, which, by means of a solution of gumtragacanth, becomes a kind of paste, and is then converted into small cakes. When these are dried, they are brought to a state of ignition between coals, and then suffered to cool; after which they are preserved from the air and moisture in a close vessel. If one of these cakes be exposed a few minutes to the light, and then carried into a dark place, it will shine like a burning coal. This power of emitting light becomes lost in the course of time; but it may be restored as at first by heating, and afterwards by exposure



again to ignition. It was discovered at the beginning of the seventeenth century by a shoemaker of the name of Vincentio Casciarola.—(For a further account of the Bologna-Stone, see *Beckmann's Inventions*, vol. iv. pp. 418—427. 2d edit.)

Bologna, situated in the same plain as Parma, Modena, and Reggio, is much nearer the charming hills which precede the chain of the Apennines. These hills begin at the distance of a mile at farthest, and present a delicious amphitheatre of verdure, the last eminences of which are formed by the central chain, which nobly crowns the horizon at some leagues distance.

## CHAP. V.

### *From Bologna to Rome.*

THE traveller will be determined by the arrangements which he may have made, or by particular circumstances, to go from Bologna to Rome, by the way of Florence or Ancona. The only difference will be, that if he go by the one, he will return by the other. We shall suppose him to take the route of Ancona.

No. 11. From BOLOGNA to ANCONA, 135 English miles;  $15\frac{1}{2}$  posts; 27 hours.

TIME.			TIME.		
FROM	POSTS.	h. m.	FROM	POSTS.	h. m.
BOLOGNA to Saint			IMOLA to FAENZA.	1	1 40
Nicolas.....	$1\frac{1}{2}$	1 30	FORLI.....	1	1 20
IMOLA.....	$1\frac{1}{2}$	2	CESENA.....	$1\frac{1}{2}$	2 15

TIME.			TIME.		
FROM	POSTS.	h. m.	FROM	POSTS.	h. m.
CESENA to Savignano.....	1	1 45	PESARO to FANO..	1	1 20
RIMINI.....	1	1 40	La Marotta.....	1	1 45
La Cattolica.....	1½	2 15	SINIGAGLIA.....	1	2 5
PESARO (I)....	1	3	Case bruciate....	1	2 10
			ANCONA.....	1	2 15

The road passes over the *Via Emilia* as far as Rimini, and from Rimini to Fano, over the *Via Flaminia*. The land is well cultivated, producing chiefly vines and hemp; and the peasantry industrious and honest. After traversing several rivers over pretty bridges, and seeing some villages, particularly Castel San Pietro, we arrive at Imola.

*Imola*, built on the ruins of the *Forum Cornelii*, is watered and surrounded by an arm of the Santerno, and borders upon the Romagna, of which it forms a part, at the entrance of the plains of Lombardy. The surrounding country offers some fine meadows for the pasturage of cattle, and numerous plantations of poplars. The streets are regular and lively; the only church worthy of notice is the cathedral. The road next leads over a flat country to

*Faënza*, one of the best built and most populous towns on this route. It is surrounded by walls, washed by a branch of the Amone, and traversed by four principal streets which meet in the public square, where are the town-hall, the cathedral, a new theatre, and a fountain. *Faënza* was much celebrated for

INNS.—(1) L'Auberge de Parme; at the other places, the Post.

its pictures; many yet remain in the gallery of the Lyceum: and the private collections of MM. Milzetti, Corelli, Laderchi, but particularly of M. Ginnasi, will amply repay a visit. Those who remain some time at Faenza will find it worth while to visit the Orphan-house, and Ferniachi's manufactory of glazed ware (*faïence*). The town, including the faubourgs, has an active population of 17,000 persons; it was the birth-place of Torricelli, and many other illustrious men. The rich cultivate the arts and sciences; the Lyceum has six professorships in humanity and philosophy, and two schools of painting. The country is very productive; and the neighbouring hills afford some mineral springs, and veins of lead, iron, and copper. Its wines were much esteemed by the ancients, and are mentioned with applause by Varro, Columella, and Pliny; but they must have degenerated greatly, for Faenza can offer nothing at present but a common, sweet, white wine of little value.

*Forlì*, the Forum Livii of the ancients, was the birth-place of Gallus the poet, Biondo, Morgagni, and Gaudenzi. The remarkable objects are the palace of the Prefecture, Mont-de-Piété; the palaces Romagnoli, Albizzi, and Piazza; the church of St. Philip of Neri, and the hospital. The best inn is opposite to the palace Romagnoli, both of which are the property of M. Santarelli, professor of surgery, and surgeon of the Pope's guard.

Passing the *Ronca*, a small river which joins

the Montone, and runs into the Adriatic, we soon arrive at Forlimpopoli. (Forum Popilii) one of the four ancient forums of the Via Emilia mentioned by Pliny. Here are some ruins of castles said to be built in the time of Cæsar Borgia. The road continues nearly straight, till we pass the Savio, and afterwards reach Cesena. From Bologna to Ancona numberless rivers are crossed; and these, though torrents in winter, are merely rills in the heat of summer. Their sources have not failed, but are only dried up.

In leaving Bologna we turn our backs on the fertile and extensive plains of Lombardy and begin gradually to approach the Adriatic on one side, and the Apennines on the other. The road, however, still continues to give the traveller all the advantages of the plain, as scarce an eminence rises to retard his course before he reaches Ancona; while he enjoys all the beauties of a mountainous country in the hills on the right, which sometimes advance and sometimes retire, varying their forms and landscapes at almost every step. Mountains crowned with towers, castles, or towns, a striking feature of Italian and particularly of Apennine scenery, often attract our attention during our progress, and increasing from Faënza, in number, boldness and beauty, repeatedly force on our recollection Virgil's descriptive verse.

Tot conjesta manu præruptis oppida saxis:

To which we may add that the numberless

streams above mentioned rushing from the mountains, intersecting the plain, and bathing the time-worn walls of many an ancient town, seem to exhibit the original of the next line

Fluminaque antiquos subter labentia muros.

*Cesena* is a small town at the foot of a hill, and is celebrated for its vineyards and hemp-grounds: Pius VI, and the present Pope are natives of *Cesena*. The cathedral, the churches of St. Dominic and St. Philip, the ancient bridge of three large arches, and the library of Malatesta Novello, rich in MSS. before the invention of printing, are the principal objects of remark. About a mile from the town, on the top of a hill, is the church of Santa Maria del Monte, containing some ancient tombs.

About two miles from *Cesena* flows a stream called the *Pisatello*, and supposed to be the ancient *Rubicon*: but this has been much disputed by men of learning: and, at the present day, the inhabitants of Savignano and Rimini, both claim the honour of the classical appellation of *Rubicon* for their respective rivers.

A few miles from *Cesena* we come in sight of the Adriatic on the left, while on the right the mountains increase in height and magnificence. On the summit of one that rises in full view, covered with snow and shining with ice, is the town *San Marino* bosomed in the regions of winter, and half lost in the clouds. The genius of liberty alone could have found-

ed and supported a republic in such a situation.

*Savignano*, the *Compitum* of the ancients, is a handsome town, but offers nothing to detain the traveller. *Rimini* (*Ariminum*), an ancient, large, and populous city, having about 14,000 inhabitants, is situated on the *Marecchia*, about half a mile from the sea. This river forms at its mouth a small port, to which fishermen retreat in bad weather. *Rimini* is entered by the gate of St. Julian, over a superb bridge, constructed of marble in the reigns of Augustus and Tiberius, where the two *Flaminian* and *Emilian* ways were united. On leaving the town by the Roman gate, we pass under a fine triumphal arch erected in honour of Augustus. (1) There are many edifices here built at the expense of the *Malatesta* family; the cathedral and other churches are ornamented with marbles from the port. The principal church is built on the ruins of an ancient temple of *Castor* and *Pollux*; that of St. Francis, a superb edifice of the 15th century, is by *Alberti*; that of St. Augustin and St. Julian are worthy of inspection on account of the pictures contained in them. At the *Capuchins*, are the ruins of an amphitheatre of *Publius Sempronius*; and in the fish-market is shown the tribune where, to the dismay and alarm of the inhabitants, *Cæsar* appeared in the morning at day-break,

(1) See *Temanza's Antichità di Rimini*, where is a plate of this famous arch.



surrounded by his cohorts, after he had harangued his army the evening before on the banks of the Rubicon.

Before the house of the municipality is a fountain in marble, and a statue of Paul II in bronze.

From Rimini, an agreeable excursion may be made to Ravenna, distant about four posts.

The bridge over which we pass to *Rimini*, about two hundred and twenty feet in length, was constructed in the time of Augustus and Tiberius. It has five arches of equal span, four of which are in good preservation: the other has been repaired; the massy stones are so exquisitely joined as to be scarcely perceptible. Two handsome inscriptions and the cornices are still traceable. In this town a statue in bronze of Paul V is to be seen; he appears to be in the action of declaiming, and holds in his hand the keys of the Church. Some palaces merit attention, particularly the elegant residence of *M. Gambalunga*, which contains an ample library. The antiquary ought not to neglect seeing the collection of inscriptions and other curiosities in the possession of *M. Bianchi*.

The church of St. Francis in this town was built from the designs of *Leon Alberti*. Here are many fine paintings by *Giotto*, and several bas-reliefs, particularly those which ornament the monument of *Malatesta*, the Venetian general, an admirer of learning and the arts. The Church of St. Augustin is worth seeing,

but more especially that of St. Julian, on account of the picture of the martyrdom of this saint by *Paul Veronese*.

*Ravenna* was the seat of empire under Theodoric; and afterwards was governed by Exarchs, under the Greek emperors, from whom it was conquered by the Lombards. It afterwards came into the hands of the Venetians; and was by them finally ceded to the Pope in 1529. This city is thinly inhabited, the streets are wide, straight, and regular; some of the sacred edifices present stately remains of its ancient splendour. It has neither trade nor manufactures. Population, about 15,000.

Ravenna is famous for its mosaics, antique marbles, sarcophagi, and some buildings of the lower ages: there are also some good pictures in the churches of the Bologna school, but injured by the damp. The cathedral is good, and modernized. The cupola of the Aldobrandini chapel is painted in fresco by Guido; and there is also a picture in it by him of the Israelites gathering manna. The baptistery is in its old state; an octangular fabric, with eight large arches at bottom, and over each three gothic ones; the front is a vast basin of white Grecian marble. In the church of S. Apollinare, belonging to the Camuldules, in the suburb, is a double row of columns of Grecian marble, twelve in each row, brought from Constantinople; the altar is enriched with verde-antico, porphyry, and oriental alabaster, and the tribunal is supported by four

fine columns of *nero e bianco*. The ceiling is one of the most perfect mosaics now remaining; the figures are dry, but with strong expression and colours.

St. Vitale, a church of the Benedictines, is a very ancient fabric. It is an octagon, supported by columns of Greek marble; the columns have their bases within the ground. The pavement is very beautiful; some of the bas-reliefs, and the mosaics in the choir, are extremely curious. The church of *St. John the Evangelist*, built by Placidia, has been modernized; yet the old cipolline columns, twenty-four in number, are remaining; there is also much porphyry and verde-antico; in repairing it they found the old mosaic pavement of the fourth or fifth century, now all preserved in a chapel. See also *St. Romuald* for some good pictures; the public library and Museum.

In the *square* are two lofty granite pillars, a marble statue of Clement XII, by Pietro Bacci, and a bronze one of Alexander VII. On a fountain before the palace, is an antique statue of Hercules, with a globe on his shoulder, serving for a sun-dial. In the public street, at one corner of the Franciscan convent, is the *tomb of Dante*. Without the city, towards the ancient haven, stands the tomb of Theodoric. It is a rotundo divided into two stories, each serving for a chapel: the roof is one single piece of granite, four or five feet thick, and thirty-one feet two inches in diameter; forming a dome. On the middle of

this, four columns supported the sarcophagus, a single block of porphyry, eight feet long, and four feet deep and broad: it had a bronze cover of curious workmanship; but the sarcophagus is fixed in the wall of the convent belonging to the *Zoccolanti*; where the ancient palace of Theodoric, within the city, is supposed to have stood. This tomb was once a stately sea-mark; but is now nearly twelve miles from the sea, and yet the lower chapel is submerged at high water. In the neighbourhood of Ravenna, is a large forest of pines, belonging entirely to the Benedictines, twelve miles in length, and three or four in breadth, called *Pigneta*, and furnishing *pignole*, or kernels of the pine, for the deserts of a great part of Italy.

Hence also may be made an excursion to *San Marino*. A mountain, and a few neighbouring hillocks scattered about the foot of it, form the whole circuit of this little state. They have three castles, three convents, and five churches, and reckon about 5000 souls. The republic of San Marino has subsisted near 1400 years. All that are capable of bearing arms are exercised, and ready at a moment's call. The government is in a council of sixty, as it is called, though it consists only of forty members; but the *Arengo*, or general council, is assembled in cases of extraordinary importance. There are two chief magistrates, a commissary, who is always a foreigner; is joined in commission with them, and is the judge in all civil and criminal matters. The

winter is very severe at San Marino; the snow lying on the ground six or seven months, to the depth of two feet or more.

*Pesaro* was dismembered by Pope Julius II, to make a fief for his own family, but devolved again to the holy see, on the extinction of it. The elegant court of Urbino used to spend the winter here, in palaces, of which little more than melancholy remains are now to be seen. It had a bad character anciently for the insalubrity of its air in summer; but the draining of the neighbouring marshes has long since removed it. There are some good pictures here by Baroccia.

In the great square is the statue of Pope Urban VIII. For antiquities, see the collections of Nati Olivieri and the Musée Passeri. The antiquities of *Pesaro* have been engraved, with explanations, in folio, under the title of *Marmora Pisaurensia*. The Princess of Wales has a house near *Pesaro*.

From the mountain of *Pesaro* the country is flat, and the road, by the side of the Adriatic all the way, very good, through well-built towns, and a cultivated country. Some of the scenes are uncommonly beautiful; and there is a succession of the most lovely green hills imaginable, with the prospect perpetually changing. Severe weather, however, sets in the beginning of December, and lasts till the middle or latter end of February; and the snow often lies four months upon the coast. The silk of Urbino, and the upper part of the *Romagna*, is bought up at Rimini and Pe-

saro, and sold raw to the English for mohairs, silks, cottons, etc.

At *Fano* (*Fanum fortunæ*) are the remains of a triumphal arch of Constantine, and part of a building in a good style; there is also a remarkably fine theatre and a good library. On the coast of Fano the seahorse (*Signalus Hippocampus*) is sometimes found. Half a league from Fano, the road crosses the river *Metro*, anciently *Metaurus*, famous for the total defeat and death of Asdrubal. At *la Cattolica*, between Rimini and Pesaro, Romagna is quitted, and we enter Urbino; which we quit between Fano and Sinigaglia, for Ancona. *Sinigaglia* is a flourishing town, built of white brick; has little port, and some trade in corn, hemp, and silk. During the fair, which is in June, there is a considerable resort of Greeks, Levanters, Turks, and others, forming a picturesque and amusing assemblage. The cathedral and St. Martin's are the most remarkable churches.

*Ancona* has a beautiful and convenient harbour; and, being a free port, there is a flourishing trade here. The chief exportation is of grain, wool, and silk. The town is built on the side of a hill, and extends to the water's edge. The cathedral stands on the summit of the promontory, where was anciently a temple of Venus, and this was the original site of the place. The mole is a very fine work, 2000 feet long, 100 feet broad, and 68 high from the water's edge: it is adorned with an antique triumphal arch, of white marble,



of good proportions, and well preserved, erected in honour of Trajan.

This elegant remain of antiquity, is built of blue and white Parian marble, the veins of which resemble in colour those of the common Carrara, but they are straighter and less branched; the crystalline grain of the stone is also larger, which is reckoned more beautiful.

On the site next the sea, on the intercolumniations, are the following inscriptions: the one to the wife, the other to the sister of Trajan:

Plotinæ.  
Aag.  
Conjug. Aug.

Divæ.  
Marcianæ.  
Aug.  
Sorori. Aug.

The principal inscription, which is at present almost illegible, is as follows:

Imp. Cæsari, Divi. Nervæ. F. Nervæ.  
Trajano. Optimo. Aug. Germanic.  
Dacico Pont. Man. Tr. Pot. XVIII. Imp. IX.  
COS. VI. PP. Providentissimo. Principi.  
Senatus. P. Q. R. Quod. Accessum. Italicæ.  
Hoc. Etiam. Ex. Pecunia. Sua. Portu.  
Tutiores. Navigantibus. Reddiderit.

There is also a modern arch, in honour of Pope Benedict XIV, by Vanvitelli, who built the Mole, and finished the Lazaretto, which is a pentagon, and a work little inferior to the Mole itself. This was built in the time of Clement XII, who first declared Ancona a free port. There are some pictures in the

churches of St. Francis della Scala, St. Dominic, and St. Palazia.

The best streets in Ancona are near the water: and besides herbs and fruits, fish, as may be expected in a sea-port, is most abundantly supplied. Though the streets are in general badly laid out, there are nevertheless some very good houses among them, such as the Italians call palaces: viz. the town-house, the custom-house, the residence of the Pope's Legate; the houses of Leverataferi, Mancini Forte, Ferette, Bonizio, Strionfi, and others. Here is also a reservoir of water, with a good fountain. The Exchange is paved with black and white marble; and as usual all through Italy, ornamented with statues, principally of saints. The Lazaretto, and the Hospital Esposti, are edifices well worthy of attention.

The inhabitants of Ancona are fond of the promenade, and are generally seen in groupes, in the evening, on the Mole. Sunday morning, however, is the best time for observing the beaux and belles of Ancona. Lalande and other writers speak highly of the beauty and fresh complexions of the Anconese; but a very recent traveller observes, that the *ladies* are very brown and ugly. The population of Ancona amounts to 18 or 19,000; the greater number are Catholics, the remainder Protestants, Greeks, and Jews, and every one is allowed to worship God in his own way, without any molestation whatever. Almost all the commerce of Ancona is managed by Greeks or Jews, and a few French and Ita-

lians. The chief article of manufacture is wax, much esteemed for its whiteness; corn, silk, hemp, and pulse, are the produce of the neighbouring country.

No. 12. From ANCONA to ROME, by *Loretto* and *Foligno*, 183 English miles;  $25\frac{1}{2}$  posts; 70 hours, 10 minutes.

			TIME.						TIME.		
FROM	POSTS.		h.	m.		FROM	POSTS.		h.	m.	
ANCONA to Camu-						Le Vene to Spoleto	1		3		
rano. ....	$1\frac{1}{2}$	3	45			Strettura.....	1		3	30	
LORETTO.....	1		3	30		TERNI.....	1		3		
Sambucheto.....	1		3			NARNI.....	1		2	45	
Rignano.....	1		2	30		OTRICOLI.....	1		3		
MACERATA.....	1		2			Borghetto.....	1		3		
TOLENTINO.....	1		2	30		CIVITA CASTEL-					
Valcimara.....	$1\frac{1}{2}$	4				LANA.....	$1\frac{3}{4}$	2	10		
P. alla Trave ....	1		4			NEPI.....	1		2	30	
Serravalle.....	1		5			Monterosi.....	1		2		
Le Case Nuove..	1		4	45		Baccano.....	1		2		
FOLIGNO.....	1		4	30		La Storta.....	1		2	45	
Le Vene.....	1		3			ROME.....	1		3		

The road which leads from Bologna to Rome, by *Loretto*, although it traverses the *Apennines* at the *Col Fiorito*, is, notwithstanding, preferable to that from *Florence* to *Rome*, by *Sienna*. The same may be observed of the road which leads from *Florence* to *Rome* by *Perugia* and *Foligno*. This last is certainly 30 miles longer than the route by *Sienna*, but the country which it passes through is infinitely more agreeable, and the inns are bet-

(1) INNS.—The inns on this route are commonly at the *Post*; the best are at *Macerata*, *Foligno*, *Spoleto*, and *Narni*.

ter and more numerous. From Ancona to Loretto the road is very mountainous, but presents, on every side, a well peopled and fertile country.

LORETTO is a modern town, built on the summit of a hill, and containing about 5000 inhabitants; it is three miles from the sea, over which there is a most beautiful view. It is but indifferently built; the principal street consists mostly of small shops for roseries, crucifixes, madonnas, agnus deis, medals, little works in fillagree, small bells, broad figured ribands, and such trifles. The very dust of the holy house is sold to devotees, carefully put up in small packets.

The church was gothic, and has been modernized. The front is by Giacomo della Porta; and on one side of the court are double arcades, said to be finished by Bramante. Over the portal is a statue of the virgin, by Lombardi; by whom also are the bas-reliefs upon the bronze gates, the lower of which are almost effaced by the kisses of the pilgrims. Within the church are about twenty chapels.

The *Santa Casa*, or chapel of our Lady, stands in the middle of the church. It is an oblong room, 31 feet 9 inches in length, 13 feet 3 inches in breadth, and 18 feet 9 inches in height; incrustated with Carrara marble, of beautiful architecture, designed by Bramante; and ornamented with sculptures by Sansovino, San Gallo, Bandinelli, etc. representing the history of the Blessed Virgin. The walls of the holy house can may easily be seen on the

inside) are of brick, with some flat bits of stone intermixed. Towards the east end there is a separation made, by a grate-work of silver: this they call the sanctuary; and here stands the holy image of the Virgin, made, as it is said, of cedar of Lebanon, and carved by St. Luke: her dark complexion, as well as the glitter of her robe, bespeak her an Indian Queen: she has a triple crown on her head, and holds the image of Christ; in her left hand she carries a globe, and two fingers of her right are held up, as in the act of blessing. The other part of the house has an altar at the upper end, and at the lower a window, through which the angel is supposed to have entered, at the annunciation.

The treasures of the Santa Casa, before the subjugation of Italy by the French, WERE truly *immense*. In the year 1470, the amount of their riches was only 6000 ducats, but the accumulation of more than three centuries defied all calculation as to the value of these treasures. The number, variety, and richness of the vestments, lamps, candlesticks, goblets, crowns, crucifixes, images, cameos, pearls, and gems of all kinds were prodigious. Some of the most remarkable of the offerings made to the Virgin by crowned heads and illustrious families, during this period, were as follow: 1. A crown and sceptre, enriched with jewels. 2. A golden crown, set with rubies, pearls, and diamonds. 3. Two branches of coral, near a foot and a half, in height. 4. A crown of lapis lazuli. 5. A crown of

agate. 6. A robe for the Virgin, enriched with 6684 diamonds. 7. An emerald four times the size of a man's head, for which 90,000 crowns were offered by an English gentleman. 8. A very large amethyst, set in gold. 9. A chain of the golden fleece, set with rubies, pearls, and diamonds. 10. A golden candlestick, weighing 23 pounds, set with rubies, opals, emeralds, pearls, and diamonds. 11. A crown set with pearls and rubies. 12. A missal, the cover of which was adorned with twelve large topazès. 13. A pearl, having delineated on it *naturally*, the Holy Virgin, sitting on a cloud, and holding the infant Jesus. 14. A pearl as large as a pigeon's egg. 15. A piece of Virgin gold, as it came out of the mine, weighing eleven ounces. 16. A set of altar furniture in amber, set with nearly 7000 pearls, besides diamonds and rubies, and valued at 200,000 crowns. 17. The Imperial (Austrian) eagle, entirely made of diamonds. 18. A ship of gold. 19. The Virgin's statue of amber. 20. A large golden crucifix, ornamented with six sapphires and diamonds. 21. The city and citadel of Nancy, in Lorraine, in silver chased. 22. The *Bastille* in silver, as also the principal cities of Italy, of the same material.

Of all these treasures, No. 13, the pearl, is the only one now to be seen; this disappeared at the time of the French invasion, but has since been re-purchased by Pope Pius VII. We have little doubt, however, that many of the above articles are still in concealment. It is



not, perhaps, generally known, that the greater part of the treasure at Loretto was removed prior to the possession of that place by the French in 1797, and that they only carried away the wooden statue of the Virgin (since returned) and some articles, worth about 4000*l*. The annual revenue of the Santa Casa, exclusive of presents, amounted to 30,000 scudi (crowns). The *wine cellar* never contained less than 140 large tons of wine; and white, claret, and a deep red wine, were frequently drawn from the same cask. About 300 gallipots are still to be seen, on which are painted subjects from the Old and New Testament, after the designs of Raffaello and Julio Romano; many of them are very beautiful.

The sanctuary formerly contained 62 great lamps of gold and silver; one of the golden ones weighing 37 pounds. Here was also an angel of massive gold, and two of silver. The place of these, however, as well as many of the other ornaments, has been supplied by *gilt articles*, and by false stones. All who enter the chapel armed are excommunicated. Devotees are continually crawling round on their knees, and wear two deep grooves in the marble pavement, which is renewed once in about 25 years. The pilgrimages to Loretto have of late years, however, dwindled into the attendance of a few beggars and others, who receive food and medicine *gratis*, at the infirmary of the Santa Casa. The number of pilgrims who resorted to Loretto in one

year has been estimated at 200,000. Deprived of its treasures, the holy house did not present much attraction to strangers, the black wooden statue of the Virgin offering little gratification to heretical eyes. But as Catholicity is fast re-establishing herself over Italy, Spain, and France, the *aubergistes* of Loretto may yet hope for better days.

The *history* of this SANTISSIMA CASA is pretty well known. It was the house in which the Virgin Mary resided in Nazareth, and was in May, 1291, carried through the air from Galilee to Tersato, in Dalmatia, by angels; and four years and a half afterwards, on December 10, 1294, about midnight, it arrived in Italy by the same conveyance: it was set down in a wood, in the district of Recanati, about a thousand paces from the sea; all the trees and shrubs, on the arrival of the house, bowed with the greatest reverence, and continued in that posture till they withered and decayed. The lady of the manor was named *Laureta*, and hence the appellation of this house. But the road being infested with robbers, pilgrims suffered greatly, and the angels again took up the house, and brought it near Recanati, to a place which belonged to two brothers. These gentlemen, however, disagreeing about the profits of the Santa Casa, a duel was the consequence, in which both were killed. The house, in consequence took another journey, and found out its present situation. Notwithstanding the immense treasures contained in the Santa Casa, it was scarcely

ever attacked by the Turks or pirates. The legendary tales about the supernatural defence of this house, common in books of travels, failed entirely when the French came to Loretto during the late revolutionary war about 1799. A strong garrison, we believe, was generally kept at Loretto, and on the slightest alarm, was summoned to its protection and defence; this was indeed a measure of common precaution, which all the superstitions of its governors understood too well ever to neglect. The fullest historical account of Loretto is in the elegantly written dialogues of Gaudenti, in his *Storia della Santa Casa*, 8vo. Loretto, 1784. A pamphlet may be purchased at Loretto, called *Notizie della Santa Casa*, 8vo. pp. 88, 1786, which gives a full account of the then existing state of the holy house.

While at Loretto, the traveller may visit Osimo, (famous for its collection of antiquities in the Palazzo publico) Humana, and as much as possible of this coast, which is almost the whole of it, an object of the greatest interest to the classical scholar, as well as to the admirer of picturesque scenery. From Loretto to the sea, the road is lined with houses and gardens. The country is fine, well cultivated, and watered by two rivers, and offers a pleasing variety of hill and dale, as far as Macerata. On the road is an aqueduct which brings water from Recanati to supply the fountains of Loretto. At Recanati, seated on an eminence, there is nothing remarkable

except a monument in bronze at the Palazzo pubblico, and some well-built houses. Between this place and Macerata, agriculture is in a very flourishing state.

*Macerata* is agreeably situated, on the summit of a hill from which the Adriatic may be seen. It is an episcopal see, was formerly the capital of the March of Ancona, and contains about 10,000 inhabitants. Here are some fine churches, and good pictures: the house of Compagnoni contains some ancient inscriptions. The *Porta Pia* is surmounted with the bust of a cardinal, in honour of whom it was erected. The environs of this place furnish abundance of corn, and the fields are enclosed by flourishing hedges of the white-thorn, planted and preserved with great skill and attention.

*Tolentino* is situated on the top of a hill, whence flows the source of the Chienti; it is sufficiently populous, but there is little apparent activity, except indeed among the mendicant order, who assail the traveller on every side with their dolorous importunities. At Tolentino, on the 19th Feb. 1797, a treaty of peace was signed between the then French Republic and his holiness the Pope. The theatre is modern, and built after the designs of Locatelli. Leaving Tolentino, we enter the Apennines, in the midst of which we travel as far as Foligno. To Valcimara the country is almost entirely covered with oaks. At this spot the plain ends, and the valley is very narrow, and bounded in some parts by

frightful precipices. From Valcimara the ascent is continual, till we reach the narrow pass of Serravalle.

At *Ponte della Trave*, the inn is indifferent, but the surrounding scenery will no doubt invite the traveller to pause, particularly if he should arrive in the evening, and be unwilling to pass the *Serravalle* during the night. This is a spot extremely romantic; a river runs no great distance from the road, the ascent on each side is richly clothed with trees and vegetation, and the country not destitute of those dwellings which may be stiled « the chearful haunts of man. »

It is a custom among some of the peasantry in Italy to exhibit specimens of their courage, by walking at the very edges of such declivities as the *Serravalle*. Others, less vain and more gallant, only employ their dexterity in collecting the flowers which grow about the steep rocks; as the *Senecio Alpinus*, encompassed with golden rays; the *Alpine pink*, which has the smell of the lily; and the *satyrum nigrum*, which exhales the perfume of *Vanilla*. Meanwhile the echoes of the neighbouring mountains resound with shouts of lively and unrestrained joy ever inseparable from simple and innocent pleasures.

At a little distance on the right, we leave the little town of Camerino, situated on a mountain, whose inhabitants known in Roman history by the name of *Camerices*, furnished to Scipio, according to Livy, 600 men to go into Africa. *Serravalle*, is a large

town, almost impregnable, situated between two mountains, and separates Umbria from the march of Ancona. Here are the ruins of the walls and gates of a castle, built by the Goths. In a place called *Col Fiorito*, the road cut in the rock forms a semicircle of about two miles, and is not wide enough for two carriages to pass. It is rather dangerous, particularly in winter, when the snow has fallen in great quantities. The geologist, mineralogist, or botanist will find abundant gratification among these mountains.

The village of *Case Nuove* is situated in a desert and arid country, and the inhabitants have no resource but in the charity of strangers. From this place to Foligno, the ascents and descents are difficult and continual. Before we descend the last hill, at some distance from the road, in the village of Palo, is a very curious cavern, covered with stalactites, but the key is kept at Foligno. The beautiful valley which bears this name, the fertility of the soil, the green meadows, and verdant hills, amply repay the traveller for the fatigue and *ennui* which he may have encountered in reaching Foligno.

*Foligno*, one of the largest towns in Umbria, is situated in the valley of Spoleto, whose fertile and rich pastures are watered by the ancient Clitumnus. It is populous, mercantile, and industrious. It is not a handsome town, but the streets are regular, and through the principal one flows a rivulet of clear water, covered with planks, some of which may



be occasionally removed to supply the wants of the people. In the morning the great square is filled with women, who come from the neighbourhood to sell vegetables and poultry. Among other palaces, may be named that of Barnabo, and the town-hall, which contains a precious collection of ancient gems. Besides the cathedral, see the churches of the Franciscans and Augustins, and the convent called *la Contessa*, where is a fine picture by Raffaello. There is a considerable fair at Foligno — paper and wax manufactories; — its comfits are celebrated all over Italy. Between Foligno and *Le Vene*, the village of *Trevi*, built on the side of a mountain, has a pretty effect. Almost close to the post-house at *Le Vene* is a small ancient temple, dedicated to Christian worship, but still called the *Temple of Clitumnus*. A little to the south of it gushes out a plentiful stream of limpid water, one of the sources of the Clitumnus; of this Pliny (Lib. viii. Ep. 8.) has given an excellent description.

At *Spoletto*, built on the crater of an ancient volcano, the capital of Umbria, are some remains of antiquity: as a Roman building called a Temple of Concord, at the church of the Crucifix; there are three doors which seem to have been very fine: four columns, two large ones of the Composite order, twenty feet high; two of the Corinthian order, almost as high, and ten others: these have been brought from other places, and put here as it were by chance: fragments of a temple of

Jupiter, at the convent of S. Andrea: of a temple of Mars, at the church of S. Giuliano; and of a castle built by Theodoric. The aqueduct, out of the town, said to be a Roman work, was evidently built in the later ages; the arches are pointed. In the Cathedral and S. Filippo Neri are some good pictures. There are some good palaces in Spoleto: that of the *Ancajani* family contains a Raffaele. There is a considerable manufacture of hats here. About a third of a mile from Spoleto, on the left, is a bridge thrown over a valley: it is very lofty, and supported by two arches leading to a mountain, covered with small cells inhabited by hermits. The neighbouring mountains merit the attention of the naturalist: they also abound in excellent truffles.

About three miles beyond Spoleto, the road begins ascending to the highest point of the Apennines on this side, which therefore is called *la Somma*.

*Terni* is situated in a pleasant valley, between two branches of the river Nera, whence it had the name of *Interamna*. Here are some fine buildings, ruins, and ancient monuments. In the Bishop's garden are the remains of an ancient amphitheatre, with some subterraneous ruins; in the church of St. Salvador, the ruins of the Temple of the Sun; and in the Villa Spada, those of some ancient baths. Population, 5 to 6000. Country of Tacitus the historian, of Tacitus and Florian, Emperors.

At Terni, a horse or cabriolet may be hired

to see the justly celebrated *Cascata del Marmore*, or Marble Fall of Terni, about four miles distant: it is formed by the Velino, which precipitates itself into the Nera from a height of 800 English feet (1063 Roman palms) by a passage cut in the rock about the year of Rome 480, to give vent to the waters of the Lago di Luco, traversed by the Velino, which often inundated the valley of Rieti. This fall is, without question, one of the finest in Europe, and offers a coup d'œil at once surprising and picturesque, particularly when viewed from *below*; the greater number of travellers, however, only see it from *above*, the road being more convenient; and, indeed, if it can be seen but *once*, the latter, perhaps, is the best place. It is not composed of a single fall of water (as that of the Staubbach, in the valley of Lauterbrunn, which takes a single leap of 930 feet), but of three connective falls: in the first, the waters fall on the rocks with such force, that a great part ascends again in vapour to the top; the remainder forms a second and third fall; and, finally, uniting itself to the Nera, the waters roll in volumes, and whiten with their foam the whole extent of this deep valley. The waters of the Velino, although they appear as clear as crystal, leave a calcareous deposit, not only on the rocks on which they fall, but in the very bed of the Nera; and the men and cattle in the countries washed by the river, are very subject to calculous complaints. In the lake which is traversed by the Velino, are found, at a certain

depth, the branches of petrified trees, which, without changing their form, take only the dusky-yellowish colour of the sand, which does not occasion any injury to them.

The valley of Terni, watered by the Nar or Nera, for this is its name after the turbulent junction of the two rivers, was famed in ancient times, and is so still, for the richness of its soil. Pliny says, that the meadows were mowed four times in a year; and two ancient aqueducts made for flooding the lands, are still used for that purpose. It is covered with plantations of vines, olives, fruit-trees, etc. After dark, the grass in the meadows may be seen covered with myriads of *lucioli*, or little fire-flies.

Narni is a small town, situated in the midst of a picturesque country, and offers many points of view very agreeable to the admirer of romantic scenery. Here is an aqueduct, more than twelve miles in extent, which brings water from the mountains to supply the fountains of Narni. The Cathedral will repay a visit, as will also the remains of a magnificent bridge, constructed in the reign of Augustus. From Narni, there is a branch-road to Perugia, by Todi, a little town, almost in ruins, near the Tiber. By another road, on the banks of the river, you can pass from thence to the Abruzzo.

From Narni the road runs through the defile along the middle of the declivity, till suddenly the opposite mountain seems to burst asunder, and opens through its shaggy sides

an extensive view over the plain of the Tiber, terminating in the mountains of *Viterbo*. Here we leave the defile and the Nar, but continue to enjoy mountain forest scenery for some miles, till descending the last declivity, a few miles from *Otricoli*, we discover a spacious and verdant plain, and in the midst of it behold, for the first time, clear and distinct, glittering in the beams of the sun, winding along in silent dignity—the Tiber!

The ruins of the ancient *Otriculum* are near the banks of the Tiber, about half a mile out of the road; but there is nothing among them worth seeing. At *Otricoli*, we leave *Umbria* and enter *Sabina*; passing the Tiber over a beautiful bridge of three arches, built under *Augustus*, and repaired by *Sixtus V.*, whence it has the name of *Ponte Felice*. Near *Borghetto*, at some distance on the left, out of the road, is the town of *Magliano*, on a mountain, near the Tiber. The environs abound in corn and wine. All the country from hence to *Rome* is volcanic. The situation of *Civita Castellana* is very advantageous and almost impregnable. From the top of the tower of the citadel may be seen the castle of *Serra Caprarola*, *Magliano*, and *Mount St. Oreste*, the snowy *Soracte* of *Horace*, where *Apollo* once had his temple and his sacred grove; which it is necessary to point out, because Christianity having changed all the ancient names of places, this has, in many instances, unavoidably obscured the history of former ages. *Cortellacino*, a miserable village near *Cas-*

tellana, is not worth the trouble of ascending a steep mountain to see. But the Cathedral, at the former place, well worthy of notice, is fine, and has some monuments of antiquity on the outside. Population, 3000. From the road it may be perceived, that the hill on which the town stands is composed of breccia and rolled pebbles; these appear under the volcanic tufo, immediately over which it is built. At Cività Castellana, travellers in general leave the ancient Via Flaminia, which is in a very bad state, and take the new road, passing by Nepi, Ronciglione, Monterosi, Baccano, and la Storta. *Ronciglione* is a rich and populous town, situated near the Lago di Vico. The houses are built of the tufo, and the castle offers a horrible appearance. In a deep, neighbouring valley, are some picturesque points of view. In the environs are caverns, hollowed out of the tufo: the country is sterile and dreary. Ronciglione has some paper manufactories and forges.

Before we arrive at *Monterosi* is seen a torrent of lava: at the latter place, the road from Perugia meets that of Rome. On the summit of the hills, where the castle of Monterosi is, many Etruscan antiquities have been found in the subterraneous chambers; from this place to Baccano is a continued chain of volcanic hills. In descending from Monterosi to la Storta, we pass for many miles over the Via Cassia, which is very badly kept. From Baccano, situated on a lake, may be seen the ball of the cross of St. Peter's, and a glimpse



of the city of Rome. The air in the neighbourhood of Baccano is very unhealthy. The road still continues to descend, and the traveller passes over one of the most neglected plains in Europe. Between la Storta and Pontemolle, on the Tiber, on the left is an ancient tomb called that of Nero; and at Pontemolle are the roads from Foligno and Perugia. Advancing towards Pontemolle, the road becomes more agreeable; the ground is naturally good, but every where neglected: indeed, throughout the whole extent of the patrimony of St. Peter, the soil is altogether uncultivated, and the *Campagna di Roma*, particularly, is almost a desert.

Dreary solitudes, naked hills, swampy plains rise and sink by turns, without presenting a single object worth attention. It must not, however, be supposed that no vegetation decorates these dreary wilds. On the contrary, verdure but seldom interrupted, occasional corn-fields, and numerous herds and flocks communicate some degree of animation to these regions otherwise so desolate. But, descending from high mountains, the natural seat of barrenness, where, however, we still witnessed rural beauty and high cultivation, to a plain in the neighbourhood of a populous city, where we might naturally expect, at least, the perfection of gardening and all the bustle of life, we are forcibly struck with the wide waste that spreads around, and wonder what may be the cause that has deprived so extensive a tract of its inhabitants.

From Pontemolle to Rome, the road crosses a valley between the hills of Pinciano and Maria. The bridge which took the name of *Æmilius*, 115 years before Christ, when it was built, and under Nero that of *Milvius*, is about a mile from the *Porta del Popolo* on the *Via Flaminia*. It was destroyed in the celebrated defeat of Maxentius by Constantine; three arches only were left, and upon these Nicholas built a new bridge. This has lately been restored by Pius VII, as the inscription indicates. Near this road the dome of St. Andrew, the finest modern edifice in the environs of Rome, majestically rears its head in the midst of a vast extent of ruins. The traveller now passes through the noble *Porta del Popolo*, an appropriate and most magnificent entrance into this

### ETERNAL CITY.

“ And what is it (every one is disposed to ask with Mr. Alison) that constitutes that emotion of sublime delight, which every man of common sensibility feels upon the first prospect of ROME? It is not the scene of destruction which is before him. It is not the Tiber diminished in his imagination to a paltry stream, flowing amid the ruins of that magnificence, which it once adorned. It is not the triumph of superstition over the wreck of human greatness, and its monuments erected upon the very spot, where the first honours of humanity have been gained. *It is ANCIENT ROME which fills his imagination.*

It is the country of CÆSAR, of CICERO, and of VIRGIL, which is before him. It is the mistress of the world which he sees, and who seems to him to rise again from the tomb, to give laws to the universe. All that the labours of his youth, or the studies of his maturer age have acquired, with regard to the history of this great people, open at once before his imagination, and present him with a field of high and solemn imagery, which never can be exhausted. » (1)

*Instructions, on arriving in Rome.*

It may be proper to apprise travellers, that on entering Rome by the *Porta del Popolo*, much tiresome ceremony awaits them; and, therefore, that every stranger would do well to announce his arrival beforehand to the minister of his nation, at the *Chancery*, who will then have the goodness to obtain with little trouble, permission for the trunks, etc. of the new comer to be examined at his inn. To the custom-house officers at the gate through which he is to pass, a paper is then given with the name of the person expected: this is presented to him, and if he acknowledge it, he is allowed to pass unmolested into the city. But those who are unprovided in this way, must sometimes submit to wait several hours at the custom-house: however, this inconvenience may always be avoided by repairing to the *Chancery*, and obtaining a

(1) *Essays on Taste*, Vol. i. p. 41, 42.

permission, perhaps in the course of half an hour.

*Inns.*—The best family hotels at Rome are in the *Piazza di Spagna*, and its vicinity. Near this spot also, in the *Strada di Condotti*, is Franc's Hotel, in which there is the best *table d'hôte* in Rome; where the price, previous to the late great influx of the English, was four Roman Pauls; at present it is six. Within a few doors of it there is the *Caffé Tedesco* (German Coffee-house) which is the most comfortable one for breakfast. The only place of this description for evening resort, and which has any claims to elegance, has lately been opened in the lower apartments of the *Palazzo Respoli*, in the *Corso*, where that street is intersected by the *Strada di Condotti*. *Caffés* are very numerous at Rome; they are, however, in general, but small, and rather have the appearance of confectioners' shops, especially from their counters and shelves laden with an immense variety of that article. (1)

*Restaurateurs.*—The best restaurateur is the *Trattoria dell' Ac mellino*, situated in a street that branches from the *Corso*, opposite to, and not far distant from the *Piazza Colonna*, rather more towards the *Piazza di Venezia*. Near the same place, and in the *Corso* itself, is a subscription reading-room, where the

(1) The *Caffés* are generally closed at about eight o'clock, and always during the hours of service on Sundays and Holidays, which, from the number of the latter, occasions great inconvenience to strangers.

French newspapers are to be found; there is another *Trattoria* in the vicinity of *Monte Citorio*, behind the *Piazza Colonna*. These are the only tolerable ones, although there are many others. Hackney coaches ply on *Monte Citorio*. The best shops for books, maps, plans, etc. are in the *Piazza di Spagna*, and the streets near it.

The most moderate lodgings are in the streets in the quarter of the *Campo Marzo*, behind *Monte Citorio*, which is also a very central situation. The price of lodgings is from eight to twelve crowns per month. The expense for living is nearly the same as at Florence. Game and water fowl abound; the wine is very bad; that of *Orvietra* is the best.

The fountain of *Trevi* furnishes the most wholesome water at Rome; that of del Grillo holds the second rank. The water from the baths of Diocletian, and the fountain of *Gianicolo*, are so pernicious, that they are every where proscribed.

They use a bath at Rome, which nearly resembles a butt without a head, raised on four supporters sufficiently elevated to permit them to place a fire underneath, and thus easily to give the bath the degree of heat required. These baths are made of a thin light metal, well-tinned; you may procure the use of them for a mere trifle. When you have been introduced into the house of any person at Rome, you must expect the next day to see some of the domestics to receive something of you; this tribute, even the sentinels at the

castle of Saint Angelo have imposed on strangers.

The time of the promenade at Rome, in the winter and spring, is always from ten till twelve, along the *Corso*; the common people on foot, the genteeler sort in carriages, from which the ladies, in particular, never descend. Strangers seldom stop the whole summer in Rome, during the heat of which no one ventures out till night has relieved the atmosphere of the heat which seemed to weigh it down during the day: then comes the hour of amusement, the *Corso* is filled: and when, at midnight, the lower sort of the people retire to bed, their place is then taken by the higher orders, who are then leaving the *Converzazioni*, they remain here till day light, when they also retire to bed:—you ask, perhaps, When do they sup at Rome? Hardly ever; they eat a morsel perhaps before they go out, if they are very late, or otherwise they take something on returning. In autumn there is little promenading in the city; this is the time for making country excursions to Albano, Frascati, and other pleasant places where the air is good; the east of Rome is crowded by the great in this season. Formerly, the streets of Rome were not lighted like others in Italy, excepting the light afforded by the lamps of the *Madonnas*. Since this, the *French police* caused *reverberators* to be used, which burn all night. Before this excellent regulation, stabbing was so common in Rome, that some one fell a victim to the



practice almost every night. The Hospital of Consolation was not sufficiently large to contain the vast numbers who suffered, owing to the variety of sanctuaries which offered an easy refuge to the criminals; but the French police put a stop to these abuses, till nothing was so rare as a robber at Rome.

The *air* of Rome is reckoned good for asthmatic people in winter. The climate is mild, the frosts slight, and the snow generally melts as it falls. There are sometimes dense stinking fogs, but they mostly disperse before noon.

From *July to October*, the air of Rome being very unhealthy, the Romans are, therefore, obliged always to sleep in an apartment where their beds can be exposed to the open air, as much as possible, during the whole of the day; and, above all, to observe the strictest sobriety in the evenings: without which they run the risk of catching the most dangerous fevers to which incautious strangers often become victims.

## CHAPTER VI.

## DESCRIPTION OF ROME.

## SECTION I.

*Porta del Popolo—Modern Rome—Streets—  
Gates and Hills—Squares and Bridges—  
Ghetto degli Ebrei—General Remarks—  
Ten days in Rome—Churches—St. Peter's—  
St. John Lateran—The Catacombs—Palaces  
—The Vatican—The Capitol—Public Build-  
ings and Monuments—Arches—Columns  
and Obelisks—The Pantheon—Forum and  
Via sacra—Temple of Peace—Palatine Hill  
—Aquaducts—Gardens—Public Fountains  
—Museums—Academies—*

THERE is not perhaps any city in the world, the entrance of which is designed with more magnificence, than that of *Rome*, by the *Porta del Popolo*. The gate is by Michael Angelo and Vignola; it leads to a square, where the two famous twin-churches appear in front; between, and on each side of these churches are three straight and level streets. The street on the right leads to the Ripetta of the Tiber: that in the middle is above a mile in length, runs through the midst of the Campus Martius, and is terminated by the buildings on the Capitoline hill: the street on the left leads to the grand staircase in the Piazza di Spagna, and was intended by Sixtus Quintus to have been joined to his Strada Felice, and thus

continued quite to the Amphitheatrum Castrense, forming one continued straight street of more than two *English* miles and a half in length.

In the midst of the *Piazza del Popolo* rises an *Egyptian* obelisk: in the view of which all these three streets nobly terminate. The shaft of this obelisk was originally one solid mass of granite. It is eighty-two feet in height: its sides are richly covered with hieroglyphics. Its granite pedestal is between twenty and thirty feet high. The inscription engraven on it is to this effect: *Imperator Augustus Cæsar, Egypto in potestatem populi Romani redactâ, Soli donum dedit.*

The modern city possesses many features of ancient Rome. The same roads lead to her gates from the extremities of Italy; the same aqueducts pour the same streams into her fountains; the same great churches that received the masters of the world under the Flavian and Theodosian lines are still open to their descendants; and the same venerable walls that enclosed so many temples and palaces in the reign of Aurelian still lift their antique towers around the same circumference. Within this circumference, *Modern Rome* lies extended principally on the plain, and scattered thinly over the hills, bordered by villas, gardens and vineyards. Its population amounts to about 150,000 souls. The streets are well built but badly paved, at least for pedestrians, narrower than in London, but wider than in Paris. The houses not

being too high, the streets are light and airy, and some very long and straight, and are often terminated by an obelisk, a fountain, or a church.

The houses are of stone, but plastered as at Vienna, Berlin and other transalpine cities. This plaster or stucco is extremely hard, and in so dry a climate may equal stone in solidity and duration; but to us, stucco, however excellent in its kind, seems only a bad imitation of stone, and conveys an idea of poverty incompatible with grandeur or beauty. Before we enter into any further details, we shall here premise, in order to give the reader a general idea of Modern Rome, that it contains 46 squares, 5 monumental pillars, 10 obelisks, 13 fountains, 22 mausoleums, 150 palaces, and 346 churches! Of these multifarious objects most have some peculiar feature, some appropriate beauty to attract the attention of the traveller.

An interesting promenade may be made, beginning from the *Porta del Popolo* to that of St. Paul; but as the course is long, it is necessary to select a fine day in autumn or winter, and not undertake the walk till some time after the rains, as otherwise the ways are impassable to a pedestrian.

As the traveller paces along the streets, spacious, silent, and majestic, he feels the irresistible genius of the place working in his soul—his memory teems with recollections, and his heart swells with patriotism and magnanimity; two virtues that seem to spring from

the very soil and flow spontaneously from the climate, so generally do they pervade every period of Roman history. While the *Great Republic*, the parent of so many heroes, rises before him, he looks around like Camillus at the hills, the plain, the river, for ever consecrated by their fame, and raises his eyes with reverence to the sky that seemed to inspire their virtues.

*Streets.*—In taking a general view of the plan of the city of Rome, it is easily perceived, that not more than a third of this vast metropolis is occupied by inhabitants. The rest is laid out in villas and garden ground. In fact, there are not more than four or five streets properly straight and handsome. The three first of this description have for their *vista* the beautiful obelisk of the *Piazza del Popolo*. *Il Corso*, the central street, terminates in the square of the palace of Venice; it is embellished with several superb palaces, as those of *Ruspigi*, *Chigi*, *Sciarria*, *Doria*, *Fiano*, and some beautiful churches. This is the ancient Flaminian way, once so much frequented and decorated with triumphal arches. The street to the right leads to *Luigi de Francesi*, on one side extending along the Tiber, and on the other, towards the street *degl' Angelo Custode*, following the base of Mount *Pincio*. One of the straightest and longest streets next to this, commences at *la Trinita del Monte*, and terminates at *S. Maria Maggiore*. But following the inflections of the Quirinal and Viminal Mounts, it is necessary to ascend and descend

very often. Another tortuous route, as to the ground, is that which extends from *Mount Cavallo* to the *Porta Pia*, and that of *Condotti*, which continues from the *Piazza di Spagna* to *Clementino*.

The streets of *Julia* and *Longara*, 600 toises in length, are very fine; that is to say from the arch of *Julius II*, called *Porta Settimia*; this route follows the course of the *Tiber* towards the south, and is very near this river. The other streets are more or less inflected, and frequently change their names. Their line of continuity is often interrupted by the neighbouring churches and chapels. The finest streets bear the name of *Strada*; but those of inferior size are distinguished by those of *Vico* and *Vicolo*, particularly if they are irregular in their course. The pavement is formed of irregular pieces of lava, among which morsels of precious marble, granite, porphyry, and serpentine, are often found, which formerly made a part of some stupendous edifices. However in the *Corso*, and some other streets, a regular pavement of square stones is to be found. In others we meet with large basaltic stones dug up from some of the ancient highways; these are very conspicuous in the street *Del Seminario*, near *St. Augustin delle Vergine*, *St. Andrea della Valle*, and others. The pavement is sloped to let the water run off in bad weather; but properly paved foot paths are only to be found in a few of the streets.

Generally speaking, the streets are very



dirty, the *Corso* excepted, where the besom may sometimes be seen employed. The others quietly wait for the rain to cleanse them, or for the drying winds to carry away the dust. In the squares there are certain corners destined to receive the ordure of the neighbouring houses and above these corners the word *Immondezzajo* is written, as a notice where filth, etc. may be deposited. This, however, is generally thrown in the middle of the street; even here it is not lost, but is carried away by the country people from time to time. After six in the evening the most populous streets are deserted. Each sloopkeeper shuts up his shop to go to the *Salut*, in some neighbouring church; or to the theatre. The same desertion of the shops occurs during the whole summer from noon till four or five o'clock, the time the Romans pass upon their beds: hence the same observation as at Madrid; viz. that, during the summer afternoons, nothing but dogs and foreigners are to be seen in the streets. Gutters and spouts are here very troublesome when it happens to rain, so that the foot passenger has enough to do to avoid the channel on one side, and the spout on the other. The most frequented streets are those that terminate by the gate *Del Popolo*, and the neighbourhood of the Pantheon, the square *Navona*, and *La Minerva*. The shops in these are very showy; those of the apothecaries are distinguished for their neatness, and they are generally decorated with the picture of *Æsculapius*. The grocers and butchers have a

stream of water continually running, for the utility of their several professions.

*Gates and Hills.*—The numerous gates of Rome are by no means handsome or ornamented; the Flaminian gate, or *Porta del Popolo*, is the best of them; the gate called *Porta Pia*, designed by Michael Angelo, is remarkable for some of its ornaments, representing a barber's bason and towel, which are said to have been sarcastically contrived by the architect, to remind the spectator, that Pope Pius IV, who built it, and whom Michael Angelo hated, was the son of a barber.

The seven ancient hills are the *Aventine*, *Capitoline*, *Celian*, *Esquiline*, *Palatine* *Quirinal*, and *Viminal*; besides these, are *Monte Celiolo* and *Citorio*, the *Janiculum* and *Vatican*, the *Pincian* and *Monte Testaccio*. But the inhabitants of Modern Rome have in a manner left the seven hills to villas, convents, gardens, and vineyards, for the lower parts! These hills are much reduced since the vallies have been filled up with enormous quantities of rubbish. The *Aventine* hill exhibits a prospect truly beautiful, especially from the gardens of the *Priorato*. The *Capitoline* hill has always been famous for the *Capitol*, from whence its name is derived. The *Celian* commands a most extensive prospect, and yields only to the *Palatine*. The *Esquiline* is the highest of all the hills, and was inhabited by the principal families of ancient Rome; but the *Quirinal* hill, at present, is supposed to enjoy the best air. The *Viminal* is much

the smallest of the seven hills, and is a long narrow slip of ground. A few remains of the baths of *Olympias* may still be seen in the Convent of *S. Lorenzo*. *Monte Celiolo* is very inconsiderable, as is *Monte Citorio*, raised chiefly by rubbish. The *Janiculum* is of great extent: *Mont Vaticano* is only a part of this; and at the foot of it is the Vatican Palace and the church of St. Peter. *Monte Pincio* commands some delightful views. The magnificent gardens of Sallust were here. *Monte Testaccio* is 160 feet high, and half a mile in circumference. In vaults underneath wine is kept cool in summer, and here people resort to drink it.

*Squares and Bridges.*—There are many PIAZZE, SQUARES, or *Places*, as the French call them: these are, 1. *S. Apostoli*; 2. *Barberini*; 3. *Del Campidoglio*; 4. *Campo de Fiore*, with a corn market, and another for horses; and here persons condemned by the Inquisition are burnt; 5. *Piazza Caprinica*; 6. *Colonna*; 7. *Farnese*; 8. *De S. Maria Maggiore*; 9. *Piazza Mattei*; 10. *Montanara*; 11. the *Quirinal Palace*, or *Monte Cavallo*; 12. *Monte Citorio*, a handsome square, in which is the pedestal of the true Antonine column, and on one side of it the *Curia Innocenziana*, or palace of justice; 13. *Piazza Navona*; 14. *Piazza di Pasquino*. In this small square are many booksellers' shops; but it is chiefly remarkable for the antique mutilated statue of a Greek soldier, well known under the name of *Pasquin*! 15. *Di S. Pietro*, the fine area here be-

fore St. Peter's Church, is surrounded by Bernini's portico, supported by 286 columns, upon which are 138 statues. 16. *Del Popolo*, at the entrance of Rome from Florence. 17. *Della Rotunda*, containing the famous rotunda, a fountain, and an obelisk; 18. *Piazza di Spagna*, containing the Spanish Ambassador's palace, the College of the Propaganda, Bernini's fountain of the Barcaccia or boat, and the fine flight of steps up to *Trinità del Monte*. 19. *Piazza della Colonna Trajana*, a small square, remarkable for this famous pillar.

Of these squares the most remarkable for its extent is the *Piazza Navona*, which gradually rose on the ruins of the *Circus Angonalis*. It is adorned by the handsome church of St. Agnes, and refreshed by three fountains decorated with statues. One of these fountains, that in the middle of the square, is much admired; it was designed and erected by Bernini. Four figures, representing four rivers, recline on a craggy rock, on the top of which stands an Egyptian obelisk, and from the hollow sides rushes a perpetual stream. These three fountains are so managed during the heats of August as to inundate the whole square on Saturdays and Sundays, and afford a new and refreshing exhibition to the Roman gentry, who parade along in their carriages, and to the common people, who collect around in crowds to behold the brilliant and enlivening scene.

The *Piazza di Spagna*, so called from the palace of the Spanish embassy, is large, has a

fountain, and is adorned with several handsome buildings, but particularly by the noble flight of marble steps that ascend from it to the obelisk, church and square *della Trinita de Monti*. From the balustrade that terminates this staircase above and borders the latter square, and indeed from the square itself, which runs along the brow of the Pincian hill there opens a delightful view of Rome, *Mont Mario* and the *Janiculum*s.

The square of *Monte Citorio*, which communicates with the *Piazza Colonna*, is extremely beautiful. Its principal ornament is the *Curia Innocenziana*, a palace erected by Innocent XII, for the accommodation of the courts of justice and for the officers belonging to them. Its magnitude, materials and architecture are all equally admired.

The river Tiber divides the city, properly so called, from the *Transtevere* on the other side, and which contains the church of St. Peter and the palace of the Vatican. At the bridge of St. Angelo, this river is about 315 feet wide, and is navigable for large vessels: the water is turbid and yellow.

There are now three bridges at Rome: 1. that of *St. Angelo*, anciently *Pons Aelius*, leading to the Castle St. Peter's and the Vatican. The upper part of it was finished by Bernini, but the statues upon it are heavy and disagreeable. 2. *Ponte Cestio*, or the bridge of St. Bartolomeo, leads from the *Isola Tiberina* to *Transtevere* and *Quattro Capi*, anciently *Pons Fabricius*, to go from

the same island into the city. 3. *Ponte Sisto*, anciently *Pons Janiculensis*, rebuilt by Sextus IV, in 1473. Ancient Rome had six bridges, and there are some small remains of the *Sublician* bridge, which was the only one when Horatius Cocles defended it so valiantly. It was then only of wood, but was rebuilt with stone by *Lepidus*. Some remains of the Senatorian bridge show it to have been very noble; part of the *Pons Triumphalis* is to be seen opposite the church of *St. Spirito Santo*, and from the bridge of *St. Angelo*. *Ponte Molle*, anciently *Pons Emilianus*, and then *Milvius*, is out of the city above a mile from the *Porta del Popolo* on the Flaminian way. The river here is full 400 feet over. The old bridge, where the battle was fought between *Constantine* and *Maxentius*, was 200 feet higher up the river.

*Pons Senatorius*, (now *Ponte Rotto*) the first which the Romans built of stone, was so called, because the Senators were obliged to pass it when they went to consult the Sybilline oracles. The river has often destroyed it. Pope Paul ordered Michael Angelo to rebuild it, but he died before the foundation had been well laid. A wretched bungler afterwards removed Angelo's foundation, and substituted a structure of his own, which was unable to resist the current of the river more than ten years. Since this period this bridge has not been restored. It should have been observed of the *Pons Fabricius* (now called *Ponte di Quattro Capi*) that it still remains with the



ancient inscription, and leads to a small island of the Tiber. This island was dedicated to *Æsculapius*, and the symbol of that god was given to it, because the serpent was brought here from *Epidaurus*. On the site of the once magnificent temple of *Æsculapius*, a church now stands, dedicated to St. *Bartholomew*; and on going from the little garden of the convent down some steps to the river, a serpent sculptured in stone, may still be discovered when the water is low.

Of the *Pons Aelius*, now called the Angel bridge, it is recorded that Clement IX ordered *Bernini* to place ten different statues of angels on it, holding in their hands the instruments with which Christ was tortured; and the inscriptions on the pedestals are too ridiculous to be copied, except by those who are disposed to apologize for superstitious relics of all kinds.

The various improvements and alterations made by the French at Rome were certainly very great. They not only levelled the ground round the Coliseum, but emptied the vaults of the rubbish that nearly choked them up, by which various new discoveries were made. They did the same by a number of the ancient temples and arches, and most considerably improved the site of Trajan's pillar, performing the whole of these operations in a manner which had never entered into the conceptions of any of the Popes who had undertaken to improve the city.

The *Tabularium* too, being completely

cleared, exhibits its beautiful doric order. Operations for the same purpose were carried on in the *Campo Vaccino*, about the baths of *Titus*, and the arch of *Janus Quadriformis*. The streets of the Piazza of St. Paul down to the Tiber were also cleared by the French, by which means that spacious square, till then completely concealed, might be seen from the bridge of *St. Angelo*, and both banks of the river. In the performance of these labours, it is a fact, that, a number of women and children, or any persons capable of removing rubbish, or to whom a daily allowance of a small sum of money and a portion of soup might be an object, were employed.

Before we introduce the traveller to a nearer view of the splendour and magnificence of this IMPERIAL CITY, it may not be amiss to apprise him, that to these qualities he may find some remarkable contrasts, not only in some individual houses, but also in whole neighbourhoods, though in none more striking than in the Jew's quarter, or

#### THE GHETTO DEGLI EBREI.

This part of Rome, which may be called the Duke's Place of that city, has long been known as the part to which the numerous Jews in Rome are confined. These unfortunate persons were known at first as the descendants of many captive Jews brought to Rome by Titus, after his conquest of Jerusalem. They still live in a state of slavery, and their increasing numbers, as well as the narrow limits to which

they are confined, subject them to the greatest inconveniences. They are not only oppressively taxed, but certain numbers of them are obliged to listen to sermons, preached at stated times for their conversion. These Jews are the most ancient inhabitants of Rome, whose families can be traced. At the back of the Caffarelli Palace, at the extremity of the *Ghetto*, is some old Roman brick-work, supposed to have been part of the ancient fortifications of the capitol. Near this place are also the remains of a Temple, some of the marble steps of which, resembling tomb-stones, serve for the purpose of cutting up meat, a sort of market being held on the spot. To put a stop to the extortions of the Jews, with respect to usury, the *Monte della Pieta* was established by a number of Roman gentlemen in the year 1539; but this bank was totally ruined by the first visit of the French to Rome in 1798, who, during their stay, released the Jews from the obligation of wearing an odious badge of distinction, imposed upon them by the Papal government. The Jews are nevertheless indulged with a Synagogue in this dirty quarter.

We shall now observe that the rage for embellishing, which is implanted in every artist, has thrown so much composition into the engraved views of Rome, has so exaggerated its ruins and architecture, or so expanded the space in which they stand, that a stranger, arriving there with the expectations raised by those prints, will be infallibly disappointed.

The streets seem to have been made only for the rich. Their small reticular pavement galls the pedestrian, they afford no protection from the fury of carriages, and are lighted only by the lamps of a few Madonnas.

Whichever road you take, your attention will be divided between magnificence and filth. The inscription «immondezzaio» on the walls of palaces is only an invitation to befoul them. The objects which detain you longest, such as Trajan's column, the fountain of Trevi, etc. are inaccessible from ordure. Ancient Rome contained 144 public *Temples to Cloacina* besides the *Sell Patroclian*. The modern city draws part of its infection from the want of such conveniencies.

In the inhabited quarters you will find palaces and churches, columns, obelisks, and fountains; but you must cross the Capitol, or strike off among the mounts, before the genius of ancient Rome meets you amid its ruins.

The study of these antiquities leads you first to trace the figure, extent, and distribution of the city. This you may begin on some eminence, or on any of the towers that command all the hills.

Hinc septem dominos videre montes,  
Et totam licet æstimare Romum.

On each hill, except the Viminal, the most difficult of all, you will find one master-object, as the Villa Medici on the Pincian, the Papal Palace on the Quirinal, the three basi-

licas on the Esquiline, Coelian and Vatican, etc. which will serve each as a point of general reference, and enable you to combine the perspective with the plan. You may then trace on foot the outlines of those hills, the successive boundaries of the ancient city, neglecting the division of the Augustan regions or the modern *Rioni*; and at last make the circuit of the inviolable walls.

This circuit will bring into view specimens of every construction from the days of Servius Tullius down to the present. Thus they exhibit the uncemented blocks of the Etruscan style, the reticular work of the Republic, the *travertine* preferred by the first emperors, the alternate *tufo* and brick employed by their successors, and that poverty of materials which marks the declining empire. The first Romans built with a prodigal solidity, which has left the *cloaca maxima* to astonish perhaps as many generations to come as those which have yet beheld it. Since the first dreadful breach made by Totila, these walls have been often and variously repaired, sometimes by a case of brick-work, filled up with shattered marbles, rubble, shard and mortar; in some parts the cementitious work is unfaced: here you find stone and *tufo* mixed in the «opus incertum:» there, *tufo* alone laid in the Saracenic manner; the latter repairs bear the brick *revêtement* of modern fortification.

The most populous part of ancient Rome is now but a landscape. Mount Palatine, which originally contained all the Romans, and

was afterwards insufficient to accommodate one tyrant, is inhabited only by a few friars. I have gone over the whole hill, and not seen six human beings on a surface which was once crowded with the assembled orders of Rome and Italy. « Totum Palatinum, says Cicero, senatu, equitibus Romanis, civitate omni, Italiâ cunctâ refertum. » Raphael's villa, the Farnesian summer-house, Michael Angelo's avaries, are all falling into the same desolation as the imperial palace, which fringes the mount with its broken arches.

Between the native inhabitants of the eastern and western sides of the Tiber, a striking difference has been observed: formerly the western side of this river was without any inhabitants. A numerous population having since spread itself on this side, more robust and less polished than the inhabitants of the ancient city, the former pretend to be the genuine descendants of the ancient conquerors of the world. These Transteverians affect to despise the inhabitants of the other side of the river, as the descendants of barbarians.

Before we proceed to describe the Churches, Antiquities, and Curiosities of Rome, we shall now give a brief plan of the best mode of seeing them, and in the shortest possible time, which will be useful to every one, but particularly to those who cannot spend more than

#### TEN DAYS IN ROME.

*First Day.* Proceed early to St. Peter's, take a cursory view of it, the Vatican, its



Museums, Galleries, etc. On your return visit the castle of St. Angelo.

*Second Day.* Go along the Corso towards the *Capitol*, noticing the Column of Antonine in the Piazza of that name on your way. After passing the Piazza, *Venezia* is easily known by the turrets of its palace, and near that extremity of the *Corso*, turn a little to the left and see the Column and Forum of Trajan. Return to the Corso, at the end of it, diverging to the left the *Via di Marforio*, leads to the arch of Septimus; the *Campo Vaccino*, formerly the Foro Romano, is then entered: every inch is now classic ground, ruins appear on all hands, and at no great distance in front, the *Colosseum* bursts on the astonished beholder, and presents itself as the stately monarch of the surrounding remains of mouldering grandeur and magnificence. The remains of the Temple of Concord, and that of Antoninus and Faustina, are near the arch of Septimus, and a little farther towards the Coliseum, to the left, are the Temples of Peace and Venus; to the right, the arches of Constantine and Titus. Taking a transient view of these several objects, leave them for future and more minute observation, especially as this place lies in the way of future visits; and passing the *Colosseum*, continue along the *Via di S. Giovanni* to the Lateran Palace; see the Chapel there, and proceed by the alley of trees facing the palace, to the Convent S. Croce; see the Amphitheatre, and the Temple of Venus and Cupid in its garden.

Proceed as directed in the article of the Temple of Minerva Medica, in our description of *Rome*, to see that building; on the way to it, the ruins of Nero's aqueduct will be observed. Leaving the Temple of Minerva, return by the Strada Felice which leads to the church of *S. Maria Maggiore*. Opposite is the *Via delle Quattro Fontane*; continue along it in a straight direction, noticing on the way, the fine fountains which give the name to the street, also the *Palazzo Barberini*. The above mentioned street with its several continuations leads directly to the Church of *Trinita di Monte*, close to the Piazza di Spagna, in the neighbourhood of which, it is probable, the traveller will reside. [The excursion of this day will be a fatiguing one, and will occupy from 9 till 4 o'clock; but it may be accomplished, and has been even done repeatedly by ladies. However, if, on referring to the plan of the city, it is found to be too great an exertion for a walk, a carriage may then be hired, which will also afford more leisure for admiring the various objects.]

*Third Day.* Proceed to the *Campo Vaccino* to the *Terme Antoniane*, thence to the Palace of the Cæsars and the Circus Maximus; to the arch of Janus (*Ceres di Giano*); to the Temple of Vesta: take, in the way back, the Theatre of Marcellus, that of Pompey, the Piazza Novona and the fountain there, the Pantheon near it, and the Minerva Church.

*Fourth Day.* The Capitol, its museum and gallery, and the Tarpiean rock; returning

home by the *Corso*, turn from it a short distance into the *Via delle Muratte*, at the end of which is the fountain of Trevi.

*Fifth Day.* Leave town by the *Porta S. Sebastiano*, and proceed to the fountain of Egeria; not far from it, is another fine, clear spring, the water of which is conveyed into a large antique stone trough; this is called the *Aqua Santa*. Near it is the Mausoleum of Cecilia Metella, crowned with turrets. Many shapeless ruins of aqueducts, and other buildings, are spread around. On the way to this place it is impossible to help remarking the miserable and desolate appearance of the country and houses; the former almost uncultivated, the latter every where hastening to destruction. The few peasants met with, are a good looking people and civil, habited in the skins of goats and sheep. From the fountains of *Egeria* and *Aqua Santa*, there is a short road across the country, to the Church of *S. Paolo fuori le Mure*, but as a stranger may find it difficult, it is more advisable to return, by the same road as that which was followed from town, to the *Porta S. Sebastiano*: this will also give an opportunity of examining the city walls, for instead of re-entering the gate, turn at the gate to the left, and follow the walls outside for more than a mile, to the *Porta S. Paolo*. From gate to gate, frequently not a single person is to be seen. At the *Porta S. Paolo*, see the Mausoleum of Caius Cestius, and the foreign burying ground. Proceed about a mile outside of

the gate to see the Church of *S. Paolo fuori le Mure*, thence return home. A considerable round is taken in the excursion planned for this day, but it is the surest one for a stranger. If this excursion be made in a carriage, the catacombs may also be visited, as they are not far from the fountain of *Egeria* and Mausoleum of *Cecilia Metella*. But if the catacombs of Paris have been previously seen, these possess no great attraction; and may be left for a moment of perfect leisure, in the event of a prolonged residence.

*Sixth Day.* Visit the *Terme Diocleziane* and the Churches of *S. Maria degli Angeli* and *S. Bernado*, close to these ruins, and once forming part of the baths; proceed to the Church of the Jesuits and *S. Bartolomeo*, in the *Via delle Quattro Fontane*, not far from the *Terme*, thence to visit the Barberini Palace, the Church of *S. Pietro in Vinculis*; from which it is not far to the *Terme di Tito*, and the *Sette Sale*: This will complete the sixth day's visit.

*Seventh Day.* Go to the *Ghetto degli Ebrei*, cross the Tiber by the bridges that communicate with the *Isoladi S. Bartolomeo*, and proceed by the *Via della Longaretta* to the fountain of *Aqua Paola*, and enjoy the fine view there.

*Eighth and Ninth Days.* May be devoted to excursions to *Frascati* and *Tivoli*.

*Tenth Day.* Visit the gardens of the Vatican, and pass the remainder of the day in looking over its museums.

The remainder of the traveller's stay in Rome may be occupied in once more minutely examining the places which have been already glanced at, or in visiting minor objects of curiosity; as the Palaces, Churches, Colleges, Villas, etc. according to the taste of the traveller.

We began our examination of Rome, (says Eustace) by visiting in order the *seven hills*. We then proceeded to the Vatican and Pincian Mounts, ranged over the *Campus Martius* and along the banks of the Tiber; then wandered through the villas both within and without the city; and finally explored the churches, monuments, tombs, hills, and fields in its immediate neighbourhood. This method I recommend as more easy and natural than the usual mode of visiting the city according to its *Rioni* (regiones) or allotting a certain portion of it to each day; by which mode the traveller is obliged to pass rapidly from ancient monuments to modern edifices; from palaces to churches; from galleries to gardens; and thus loads his mind with a heap of unconnected ideas and crude observations. By the former process we keep each object distinct and take it in a separate view — we first contemplate ancient, then visit modern Rome, and pass from the palaces of the profane to the temples of the sacred city.

#### CHURCHES.

As these are generally the first objects that strike a traveller, but are nevertheless too

numerous at Rome to admit of individual notice, we shall endeavour to select those which, from their antiquity, beauty, or any other peculiarity, are most likely to interest the stranger; but if some of them have been *much neglected*, it may be highly prudent to observe, that notwithstanding all the attractions of the splendid works of art which they enclose, strangers should be extremely cautious how they visit them in summer; as notwithstanding the frankincense burning in them continually, there is a stench of putrid bodies in almost every one of them, from the horrid custom of burying the dead in churches, which in Rome prevails to an excess. The scarcity of wood is such, that interments are frequently made without a coffin. The bodies are then thrown into a vault, and the mouth of it closed with a loose stone; and thus the survivors, in too many of the three hundred and forty-six churches of Rome, inhale the fumes of putrefaction. In some of the most frequented churches, it is nearly impossible, in summer time, to remain five minutes without experiencing some degree of sickness; and yet these churches surpass all others in grandeur, magnificence, and beauty.

Notwithstanding these disadvantages, together with many architectural defects, there are few, very few churches in Rome which do not present, either in their size or proportions, in their architecture or materials, in their external or internal decoration, something that deserves the attention of the traveller,



and excites his just admiration. He, therefore, who delights in halls of a vast size and exact proportion, in lengthening colonnades and massy pillars of one solid block of porphyry, granite, Parian or Egyptian marble—in pavements that glow with all the tints of the rainbow, and roofs that blaze with brass or gold—in canvas warm as life itself, and statues ready to descend from the tombs on which they recline—will range round the churches of Rome, and find in them an inexhaustible source of instructive and rational amusement such as no modern capital can furnish, and could be equalled or surpassed by the glories of ancient Rome alone.

The principal churches of Rome, however different their style of building and ornament may be, are distributed in the same manner. Their aisles are generally formed by arcades: over these are sometimes grated recesses, but never open galleries. The choir terminates in a curve, which is the grand field of decoration, blazing with leaf-gold and glories. In the middle of the cross stands the high altar. The chapels of the Holy Sacrament and of the Virgin are usually in the transepts. Those of the Saints are ranged on the sides; and each, being raised by a different family, has an architecture of its own at variance with the church, which thus loses its unity.

The most ancient church in Rome is generally believed to be that of *St. Clement*, in a street in the vicinity of *St. John Lateran*. It has some columns of granite in the front,

behind a small but handsome court, with an arcade of granite and bad Ionic capitals. As at *St. Lorenzo*, so here, a place raised in the body of the church serves for two pulpits, connected by means of a circular gallery. Hence you ascend several steps to the choir, which is in a deep recess, ending in the segment of a circle, the concave of which is embellished with old Mosaic. The high altar is supported by four columns of porphyry: the pavement of the church is entirely of Saracenic Mosaic. The tomb of *Cardinal Roverella* is an ancient sarcophagus of white marble. A painting in the Chapel used to serve Raphael as a study, but it was defaced by the French in their endeavours to take it away in 1799. The rich gilt ceiling of this Church had been bought by some Jews, and they had already begun to take it down; but a French officer happily entering drove them away with his sword.

*St. Peter's.* This magnificent church, which afforded the model of St. Paul's at London, certainly is not so imposing in its aspect, or so elegant; neither does it appear so large, though actually much larger. The open space before it, with its grand elliptical colonnade, together with the immense buildings of the Vatican, overhanging, reduce the appearance of its magnitude; the front is also so lofty that much of the cupola, and even of the towers in front, are hidden on approaching the church. The building being also destitute of any grand, bold, or imposing cornice or ba-

lustrade, on the top of its walls, it has rather an unfinished appearance. It owes much of its beauty to the fine white stone of which it is constructed, being untarnished by age, and uncontaminated with smoke.

An open arcade extends along its front, supporting a balcony, whence the Popes bestow their benediction on the people, who assemble several times in the course of the year for that purpose. At each end of the arcade are colossal equestrian statues of Constantine and Charlemagne. A door on the right hand is only opened at the commencement of a Jubilee, when, on the Pope's knocking before it, by an ingenious piece of mechanism, it falls from its portal. In the centre of the colonnade stands a large Egyptian obelisk, and on each side a magnificent fountain. Pope Nicolas I began this church about the year 1450; it was continued under the reign of eighteen other Popes, and completed in the course of an hundred and thirty-five years. Its comparative size with St. Paul's, is as follows: height of St. Peter's to the top of the cross, four hundred and thirty-seven feet and a half; that of St. Paul's three hundred and forty;—length of St. Peter's, seven hundred and twenty-nine feet; that of St. Paul's five hundred; — greatest breadth of St. Peter's, three hundred and sixty-four feet; that of St. Paul's, one hundred and eighty. To point out to strangers the difference in the size, that of St. Paul's in London, and St. Sophia at Constantinople, are traced on the pavement

of the interior. It is not possible within our limits to convey an adequate idea of the magnificence of the interior, which is entirely composed of various marbles, and the whole is in such excellent proportion, that the immensity of its space and the magnitude of its ornaments are not evident at first sight, and at last its superiority is only perceived by comparing its figure, and the proportions of its respective parts with those of St. Paul's. The roofs and ceilings are superbly ornamented with gilt stucco: the church is embellished with magnificent monuments, grand mosaic pictures, with paintings in oil and in fresco; but to enter into a detail of their merits and beauties, would fill a volume. The fine Alto Relievo in bronze, at the further extremity, will be particularly admired; and the stranger will have an opportunity of discovering the falsity of the report respecting the celebrated colossal statue of St. Peter, which represents the foot as kissed entirely away by the devout. He will find that it is only the *sandal*, about half an inch thick, and a part of the great toe, that has been thus worn away. The rest, however, will probably disappear in time, as the ceremony still continues. St. Peter's stands in a corner of the city, almost alone.

On the eve of St. Peter's day, this immense church is illuminated with paper lanthorns from the bottom to the top of the cross. At nine in the evening it is re-illuminated by fewer, but infinitely more brilliant blazes of

fire, confined in iron cages, which in a manner extinguish the lanthorns, and exhibit the most splendid sight imaginable; and such is the rapidity with which the new light is communicated from the bottom of the church to the top of the cross, that it is done while the clock strikes the hour of nine.

On entering St. Peter's, after a general view, the first object that attracts attention is the immense *Baldaquin*, canopy, or pavilion, supported on four spiral columns of bronze, one hundred and twenty-two feet high. This covers the altar and the confession, or the tomb of St. Peter, and is immediately under the centre of the great cupola, covered entirely with mosaic work. Beyond this the church terminates with the great tribune, containing the chair of St. Peter enclosed in gilt bronze, and supported by the four doctors of the church. The Mausoleum of Urban on one side, is by Urbini; on the other is that of Paul III. There is a good deal of modern sculpture in this church; the bronze statue of St. Peter sitting, and which attracts all the notice of the faithful, is said to have been originally formed out of that of *Jupiter Capitolinus*.

*The Sacre Grotte.* Beneath this church are the remains of the ancient edifice, built by Constantine, distinguished by this name, consisting of several long winding galleries, branching out in various directions under the new one. These recesses are lined with the urns of Emperors and Pontifs, and are almost

paved with the bones of Saints and Martyrs.

Of the solemnity of the service at St. Peter's, particularly on public days, it is extremely difficult for a stranger to form a competent idea. The various ceremonies have been admirably described by Mr. Eustace, in his *Classical Tour*, vol. i. pp. 363—379, 4to. to which we beg to refer our readers.

*The Church of St. John Lateran.* This edifice is renowned for its antiquity as well as the beauty of its embellishments. It derives its name from the circumstance of its standing on the side of the Palace of *Plautus Laterans*, who was at the head of the conspiracy against Nero, and from being afterwards dedicated to St. John the Baptist and St. John the Evangelist. This church passes for the grandest in Rome next to St. Peter's, and is that of the see of the Sovereign Pontiff, who takes formal possession of it when enthroned, on becoming Pope.

The interior is particularly grand and noble, and not, as is too frequently the case, overloaded with ornament. On each side of the nave, are six colossal statues in marble, about fifteen feet high, representing the Apostles. Above each, on a square tablet of marble is sculptured in relief, some particular transaction of the Apostle underneath. Over these tablets are twelve fine oval paintings of the Prophets. The statue of St. Bartholomew is a remarkably fine one; he is represented holding his own skin in his hand. The ceiling is not crowded with painting and gilding,



but is divided into compartments, in each of which are represented appropriate religious emblems and devices. There are several fine tombs and monuments of several Popes in this church; especially one of Martin, in the centre. Behind the great altar is a fine figure of our Saviour on the cross. Clement V added the present façade, so deservedly admired. The obelisk, which stands in the place of St. John Lateran, is the largest specimen of Egyptian art in Rome. It is of red granite, ornamented with hieroglyphics: its height one hundred fifteen feet and a half without the base or pedestal, and nine feet wide at the bottom.

*The Corsini Chapel*, on the left of the entrance of this church, is one of the most elegant for its proportions and the disposition of the marbles in the interior. The beautiful sarcophagus of porphyry, under the statue of Clement XI, being found in the Pantheon, is supposed to have contained the ashes of Agrippina. Before one of the side altars are some antique fluted pillars of gilt bronze, the capitals modern and well executed. The organ is the largest in Rome, was built in 1549, and has thirty-six stops and pedals. In the cloister is the tomb of Helena, mother of Constantine, of porphyry, with bas-reliefs; here are also two seats of *marmo rosso*, which were used in the baths.

Near this church is the Baptistery of Constantine, of an octagon form. On the outside are too large porphyry columns; the inside is

a kind of dome, with two ranges of pillars, one above another; the lower range consists of eight pillars of porphyry, with Corinthian, Ionic, and Doric capitals. The ceiling is painted with the history of St. John; the font in the middle is of porphyry. At a little distance is a circular niche, called the Triclinium of St. Leo III, about thirty feet high, standing alone.

The *Scala Santa*, or sacred staircase, behind the Triclinium, is opposite this church; it consists of twenty-eight marble steps, said to have been brought from Pilate's Palace at Jerusalem. Devotees only are permitted to ascend this staircase, upon their knees. The carriages of penitents of the highest quality are sometimes seen waiting their return from this act of devotion.

*S. Paolo fuori le Mure*, if not built by Constantine, is certainly as old as Theodosius. There are two aisles on each side of the nave; the roof is of timber, the beams of an immense length, and connected with iron cramps. This church is a mass of deformity, resembling a large barn; but it merits the attention of the curious on account of the ancient columns and mosaics in the interior. The pavement also is a profusion of precious marbles and inscriptions. The three gates of this church are of brass, cast at Constantinople in the year 1070. The convent attached to this church belongs to the Benedictines.

*S. Lorenzo fuori le Mure* is very ancient,

with an open portico, and four spiral columns. Three narrow aisles in the interior are supported by eleven columns on each side. The pavement is in mosaic, and there are two pulpits of white marble, intermixed with porphyry, serpentine, and mosaic, coeval with the church, which is a model of the primitive form. There are two ancient sarcophagi of marble, one embellished with grapes, the other with marriage ceremonies in bas-relief.

*S. Bartolomeo*, on the island of the Tiber, was built on the ruins of a temple dedicated to *Æsculapius*, or where his statue was found, which was afterwards placed in the Farnese gardens. Under the high altar of this church is an ancient sarcophagus of porphyry, and four columns of the same composition. The rest of the columns are also antique.

*S. Cecilia in Transtevere*. This church is rich in agates and marbles. About the high altar there are four columns of *nero e bianco antico*. Here was the Virgin Mary in a small oval, painted by *Annibale Caracci*. The elegant recumbent statue of *S. Cecilia* is by *Stefano Maderni*.

*S. Crisogno in Transtevere* has twenty-two granite columns of different sizes, taken from the *Naumachia* of Augustus and the baths of Severus; two very large columns of porphyry, and four of oriental alabaster. *Guercino* painted the ascension of *S. Crisogno* in the middle of the ceiling.

*S. Giovanni Battista di Fiorentina*. This church terminates the *Strada Giulia*. The

elegant front is by *Galileo*, and is supported with two orders of Corinthian three-quarter columns, all of Tivertine stone. The doors have very chaste *entablatures*; the interior is ancient, but has been repaired.

*S. Gregorio Magno*, on *Monte Celio*, is remarkable for a view which may be taken from it of almost all the principal ruins and antiquities. The church is built on the foundation of a Patrician house, and retains the form of it. The titular Saint here is painted by John Parker, an Englishman.

*S. Prassede* is an ancient church, in which are four antique columns of white marble, fluted. Before the principal altar is a *ciborio*, supported by four columns of porphyry, connected with pilasters of yellow marble. In one of the chapels here is a column brought from the Holy Land, by one of the Colonna family in the year 1223. There are also some curious pillars of black and white granite, of serpentine, *nero-antico*, and oriental alabaster; but the pillar of jasper, brought from the Holy Land, is said to have been that at which our Saviour suffered flagellation.

*S. Sabina*, on the summit of the Aventine hill, was built about the fourth century, on the ruins of the temple of Juno, twenty-four fluted columns of which remain, and support the roof. In the upper part of this church there is much *verde-antico*, porphyry, and serpentine; and the inside of the arches is well secured by small cramps of iron, covered with small pieces of white marble. Two large co-

lums of black Egyptian granite are to be seen on the outside of the church, with four spiral columns, &c. This church and the neighbouring priory of Malta, are well situated to afford a good view of Rome in its whole extent.

*Santa Maria Egiziaca*, once supposed to have been the temple of *Fortuna Virilis*, is one of the few remains of the era of the Roman Republic; it is highly curious from its great antiquity, and is supposed to have been built by Servius Tullius. The whole edifice is of the Ionic order, and its shape and symmetry have been much admired. It was not converted into a church till the ninth century, when a wall between the vestibule and the body of the building was removed to give light to the interior, windows being built between the pillars of the portico and the half columns on one of the sides. Masses are said here in the *Coptic* language, for the benefit of the oriental visitors or inhabitants of Rome. This church is famous for the duration of its stucco, which upon the cornice was lately very perfect.

*S. Maria Maggiore* is situated on the extreme summit of the Esquiline hill, in the centre of two great squares, which forms a vista to two streets, nearly two miles in length. Its site is indeed, the most noble that imagination can form. It was erected in the time of Pope Liberius, and was the first church dedicated to the Virgin, about the year 350. It is thought by some to be one of the noblest

churches in the world. Two fronts, with their porticos, appear in the two squares before mentioned, of modern architecture and different decorations: the principal of these consists of a double colonnade, the lower Ionic, the upper Corinthian. In the front of this church, upon a lofty pedestal, a Corinthian pillar supports a brazen image of the Virgin. The other side presents a bold semi-circular front, crowned with two domes, with an Egyptian obelisk before it, consisting of a single piece of granite, sixty feet high, terminating in a cross of bronze. These, upon the whole, give the exterior of this church an air of grandeur; nor is the interior, divided into three great naves, with about forty columns of white marble and granite, by any means unworthy of this external magnificence. It is thought to be the only church, excepting St. Peter's, which has a baldaquin in the place of a high altar. Its roof was gilt with the first gold brought from the new world, after its discovery by Columbus.

*Santo Croce in Gierusalemme.* This is another patriarchal church, erected by *Constantine*, on the ruins of a temple of *Venus*, destroyed by his order. It is most remarkable for its antique form and the eight superb columns which support its nave. Its form is modern; but the lonely situation of this edifice, amid groves, gardens, and vineyards, and a number of mouldering monuments and ruined arches, give it a solemp and affecting appearance.



*S. Sebastiano.* About a mile and a half on the Appian way, contains a recumbent statue of St. Sebastian, supposed to be just shot to death; executed by *Giorgetti*, the master of *Bernini*; here is an entrance into the catacombs from one of the chapels of this church; they should never be visited in summer, and even during winter, persons whose health is delicate should not venture down.

*St. Peter in Vinculis.* This church is remarkable for the twenty antique Doric columns which decorate its nave. They are of a whitish marble, fluted in the ancient manner, the grooves running close together.—Here is the monument of pope Julius II, designed by Michael Angelo, and decorated with that marble statue of Moses, by some deemed the masterpiece of modern sculpture; in a sitting posture, but little elevated above the ground; he rests one hand on the tables of the law, while he addresses himself in majestic displeasure to the people, whose absurdity seems to move at once his anger and astonishment.

*S. Carlo, in the Corso,* is remarkable for its pavement, consisting of large monumental stones, inlaid with various fine marbles, resembling coats of arms, palm branches, skeletons, cherubs, and other ornaments in their proper colours. Some other churches are paved in the same manner, but not in such perfection. In all these, the antique yellow is very useful; not only because its colour is often wanted, but on account of its being red

in the fire, by which the minutest particles being partially heated, acquire any shade from yellow to deep red, with a regular gradation of tints.

*Santa Maria in Vallicella, or Chiesa Nuova*, is worthy of notice for its architecture, its rich decorations, its votive offerings, and its rich chapel, containing the body of St. Philip Neri, and a fine cupola, painted by *Pietro da Cortona*.

*The Church of the Trinity (or the Trinita di Monte)*. This handsome edifice, having an obelisk before it, overlooks the *Piazza di Spagna*, which is lost in the confusion of so many houses in the lower part of the city. There are few objects better known than this church, and its neighbourhood, mostly inhabited by foreigners. It commands a fine view of the rest of the city; and the gardens of the *Villa Medici* add much to its attractions. There is a flight of steps from the *Piazza di Spagna* up to the church. The French made a barrack of this handsome building, destroyed its ornaments, and almost stripped it completely, the Egyptian obelisk, forty-four feet high, in the front of this church, was raised by Pius VI, in 1789. It once stood in the magnificent gardens of Sallust.

*St. Agnes, in the Piazza Navona*, is one of the churches most ornamented in Rome, particularly with modern sculpture, among which, the most remarkable is a bas-relief of St. Agnes naked, excepting the covering of her hair, by Algardi. This church is situated in the

*Souterraines*, which are said to have been the *Lupanaria*, whither St. Agnes was dragged for the purpose of violation, if her chastity had not been miraculously preserved.

The church of *S. Costanza* is commonly supposed to have been a temple of Bacchus, because the sarcophagus has carved work upon it, representing children playing with bunches of grapes, and other allusions to Bacchus in the Mosaics. The sarcophagus here is the largest in Rome, being seven feet long, five feet broad, and three feet ten inches high.

*S. Maria degli Angeli*, formerly part of Dioclesian's baths, is a noble oblong building; the roof of the interior supported by very fine granite columns of great magnitude.

*S. Bartolomeo* near it, is a most beautiful rotunda, and was also once part of the same baths as the former. The church or chapel of the Jesuits' Convent, not far from the two last, in the *Via della Quattro Fontane*, ought also to be visited.

The *Minerva*, near the Pantheon, also deserves notice.

#### THE CATACOMBS.

These underground cavities turn, wind, and cross one another, like the streets of a city. Each vault is commonly about fifteen or eighteen feet wide, and the height of the interior arch from twelve to fifteen feet: the niches for the bodies are about two feet and a half wide. Various conjectures have been formed as to the original cause of these singular ex-

cavations, whatever their first use may have been, they have since served as receptacles for the persecuted primitive Christians ; as a refuge for the Jews, who appear to have had one synagogue in them at least ; and lastly, as a repository for the dead. The number of them is very great, as more than thirty are known and distinguished by particular appellations, such as *Cœmetrium Calixti*, *Lucinæ Felicis et Audacti*, etc. In several, the halls or open spaces are painted. Daniel in the lions' den, Jonas emerging from the jaws of the whale, and the Good Shepherd bearing a lamb on his shoulders, seem to have been the favourite subjects. Some of these decorations are interesting, and give a picture of the manners of the times, while others exhibit an affecting representation of the sufferings of the Christians. Winter is represented by a youth holding some sticks in his right hand and extending it towards a vase, with a flame rising from it ; in his left, he bears a flaming torch ; a withered tree is in the back ground. Spring is signified by a boy on one knee, as if he had just taken up a lamb, which he supports with one hand ; in the other he holds a lily : the scene is a garden laid out in regular walks, near which stands a tree in full foliage. Summer appears as a man in a tunic, with a round hat on his head, in the act of reaping. Autumn is a youth applying a ladder to a tree, encircled with a luxuriant vine.

All these compartments are divided by arabesques and garlands. The three children in

the fiery furnace occur very often. Besides these representations, there are many detached figures, all alluding to religious and Christian feelings, such as anchors, palms, vases exhaling incense, ships, and portraits of different apostles.

The relics found in these subterraneous caverns used to be carefully collected by the Apostolic Chamber, in order to be given to ambassadors on their departure from Rome. They are accordingly put into cases of cedar, and covered with cloth of gold. These relics were thus made to serve instead of articles of more value, as diamonds, gold, etc. Wherefore every thing taken out of the catacombs becomes immediately *papalis juris*, and has a *pro Padre* affixed to it, into whose hands soever it may fall. Still it is very hazardous to attempt to explore these dreary depositaries of death, this peculiar dominion of the "King of Terrors," on account of the danger of their falling in, or the extinction of the lights for want of air. In fact, M. Dupaty speaks of a case sufficient to petrify the soul of any one. There were formerly several outlets from these catacombs, particularly towards the Villa Medici, but they have all been stopped up.

*The Tomb of Cecilia Metella*, near the catacombs, is a magnificent ruin. It is a circular edifice of considerable height and great thickness. This mausoleum is now called *Capo di Bove*, from the ox skulls carved on the frieze.

## PALACES.

The lofty ideas which a mere stranger entertains of these edifices at Rome, will bear considerable lowering, to bring them down to the standard of common sense, however the panegyrists of every thing ancient or distant may labour to give them importance. In some parts of Italy, any house to which there is an entrance by a gateway is called *palazzo*, a palace. Ourselves, and most of our neighbours in the north of Europe, never apply the term palace but to the dwelling of a sovereign, or to the residence of the most elevated of the dignified clergy. In Italy and at Rome, the term seems to belong to almost every dwelling not inhabited by artists, mechanists, etc. *Streets of palaces* at other places are perhaps little superior to our streets of gentlemen's houses; and according to the accounts of all writers, French and English, not half so clean.

That many, even most of the Roman palaces, are really magnificent, cannot for a moment be called in question. However, the present magnificence of these palaces is mostly confined to the architecture, and their external appearance, independent of modern appendages. Even the entrances to these noble edifices are but too often disgustingly filthy; and they are not unfrequently degraded by the hanging of wet clothes to dry in some of the fine courts or quadrangles, or upon lines attached from pillar to pillar. In



the Roman palaces, the magnificence, as well as the comfort of the interior, is generally confined to the state-rooms. The lower apartments are consequently deserted, or left to the occupation of servants; and, after all, when the best apartments are seen, particularly in winter, an Englishman, or an inhabitant of the north of Europe, will perceive such an absence of almost every thing which he has been in the habit of calling comfortable, that he will be by no means disposed to envy the Italian his brick or marble floors, his large and lofty fire-places, or any other mode of admitting the cooling breeze, to qualify the fervid rays of an Italian sun. Besides, in the Roman palaces, it is only the upper, the third, or fourth stories, that are best furnished; hence impressions are received on entering them, which are not easily got rid of. And since the French invasion, it is well known that several of the palaces being stripped, became the habitations of reduced families, or a few half-starved servants, till the buildings could scarcely be preserved from falling into ruin. To describe the whole would be unnecessary; a few of the most celebrated will answer for the rest.

*The Vatican.*—This edifice, which joins St. Peter's church, is rather an assemblage of palaces, than one only, though irregular in form and style. It is three stories high, and contains an infinity of great halls and saloons, rooms, chapels, galleries, corridors, etc. There are nearly twenty courts or vestibules; eight

grand staircases, and nearly two hundred of an inferior description. The Vatican is the residence of the pope during the winter and spring. The extent of the Vatican covers, at least, a space of twelve hundred feet, and a thousand feet in breadth. The grand entrance is from the portico of St. Peter's by the *Scala Regia*, probably the most superb staircase in the world, consisting of four flights of marble steps, adorned with a double row of marble Ionic pillars. This staircase rises from the equestrian statue of Constantine; and whether seen thence, or viewed from the gallery leading on the same side to the colonnade, forms a perspective of singular beauty and grandeur. The *Scala Regia* are the stairs by which we ascend to the *Sala Regia*, which has openings into other considerable rooms. Here the painter and pope Gregory XIII are equally disgraced by the Massacre of the Protestants of St. Bartholomew, which is among the paintings here. The persecutor or the bigot may be pleased with productions of this nature; the liberal and humane will pass them with a sigh. In one of these, the Protestant Admiral Coligny is represented murdered in his own house, with his son-in-law, and others.

The *Capella Paulina*, so named from pope Paul III, has a grand altar, which has a tabernacle of crystal. The paintings on the walls here are mostly by Michael Angelo; the ceiling by Federigo Zuccheri. Most of

these are spoiled by the numerous lights attending the prayers of forty hours.

The chapel of Pope Sixtus, connected with the palace of the Vatican, in which the cardinals used to hold their conclaves, is adorned with several of the performances of Michael Angelo. His celebrated picture of the Last Judgment is here; and he likewise painted the ceiling. The library of the Vatican is in the form of a T. and is open to the visits of every person properly recommended, whether natives or strangers; the middle part is a noble hall supported by double arches, the lofty pedestals of which form the book-cases. The chamber is beautifully painted. At the extremity of this hall, long galleries branch out on either side: these contain interesting objects and also numerous cabinets filled with a profusion of curiosities, antiquities, coins, etc. Among them is a complete Roman chariot, the body made of leather; it is not higher than a garden chair, and is in fine preservation. It was found in Herculaneum. The scalp of a Roman lady, the hair in small plaits, and completely dressed, resembling the English fashion a few years since. Many specimens of Roman armour, surgical and other instruments, lamps, domestic and cooking utensils, etc. Most of the articles are labelled with the name of the donor.

The Vatican is now the peaceful theatre of some of the most majestic ceremonies of the pontifical court; it is the repository of

the records of ancient science; the temple of the arts of Greece and Rome. Under these three heads it commands the attention of every traveller of curiosity, taste and information. The exterior does not present any grand display of architectural magnificence nor even of uniformity and symmetrical arrangement, having been erected by different architects, at different eras and for very different purposes. It was begun about the end of the fifth or beginning of the sixth century, and was rebuilt, increased, repaired, and altered by various pontifs, from that period down to the latter years of the reign of the late Pope Pius VI. All the great architects whom Rome has produced were employed, in their days, in some part or other of this grand edifice. Galleries and porticos sweep around and through it in all directions, and open an easy access to every quarter. Its halls and saloons are all on a great scale, and by their multitude and loftiness alone give an idea of magnificence truly Roman. The walls are neither wainscotted nor hung with tapestry: they are adorned or rather animated by the genius of Raffaello and M. Angelo. The furniture is plain and ought to be so: finery would be misplaced in the Vatican, and would sink into insignificance in the midst of the great, the vast, the sublime, which are the predominating features or rather the very genii of the place.

Opposite the *Capella Sistina* or chapel of Pope Sixtus V, above mentioned, folding doors

open into the *Sala Ducale*, remarkable only for its size and simplicity. Hence we pass to the *Loggie di Raffaello*, a series of open galleries, so called because painted by that great master or his scholars. The plan, the arrangement, and the ornaments of these celebrated pieces are, in general, great and beautiful; the fancy and expression often rise to the grand and even to the sublime. From one of these galleries a door opens into the *Camere di Raffaello*, a range of halls totally unfurnished and uninhabited; the walls of which being covered with figures from the floor, are thus consecrated as a temple to the genius of painting and to the spirit of Raffaello. The traveller, while occupied in examining the transcendent beauties of the grand compositions in these halls, is apt to pass over unnoticed the minor ornaments that cover the vaults and fill up the intervals between the greater pieces and the floor or arch. Yet many of these, and particularly the bas-reliefs and medallions of the three first apartments by Caravaggio, representing rural scenes and historical subjects, are of exquisite beauty, and claim alike the attention of the artist and of the spectator. To conclude, the *Camere di Raffaello*, like all works of superior excellence, display their beauties gradually and improve on examination, in proportion to the frequency of visits and the minuteness of inspection.

After having traversed the court of Saint Damasus and its adjoining halls and chapels,

which may be considered as the state-apartments of the Vatican, the traveller passes to that part called the *Belvedere* from its elevation and prospect; and proceeding along an immeasurable gallery, comes to an iron door on the left that opens into the *Library of the Vatican*. A large apartment for the two keepers, the secretaries, or rather for the seven interpreters who can speak the principal languages of Europe and who attend for the convenience of learned foreigners; a double gallery 220 feet, opening into another 800 feet long, with various rooms, cabinets, and apartments annexed form the receptacle of this noble collection. These galleries and apartments are all vaulted and painted with different effect, by painters of different eras and talents. All the paintings have some reference to literature sacred or profane, and take in a vast scope of history and mythology. The books are kept in cases, so that the stranger seeks in vain for that pompous display of volumes which he may have seen and admired in other libraries. Their number has never been accurately stated, some confine it to 200,000, others raise it to 400,000 and many swell it to a million. The mean is probably the most accurate. Indeed the great superiority of this famous library arises not from the quantity of printed books, but the multitude of its MSS. which are said to amount to 50,000; and some of which are of the highest antiquity.

The galleries of the library open into va-



rious apartments filled with antiques, medals, cameos, etc. The grand gallery that leads to the library terminates in the *Museum Pio-Clementinum*. Clement XIV has the merit of having first conceived the idea of this museum, and had begun to put it in execution. Pius VI continued it on a much larger scale and gave it its present extent and magnificence. It consists of several apartments, galleries, halls, and temples, some lined with marble, others paved with ancient mosaics, and all filled with statues, vases, candelabras, tombs, and altars. The size and proportion of these apartments, their rich materials and furniture, the well managed light poured in upon them, and the multiplicity of admirable articles collected in them and disposed in the most striking and judicious arrangement, fill the mind of the spectator with astonishment and delight, and form the most magnificent and grand combination that perhaps has been ever beheld or can almost be imagined. Among the other masterpieces of art are the Apollo, the Laocoon, the Antinoüs, and the Torso. Such is the celebrated *Museum Pio-Clementinum*, which, in the extent, multiplicity and beautiful disposition of its apartments, far surpasses every other edifice of the kind.

In this account of the Vatican, we have purposely avoided details, as a full description of this celebrated palace would form a separate volume; and have, therefore, confined our observations to a few of the princi-

pal and most prominent features, merely sufficient to awaken the curiosity and guide the attention of the traveller.

Close adjoining the Church of St. John de Lateran, is the palace of that name. This is another of the Pope's residences, but is at present very seldom occupied by him, excepting when he comes to assist in any acts of devotion at the adjacent church. The palace belonged to the *Laterani*, one of the most ancient families in Rome: but conspiring against *Nero*, this building remained in the hands of the Emperors till Constantine, going to Constantinople, gave the Lateran palace to Pope Sylvester. The style of the architecture is rather simple, but possessing three immense fronts; these, together with its lofty situation, gives it an air of magnificence. It however requires one wing to complete its uniformity; a spacious piece of unenclosed ground, which surrounds it, is in a disgraceful state of neglect, even close up to the very walls of the palace.

The *Quirinal* is another of the Pope's palaces, upon *Monte Cavallo*, which seems to have been chosen on account of its elevation. This residence secures their Holinesses against the insalubrious *miasmata*, which infest the Vatican during the summer months. Its exterior presents two long fronts. The portico towards *La Strada Pia* is certainly magnificent. The entrance upon the *Piazza di Cavallo*, is at the extremity of the mass of the building. It is enclosed within two Ionic co-

lums of marble, above which is a tribune, from whence the Pope sometimes delivers his benediction on the people. The portico, formed of pillars, ornamented with pilasters, runs along the whole extent of a large oblong court, the bottom of which presents a façade, forming double arches with decorations of the Ionic order; and this is the principal entrance. Above, under the square lanthorn which contains the clock, is a Madonna and child in Mosaic, from a picture by *Maratti*, which is preserved in the palace. Here is a very handsome winding staircase; and to the left are the apartments of the Pope. The chapel here is of the same form and size as the Sixtine chapel at the Vatican, with stalls for the Cardinals. In some of the chambers of this palace, there are private chapels in the form of a Greek cross, decorated with paintings in fresco, the altars excepted, which are done in oil. The garden is nearly a mile round; there are some statues with a grotto and a Cassino, called the Coffee-house.

#### THE CAPITOL.

The *Capitol*, or *Campidoglio*, is one of the finest edifices, and one of the most advantageously situated, in modern Rome. It rises majestically from the Capitoline Hill, once so crowded with temples, that it seemed to have been the residence of all the gods. None of its ancient works remain on the Capitol except a corner of the temple called Jupiter Tonans and some substructions behind the

Senator's palace. The modern architecture is unworthy of ground once so sacred and august. Instead of the Herculean and monumental majesty which he called forth on the Farnese palace, Michael Angelo raised on the Capitol two; if not three, Corinthian edifices, so open, so decorated, that abstract all their objects, and the result will be nothing above elegance; but he built for modern Rome; he built for a Mount which has sunk from its ancient form, and height, and sanctity, and domination. The best approach is from the *Via di Ara Cœli*; at the extremity of which two lofty flights of steps present themselves, nearly close together; and consisting each of about 1200 steps; the one to the left, inclines considerably in that direction, and leads to the church of Ara Cœli, supposed to occupy the spot on which once stood the temple of Jupiter of the Capitol, and is situated behind the left wing of the present palace of the Capitol. The other flight of stairs ascends in a straight direction facing the street. On each side at the bottom is a large figure of a lioness, which serve as fountains; but the fine effect of the whole is miserably disfigured by the quantities of linen constantly hanging to dry, and to which the statues on the steps, and trophies serve for line props. Ascending the flight of steps, at the top are statues of Castor and Pollux, each holding a horse; they were discovered in the time of Pius IV, in that part of Rome called the *Ghetti*, inhabited by the Jews. It is said, when Michael Angelo

first saw the horse, the principal figure, he could not help exclaiming, "*Recordati che sei vivo, e camina.*" Arrived at the summit of the stairs; a considerable area presents itself. The front facing, and the two sides, occupied by handsome ranges of buildings of two stories, which constitute the modern palace, and are said to form the designs of Angelo Buonarrotti. The wing to the left is the Museum; that to the right, the palace of the Conservators, in which there is a gallery of paintings. The main body is occupied as public offices and a prison, and is detached by a considerable open space from the two wings. In the centre of the area stands the superb equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius, in bronze. It is in the finest preservation. The ancient Capitol fronted the present buildings towards the arch of Severus, behind the main body of the present Capitol, and between it and the wing to the left, as you ascend the stairs. The foundations are still visible in that part opposite the Temple of Jupiter Capitolinus, and also on the other side towards the Temple of Concord, in a court belonging to Santa Maria della Consolazione. The hall of audience in the Capitol, till very lately, contained a portrait of Bonaparte. The colossal figure of *Roma Triumphans* here, it has been observed, is quite eclipsed by the inimitable beauty of a weeping province carved on its pedestal. The great wall of the *Peperino* is all that remains of the buildings erected here in the time of the Republic; the place still



retains its ancient name; but the objects about it are far from possessing any remain: of the former dignity of this celebrated spot. Turning to the right on ascending the stairs, at the end of a sort of short narrow passage, is a small door, that leads to a seminary, opposite which and above the *Palazzo Caffarelli*, is what used to be called the *Tarpeian rock*. The altitude at present appears to be formed by arches of masonry, or by excavations in the rock below, walled up. It is now not more than between forty and fifty feet high. Calculating by the ascertained changes, that have taken place in the elevation of the ground in the vicinity, allowing the top of the rock to have in proportion been lowered about twenty feet, and the bottom of it, as much choked up and raised with rubbish, its former height must have been under 90 feet.

From the tower of the Capitol, and seated under the shade of its pinnacle, we may enjoy an admirable view both of ancient and modern Rome. Behind us, the modern town lies extended over the *Campus Martius*, and spreading along the banks of the Tiber, forms a curve round the base of the Capitol. Before us, scattered in vast black shapeless masses over the seven hills and through the intervening vallies, rise the ruins of the ancient city. They stand desolate, amidst solitude and silence, with groves of funeral cypress waving over them—the awful monuments, not of individuals, but of generations—not of men, but of empires!



Immediately under our eyes, and at the foot of the Capitol, lies the *Forum*, lined with solitary columns and terminated at each end by a triumphal arch. Beyond, and just before us, is the *Palatine Mount*, encumbered with the substructions of the «Imperial Palace» and the Temple of Apollo; and farther on, the *Celian Mount*, with the temple of Faunus, on its summit. On the right is the *Aventine*, spotted with heaps of stone swelling amidst its lovely vineyards. To the left the *Esquiline* with its scattered tombs and tottering aqueducts; and in the same line, the *Viminal*, and the *Quirinal* which supports the once magnificent baths of Dioclesian. The baths of Antoninus, the Temple of Minerva, and many a venerable fabric, bearing on its shattered form the traces of destruction as well as the furrows of age, lies scattered up and down the vast field, while the superb temples of St. John Lateran, Santa Maria Maggiore, and Santa Croce, appear with their pointed obelisks, majestic but solitary monuments amidst the extensive waste of time and desolation. The ancient walls, a vast circumference, form a frame of venerable aspect well adapted to this picture of ruin, this cemetery of ages, this sepulchre of the Roman people.

Beyond the walls the eye ranges over the storied plain of *Latium*, now the deserted *Campagna*, and rests on the Alban Mount, which rises before us to the south and shelves downwards on the West towards Antium and the Tyrrhene sea, and on the east towards

the Latin vale. Here it presents *Tusculum* in white lines on its declivity, there it exhibits the long ridge that overhangs its lake, once the site of Alba Longa; and towering boldly in the centre with a hundred towns and villas on its sides, it terminates in a point once crowned with the triumphal temple of Jupiter Latialis. Turning eastward, we behold the *Tiburtine* hills with Tibur reclining on their side: and behind, still more to the east, the Sabine mountains enclosed by the Apennines; which, at the varying distance of from forty to sixty miles, sweep round to the east and north, forming an immense and bold boundary of snow. The *Montes Cimini*, and several smaller hills, diverging from the great parent ridge the *Pater Apenninus*, continue the chain till it nearly reaches the sea and forms a perfect theatre. *Mount Soracte*, thirty miles to the north, lifts his head an insulated and striking feature; while the Tiber, enriched by numberless rivers and streamlets, intersects the immense plain, and bathing the temples and palaces of Rome, rolls, like the Po, a current unexhausted even during the scorching heats of summer.

The tract now expanded before our sight was the country of the Etrurians, Vicentes, Rutuli, Falisci, Latins, Sabines, Volsci, Æqui and Hernici, and of course the scene of the wars and exertions, the victories and triumphs of infant Rome, during a period of nearly 400 years of her history. As the traveller looks towards the regions once inhabited by these

well known tribes, many an illustrious name and many a noble achievement must rise in his memory, reviving at the same time the recollection of early studies and boyish amusements, and blending the friendships of youth with the memorials of ancient greatness.

The Capitol is the palace of the Roman people, the seat of their power, and the residence of their magistrates. The statues and other antiques placed here by the Popes, are dedicated, in the names of the donors, to the Roman people, and the inscriptions in general run in the ancient style. The *Museum Capitolinum* contains, in several large rooms, a most splendid collection of busts, statues, sarcophagi, etc. bestowed by different Popes and various illustrious personages on this magnificent cabinet, which is devoted to the use of the Roman people, or rather to the literary and curious of all nations.

The *Palace of the Consulta*, situated a little to the right of *Monte Cavallo*, has three great gate entrances; the *corps-de-garde* of the light horse is on one side of the building; the other end is used for the cuirassiers. The principal apartments are inhabited by the Cardinal Secretary of Briefs, and by the Secretary of the *Consulta*; there are also other inferior officers of the establishment lodged in the palace. The *Consulta* is a most important congregation in the Ecclesiastical government; it was established by Sixtus V, to receive the complaints of people in the cities against their governors and officers, and also

those of the vassals of the Barons and Lords. The Consulta assemble on Wednesdays and Fridays.

The Palace of *Barberini*, built in the Pontificate of Urban VIII, with its gardens, occupies a considerable extent of ground, and stands on the spot where the first Capitol was built by *Numa Pompilius*, upon the extremity of the *Quirinal*. Nothing was wanting for the embellishment of the Palace of *Barberini* during the long extent of the power of Urban and his nephews. The entrance towards the *Strada Felice* was the work of Bernini; and the fine paintings in fresco by Sacchi and Pietro de Cortone, were long admired, particularly one of the latter, whose flattering pencil in the apotheosis of Urban exhibited a poetic composition, with the master-strokes of genius and judgment. Here also was the beautiful sleeping fawn, a Grecian statue: the group of *Atalante* and *Meleager*, and several bronzes and ancient Mosaics, found in the Temple of Fortune. Here is a noble library, open on certain days every week to the public. An ancient painting representing the Goddess Rome, found under ground in April 1655, was lately one of the finest ornaments of the Palace *Barberini*. In the freshness of its colouring, it in a great measure exceeded several of the frescos of Raffaele, in the Vatican, and which were known to have decayed in less than three centuries. It is not certain whether the Goddess Rome was done in distemper, in fresco, or

with colours burnt in. Its size is eight palms and a half Roman, or about five feet nine inches common measure.

This painting represents the Goddess Rome sitting on a throne of gold, with a Roman casque on her head, shaded with two wings of an eagle. She is clothed in a white tunic, with short sleeves, differing from that worn by men, which reach to the feet. This tunic is almost entirely concealed by the *toga* of gold, decorated with a large purple border. To the right shoulder the purple *chlamys* or *pallidamentum*, the usual costume of Roman generals, is added. In her right hand she sustains a small statue of Victory carrying a globe, and a *vexillum*, or standard. In her left hand she holds a sceptre; beneath this is a shield. Two small Victories are represented sitting upon her shoulders, as if intended to secure the *chlamys*. Two other figures decorate the throne. The expression of the Goddess is grand and imposing.

But whatever pleasure or amusement we may derive from viewing this magnificent and elegant palace, we are strongly induced to form a wish that it had never existed, and to execrate the memory of its builders, when we reflect, that to obtain the materials of which it is constructed, a great part of that noble building the *Flavian Amphitheatre* (Coliseum) was laid in ruins, and mutilated, when it is most probable that it would otherwise have remained until this day entire. A spacious piece of ground that environs it,

as usual, exhibits the most slovenly neglect, when it might so easily be rendered conducive to the beauty of the edifice, especially in this mild climate, so highly favourable to improvements of that nature.

The *Palace of Venice*, crowned with battlements like an ancient castle, is distinguishable from every other by its Gothic architecture. The architect was *Giuliano di Magliano*; and this edifice, as well as the church of *St. Mark*, very near it, was given to the republic by the reigning Pope, as a gratuity for their acknowledgement of the Council of Trent, after a very warm contest. Before the Palace of *Monte Cavallo* was built, that of *Venice* used frequently to be the summer residence of the Popes. Here Charles VIII. of France resided in 1494, when he went to conquer the kingdom of Naples. This palace is enormously large, and is more like a prison than the residence of a prince or his representative.

The Palace of *Alfieri* is one of the largest and most beautiful in Rome. One of its courts is encircled with a portico. Some curious books and very rare manuscripts used to be seen here.

*Braschi* is a palace which no traveller should neglect visiting, though one of the most modern date; as there is a staircase here superior to every thing of the kind, for its grandeur and magnificence. The pilasters and columns of red granite, and the beautifully variegated marbles in this palace, are really enchanting,



though the interior is by no means in a completely finished state.

The *Palace of Medici* is situated on the spot formerly occupied by the Temple of the Sun. A part of this vast building towards the left is said to be peopled with a colony of white rabbits, to which the oaks, which form a thick shade, afford their acorns for food. All the busts, bas-reliefs, etc. that once formed the principal ornaments of this palace were removed into Tuscany by the Austrian family, which succeeded that of Medici. These originals have been replaced by models in plaister, for the use of the artists here, who have an exhibition once in every two years.

The *Farnese Palace*, partly built by Michael Angélo, is the most superb in Rome, and of immense extent. In the court are three orders, Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian. In the apartments are some good statues and busts; but the greatest ornament was the gallery painted in fresco by *Annibale Caracci*. In the *Farnesina*, or little Farnese Palace, Raffaele and his scholars painted in fresco the story of Psyche, with the assembly and banquet of the Gods. The Farnese Palace besides enjoys a charming view of the Tiber and the Janiculum.

The *Palace Corsini* is situated at *Longara*, opposite the Farnese Palace: it was built under the Pontificate of Clement XII and is celebrated in history as having been the residence of Christina, Queen of Sweden. The gardens of this palace ascend up to the sum-

mit of the *Janiculum*, where, from a *Casino*, the most beautiful perspective may be enjoyed.

The *Palace Doria* is one in which the distribution of the apartments is more in the manner of the French and English; the furniture is of more recent date, and of more fashionable taste than the others. In fact, the interior is more comformable to the exterior, than the rest.

Among other palaces meriting attention, the Chancery may be cited, the principal front being in the place *Fiori*. As a *tout-ensemble* it is without doubt one of the most noble; it was finished under Cardinal Riario, nephew of Sixtus IV, from the designs of *Bramante*. Many of the stones were brought from the *Coliseum*, and much of the marble from the arch of Gordian. The court is decorated with a double portico of two different orders, placed one upon the other, and forty-four columns of granite. The pictures are by *Vasari Salviati*, and other great artists. This vast palace is at present a prison, and criminal causes are tried here.

*Monte Citorio*, or *Curia Innocenziana*, is upon the summit of this eminence. This grand edifice contains more than an hundred windows, and a handsome court in the interior, at the bottom of which a fountain plays into a basin of oriental granite, found in the ruins of the ancient port. The apartments level with the ground are occupied as lottery

offices; formerly they were those of the Auditor of the Apostolic Chamber. The upper chambers are appropriated to other offices, civil and ecclesiastical. A banner, or stage is erected in this square once a month, from whence the goods of fortune are distributed by the way of a lottery, by a boy who draws the tickets and pronounces them blank or prize.

The *Palace of Borghese*, near *La Ripetta* and *La Porta Pinciana*, was the work of Bramante, at the expense of Cardinal *Scipio Borghese*. The additions to it have rendered it an immense building, and its ample court is enclosed within a double row of arcades, supported by an hundred Ionic columns of granite; crowned with a gallery.

The *Palace of Aldobrandini* is less celebrated for its architecture than for the ancient painting in fresco, known to artists under the name of the *Nozze Aldobrandine*. This painting, found in the gardens of Mæcenæ upon Mount Esquiline; in the Pontificate of Clement VIII, has lost much of the vivacity of its original colouring; but the beauty of the design is imperishable. As perspective is wanting in this precious *morceau*, it is thought this Aldobrandine marriage is the most ancient piece in Rome, and really the production of a Grecian pencil. The *Nozze*, or marriage, Winkelmann takes to be that of *Peleus* and *Thetis*. This curious piece of antiquity was for a long time kept in a *Casino* in the

garden; and this palace also contained two portraits of the execrable *Donna Olimpia Maldichina*, mistress of Pope Innocent X.

The Palace *Giustiniani*, situated near the baths of Nero, is a vast building, with a suite of melancholy, though well proportioned rooms.

The *Spada* Palace, near the Piazza Farnese, has ever been remarkable for its antique colossal statue of Pompey; that near which, it is supposed by antiquarians, Cæsar was stabbed in the Senate House by Brutus.

*Colonna*.—One of the particulars attending this palace, is, that its halls once contained the pictures of two Popes, nineteen Cardinals, and fifty-four Generals of armies, all descended from the noble and ancient house of that name, besides a great number of busts, and original pictures of various descriptions. The exterior of this palace has nothing peculiarly striking about it; but the interior possesses a most magnificent staircase.

The Palace *Ruspoli* has nothing so conspicuous within its walls as its curious staircase of marble, composed of four different flights of steps, very long, and of a considerable breadth. The antique statues, which serve as embellishments to this grand staircase, do not possess any peculiar distinctions as to execution or design.

The Palace *Orsini* is a noble building, though its style of architecture is not of the first order. It has twenty-two windows in

front, and a fine suite of rooms. Part of its large gardens extend to the Janiculum, and command one of the finest views of Rome. The theatre of Marcellus formed the site of this palace, on whose foundation, vaults, and collected ruins, it rises on a lofty eminence.

In a court behind the palace, and between it and the remains of the theatre of Marcellus, is a large sarcophagus, having the labours of Hercules very finely depicted on it.

*Villa Giulia.* A palace built by Pope Julius III in a retired spot not far from the gate *Del Popolo*, not much visited by strangers, is small, but very elegantly ornamented. The roof, of a semicircular arcade in the back front, is finely painted with a trellis of roses, jessamine, and other flowers, interspersed with birds, satyrs, and great numbers of naked infantine figures. Several of these groupings are indecent, and one towards the north end is too abominable to be described. Of this, a bird is an attentive spectator; and the artist has contrived to put so much moral meaning into its countenance, as in some measure to apologize for the rest of his work.

Behind this palace is a most romantic *Nymphæum*, or grotto-like temple, occupying an oval space, and sunk about twelve feet below the surface of the ground. Descending by a concealed staircase, you enter this place, only open to the sky, and decorated with four niches, in each of which a beautiful little fountain is always playing. After

this palace was neglected by the Popes, many parties used to come from Rome in hot weather to dine in the *Nymphæum*.

*Villa Albani*. This palace, farther removed from town out of the *Porta Salaria*, is in a most delightful situation. Its founder was Cardinal Albani, the great patron of *Winkelmann*, who had a set of apartments to himself. The Cardinal was accustomed to retire to this villa every afternoon, to enjoy the society of his friends; and, according as *Winkelmann* liked or disliked the company or conversation, he was at liberty to join it or not. Every thing here is in the most exquisite preservation, and as neat as an *English house*. The portico towards the garden is one of the most beautiful imaginable. Two temples, dedicated to the Emperors *Aurelius* and *Antonius*, are highly spoken of; and here, among the figures of these good Emperors, is said to be the only full length figure of the vile *Domitian*, which had escaped its just doom. Two large basons of *alabastro fiorito* also adorned these temples; but this palace being among the richest in sculptures and paintings, was proportionately plundered by the French.

Here we may observe, of the *Churches* and *Palaces* in general, that, in Rome, the darling fault of architecture is *excess of ornament*; an excess more licentious in the sacred buildings than in the profane, and in sacred buildings most licentious in the most sacred part. Every where you see ornament making great



edifices look little, by subdividing their general surfaces into such a multitude of members as prevents the eye from recombining them.

The *churches* are admirable only in detail. Their materials are rich, the workmanship exquisite, the orders all Greek. But how are those orders employed? In false fronts, which, rising into two stages of columns, promises two stories within—in pediments under pediments, and in segments of pediments in cornices for ever broken by projections projecting from projections—in columns and pilasters, and fractions of pilasters grouped round one pillar. Thus Grecian beauties are clustered by Goths: thus capitals and bases are coupled, or crushed, or confounded in each other; and shafts rise from the same level to different heights, some to the architrave, and some only to the impost. Ornaments for ever interrupt or conceal ornaments: accessories are multiplied till they absorb the principal: the universal fault is the too many and the too much.

Few churches in this city show more than their fronts externally. Their rude sides are generally screened by contiguous buildings, and their tiled roof by a false pediment, which, rising to an immoderate height above the ridge, leads to certain disappointment when you enter. The Romans seem fondest of those fronts where most columns can be stuck and most angles projected.

The cupolas are built entirely of brick, and

generally rest on four concave pannels. An Italian cupola is in itself a fine object, and opens to painting a new region, new principles, and effects unknown to the ancients. Some churches, as those twins in the Piazza del Popolo, those at Trajan's column, etc. seem constructed for their cupolas alone. To the cupola form we may refer also the Corsini, Borghese, and Perretti chapels, which some admire even for the architecture; but more, I suspect, for the sculpture and precious materials of their tombs and altars.

The *palaces* are built rather for the spectator than the tenant; and hence the elevation is more studied than the plan. Some are mere fronts, and so crowded too with stories that the mansion of a prince often suggests the idea of a lodging-house. The lower range of windows is grated like a jail: the upper are divided by wretched *mezzanini*. Where different orders are piled in front, which fortunately is rare, their natural succession is seldom observed, and may even be seen reversed. The gateway, with the balcony and its superstructure, generally forms an architectural picture at variance with the style of the palace, and breaks its front into unconnected parts. This is conspicuous at *Monte Cavallo*, *Monte Citorio*, etc. In private palaces it forms the grand scene of family pride, which makes strange havoc on the pediments. Sometimes the armorial bearings break even into the capitals of co-

lumns; as the eagle at the *Guistiniani* palace, and the flower-de-luce at the *Panfili*.

Wherever the palace forms a court, the porticos below are composed of arches resting on single columns. This jumble of arcade and colonnade, of two architectures different even in origin, was unknown to the ancients, and crept first into the basilical churches from economy in building and from a command of ancient columns.

On entering the palace, you behold a staircase of unexpected grandeur, usurping perhaps more than its proportion of the interior, but tending both to expand and to ventilate the mansion: and you ascend by a few flights, strait, easy, and wide, but sometimes tremendously long, which lead to the *Sala*.

This *sala* is the common hall of the palace, and if the prince has the right of canopy, here stands the throne fenced with a rail. Its ceiling opens a wide field for fresco, and, being loftier than all the apartments on the same floor, it leaves in the intermediate height a range of low rooms, which give rise to the vicious *mezzanini*.

From this great hall, when it occupies the middle of the first floor, you command the palace in different directions, and can pierce it at a glance through lengthening files of marble door posts. In the distribution of the houses, the grand object is the picturesque. Nothing is done for the *comfortable*, a term unknown to the Italians and to the inhabitants of most hot countries.

## PUBLIC BUILDINGS, MONUMENTS, etc.

*The Castle of St. Angelo*, built by Adrian for his mausoleum, is now a strong fortress; he rendered it the most superb monument ever raised in Rome. A square base of a great height, supported a vast rotunda, built with Tivertine stone, and covered with Parian marble, which was surrounded by an open portico or colonnade of Corinthian columns. Above the cornice were placed a great number of statues; it had a roof with a cupola, and round this were several other statues: on the summit stood a gilt bronze pine of very large size. On each corner of the square base was placed the statue of a man holding a horse. After the fall of the Roman empire, this great edifice was converted into a fortress, and taken and retaken several times by the Goths and by Belisarius. About the year 593, Gregory the Great named it the Castle of *St. Angelo*, from the supposed circumstance of an angel being seen on the top of it, sheathing a sword during the time of a plague. Urban VIII furnished it with cannon, and the *fossé* and bastions towards the meadows, as they may be seen at present. The great firework, called the *Girandolo*, is exhibited from this castle every eve and festival of St. Peter, as well as at the time of the Pope's coronation, when the grand explosion of four thousand five hundred rockets, discharged at once, produces a superb effect. The *Pons Ælius*, built by Adrian, is situated opposite this castle. Some

columns in the church of San Paolo Fuori, were taken from this building; and the large bronze pine apple, mentioned by Dante, as having been at the summit of this mausoleum, was since in the garden of the Belvedera. Upon the whole, this building, from one of the most beautiful in the world, has become one of the most deformed and ugly.

It is worth a traveller's while to ascend the roof of the castle of St. Angelo, for a view of the city and its environs. In the centre of the building is an oblong room, painted by *Julio Romano*, and others. Here some suppose the ashes of *Adrian* were deposited: though the most general opinion is, that they were enclosed in the large pine apple of bronze, which crowned the summit of the ancient structure. Notwithstanding the ravages of the barbarians who first converted this mausoleum into a castle, the solid fabric itself has alike resisted the efforts of time and barbarism, and is now the chief fortress of the city. Hither the Pope can retire from the Vatican, in case of any danger, by means of a covered gallery, built by Alexander VI, who had need of such a retreat. One curiosity in this castle, is a chair, like a large sentry box, suspended by ropes, and so balanced, that a person in it may, by a slight effort of his hands, ascend or descend in a moment the whole height of the building, passing through trap-doors on each floor.

*The Coliseum*, or Flavian Amphitheatre, built by Vespasian, is one of the finest re-



mains of Roman magnificence in the world : it is of an oval form, and was situated near the colossal statue of Nero, not far from the Imperial palace. It is five hundred and fifty feet long, four hundred and seventy broad, and one hundred and sixty high, sufficient to contain eighty thousand people seated, and twenty thousand standing. The orders of architecture that still adorn this building, are Doric, Ionic, Corinthian, and Composite : the stone being an incrustation of the *acqua Albunea*. The entrance to this amphitheatre is by eighty arcades, seventy-six of which were for the people, two for the gladiators and the wild beasts, and two for the Emperor and his suite. By the great freedom of ingress and egress, the many thousands that were present at the amphitheatre came in and went out with the utmost facility. The lowest seats, or *Podium*, were defended from the beasts by perpendicular and horizontal bars, and yet the company was not unfrequently alarmed by the bold assaults of wolves and tigers. Domitian used sometimes to fill the arena with water, and exhibit *Naumachias* to the people.

It is known but by conjecture, who was the architect of this stupendous building, which for its excellence is perfectly unique. But though the walls of the city have been repaired with the ruins of the *Coliseum*, enough still remains to convince the observer of its grand outline. The great remains of amphitheatres are at Rome, Verona, and Nismes ; each of these



has what the others want; so that a perfect building of the kind may be collected from the whole. That at Verona is complete in seats, but wanting galleries; the Roman is without seats, but perfect in its corridor; the amphitheatre at Nismes is deficient only in its arena, which is filled up with old houses.

The Coliseum is composed of four stories; an open portico, divided into eighty arches, containing three, while the fourth was open to the air. The arena, or place where the combatants engaged, was two hundred and sixty-four feet long, and a hundred and sixty feet wide. There was a ditch filled with water round this space and a high wall, upon the top of which a platform, being nearest the shows, was reckoned the most honourable place: here was seated the Emperor, the Senators, and all those Magistrates entitled to curule chairs. From behind this platform rose the seats in four divisions, the last of which served for the lower class of people. When it rained, an awning was spread over the spectators to screen them. We owe what remains of this grand amphitheatre to Pope Benedict, who considered it as sanctified by the blood of a number of Christians condemned to be torn by the wild beasts: he caused fourteen little crucifixes, having small shrines, painted with the different sufferings of our Saviour, to be erected within the arena, and granting it all the privileges of a church, thus saved it from the hands of modern Goths and Vandals.

## ARCHES.

Among other beautiful ruins that remain in tolerable preservation, the *Arch of Constantine* is one of the most prominent, composed of the remains of that of Trajan. It is all of marble, and retains four capital bas-reliefs; but though the heads of Trajan and the captive princes are wanting, other ornaments and sculpture of inferior execution remain, representing the battle of Maxentius at the Milvian bridge, and the siege of Verona. The arch was so constructed, that the musicians for the triumph might be placed in an apartment over the void. The moment the procession reached the arch, the band began to play, and continued till the whole was gone through.

The *Arch of Titus* is said to have been the first in which the Composite order was used. It was erected for the triumph of the Emperor over Jerusalem; and the bas-reliefs on one side represent the ark and the candlesticks; and on the other, the Emperor in his car, drawn by four horses. In the roof is represented the apotheosis of Titus, from whence it is naturally inferred that the arch was built after his death. No Jew will ever pass under this gateway. On this arch is the following inscription:

Senatus.  
 Populusque Romanus.  
 Devoto. Tito. Divi. Vespasiani. F.  
 Vespasiano. Augusto.

The *Arch of Septimius Severus* is of saline marble, and ornamented with fluted columns of the Composite order. It is at least twenty-five feet in the ground, and the two lateral arches nearly buried in the earth. It is of very rich workmanship, with bas-reliefs, representing sacrifices, though now much mutilated.

The *Arch of Janus* is a quadrangular building, having two rows of niches on the outside. Near it is the church of S. Georgio, the portico of which was once that of a temple. Antiquaries say that it stands upon the ruins of the house of Sempronius. Opposite this church and the arch of Janus is the *Cloaca Maxima*, built by Tarquin the Proud, to receive and carry off all the impurities of the city into the Tiber, and to drain the grounds round the Circus Maximus.

#### COLUMNS AND OBELISKS.

Among these completely visible, are those of *Trajan* and *Antoninus*: the former stands in a small square, the base nearly fifteen feet under the present level. It is of the Tuscan order, and one of the finest specimens of it existing. Here are twenty-three compartments, admirably sculptured in bas-relief, ascending in a spiral line, representing the principal scenes in the Dacian war. The sculpture on the pedestal is also executed in the best style of the Romans. By a staircase in the interior, people ascend to the top, now crowned with a colossal statue of St. Peter.

The elevation of Trajan's pillar is about a hundred and twenty English feet, and the shaft alone upwards of ninety-two feet in height.

This famous historical pillar was erected in honour of the Emperor Trajan. It is somewhat irregular: its height is eight diameters, and its pedestal Corinthian: it was built in the large square, the Forum Romanum. Its base consists of twelve stones of an enormous size, and is raised on a socle or foot of eight steps. The staircase is illuminated with forty-four windows, is thirty-five feet short of the Antonine column, but much surpasses that in sculptural ornament. It has been since adopted as the model of the famous triumphal pillar erected by the order of Bonaparte at Paris, and, like that, is covered with trophies and representations of the various battles and victories of the hero to whom it is dedicated.

*The Column of Antoninus*, or more properly speaking, that of *Aurelius*, stands quite clear of the ground, and is to be seen to more advantage than the former, in the centre of a spacious square, called *Piazza Colonna*. It is higher than Trajan's, the elevation of the shaft alone being one hundred and six feet, and the pedestal is very lofty. The shaft is sculptured in bas-relief, with the actions of *Marcus Aurelius* in the war against the *Marcomanni*. On the summit is a statue of St. Paul, erected in 1589, when the column was restored by Sixtus V. The inscription upon the pedestal is remarkable, because it is the

only one of any antiquity upon which the letters of bronze have been preserved.

Opposite the grand entrance of the *Curia* stands an Egyptian obelisk, remarkable for its antiquity, its workmanship, and its destination. It is said to have been erected by Sesostris at Heliopolis, and is covered, where not damaged, by hieroglyphics, executed with uncommon neatness. It was employed by Augustus, as a gnomon to an immense dial formed by his direction in the Campus Martius. After having been overturned, shattered, and buried in ruins, it was discovered repeatedly, and as often neglected and forgotten, till Benedict XIV rescued it from oblivion, and Pius VI repaired and placed it in its present situation.

The obelisks are peculiar to Rome, and seem to form ornaments singularly appropriate, as they connect its present beauty with its ancient power and magnificence. When we recollect that their antiquity precedes the origin of regular history, and disappears in the obscurity of the fabulous ages; that they are of Egyptian workmanship, the trophies, and perhaps the records of her ancient monarchs—we cannot but look upon them as so many acknowledgments of homage, so many testimonials of submission to imperial Rome. When we are informed, that, whatever their elevation or magnitude may be, they are all of one solid block of granite, and yet have been transported over many hundred miles of land and sea, we are astonished at the com-

bination of skill and boldness that marks such an undertaking, and surpasses the powers of modern art, though apparently so much improved in mechanical operations.

## PANTHEON.

This edifice, once the pride of Rome, and so called from being dedicated to all the Gods, still remains one of the most magnificent and complete of all the ancient temples. Its portico is a model of perfection; it is of the Corinthian order, as is the whole building. It is supported by sixteen columns of oriental granite; the shaft of each is a single stone, forty-two feet English measure; eight are placed in front, the other eight behind. It is a question whether Agrippa built the whole of it, or only the portico. The Popes have caused the ground to be cut down into a slope, so that we descend to the portico: out of the seven ancient steps, one only remains. The whole of the portico was covered with *gilt brass*, which Urban VIII employed to make the superb baldaquin in St. Peter's, and some cannon in the castle of St. Angelo. The present gate is of metal; the original is supposed to have been carried away by Genseric, King of the Goths. The floor of the interior slopes to the centre, to carry off the rain which descends through the opening at the top, by which the light is admitted. Round the interior there are seven recesses or chapels, formed in the walls, each of them ornamented with two beautiful fluted columns of



*giallo antico* ; between the chapels are altars for Christian worship, added since the whole was converted into a church. The floor is intirely inlaid with precious marbles. The frieze is of porphyry ; above this is an altar, decorated with fourteen niches, with four pilasters between each, and pannels of different kinds ; the altar has an entablature, from which the dome rises, which covers the whole. Some square compartments in this arch are said to have been covered with *sculptured plates of silver*, but these were carried away by Constantine, the grandson of Heraclius, in his visit to Rome about the year 655. The roof is now covered with lead, but formerly with plates of *gilt brass*. The diameter of the inside is one hundred and forty-nine feet English ; the walls are, besides this, eighteen feet thick, so that the diameter of the whole is one hundred and eighty-five feet ; the height the same. *Alaric* the Goth was the first plunderer of the *Pantheon*. About thirty-nine years after, *Genseric* with his Vandals took away part of its marbles and statues : at length *Pope Boniface IV* obtaining this Pantheon of the Emperor Phocas, converted it into a church, without any alteration in the form of the building ; and it is still known by the religious at Rome under the name of *Notre Dame de là Rotunda*. The space in the front is disfigured by a most filthy market, which if taken away and the ground improved, would add infinitely to the effect of the building. The mean houses

which join its right side ought also to be removed. The external parts of it appear to require some repairs. There is at present a prospect of its reverting in some measure to its original use ; for at the suggestion of that modern ornament of his country, Canova, many busts of celebrated men now adorn its interior.

## FORUM AND VIA SACRA.

Of these remains, it is said, the temple of Remus, now the church of S. Cosmo and Damiano, is the only one of antiquity that has its own original gates : they are of brass, and were formerly much ornamented : here are several antique pedestals, pillars of porphyry and entablature. The Forum is of an oblong figure, seven hundred feet in length and five hundred in breadth. The situation of its fourteen shops, Basilica, temple of Mars and Saturn, is well known. The temple of Concord and the arch of Septimius that leads to the Capitol, are still remaining in part. It was in the temple of Concord that Cicero assembled the Senate on the affair of Catiline. On that side also the buildings are known over which Caligula's bridge passed from the Palatine to the Capitol, though there are no traces of them left, unless the three columns that are still standing, made part of the temple of Castor and Pollux, which, according to Suetonius, was converted by Caligula into a vestibule. After his death, this bridge was destroyed by the fury of the multitude. As

for fixing the exact place where the *Curia* or *Comitia*, or the rostrum stood, it must be settled where fancy and conjecture may choose to place it. The whole Forum is about twenty feet higher than it was in the time of the Romans, and, in fact, the space between several of the hills have been in a great measure filled up by the rains and the gradual accumulation of ruins; but the Forum now, generally speaking, is an open waste, and used for a cattle-market. Still among the remains of the antiquities in this *Campo Vaccino* are three beautifully fluted Corinthian columns at the foot of the Capitoline hill, but so many feet in the ground, that the elegant frieze, representing the instruments of sacrifice, is level with the eye: these are supposed to be part of the temple of *Jupiter Tonans*, built by Augustus. Here are also eight columns, seven of grey and one of red granite, of different sizes, part of the portico of the *Temple of Concord*—a single pillar with a Corinthian capital; the Temple of *Antoninus* and *Faustina*, consisting of ten columns, fifty feet high, each being one block of Numidian marble; these are standing before the church of S. Lorenzo in Miranda, and constitute its portico. Opposite the oratory of the Confraternity of *Via Crucis*, two other columns are buried half way in the ground. Three arches of the Temple of Peace, finished by Vespasian, partly out of the famous golden-house of Nero; the only column remaining of this is now to be seen before the church of S.

Maria Maggiore. Two square rooms in the convent of *S. Maria Nuova* are generally supposed to have been the Temples of the Sun and Moon. Before the church of *S. Maria Liberatrice* are three large columns, once belonging to the Temple of *Jupiter Stator*; their capitals are the richest in Rome, and the frieze is plain.

#### TEMPLE OF PEACE.

This is one of the grandest remains of Roman magnificence : it was built by Vespasian, upon the ruins of the portico of the golden-house of Nero, in the year 77 of our era. Pliny speaks of it as a wonder of the world. Time has deprived us of the means of judging for ourselves ; some idea of its magnificence, however, may be conceived from one of its sides still remaining. It consists of three spacious arches, which were considerably sunk, till the French, in 1812, entirely cleared them of the ground, which nearly covered a third of these remains, and also discovered a part of the garden which joined the *Forum* and *Coliseum*. Near this part of it, large fragments of ruins are scattered about on all sides ; among which may be remarked some very fine marble friezes, immense fragments of the ceiling, stucco-work, and ornaments still adhering to them.

Of the other part on the right, only a few vaults are to be seen. Upon the pillars of the three arcades that remain, there are some indications of a marble entablature : these were

supported by eight columns entirely of marble, one of which remained standing in the time of Paul V, who had it removed with its entablature to the great square of *S. Maria Maggiore*, and crowned it with a statue of the Virgin. The pedestal of one of the columns of this Temple of Peace, was lately to be seen at the palace of *Farnese*, which bore this inscription upon one of its faces—

Paci æternæ domus Augustæ.

Upon another front, the names of many of the generals that followed Vespasian to the wars of Judea appeared. The length of this temple was about three hundred feet, and its breadth about two hundred. A portico belonging to it was only known by comparing it with the medals struck by order of Vespasian. The columns were of the Corinthian order, and, without doubt, of marble. Its interior was ornamented with paintings and sculptures by the hands of the most able artists; particularly some *chef-d'œuvres* of *Timantes* and *Protogenes*. Among several *morceaux* of sculpture, a Venus by a hand unknown, might be distinguished. An offering to the Nile, with figures of sixteen children in basalt, was also to be seen, with the Colossus of Nero, or the statue of the Sun, from the golden-house. It was in this temple that the citizens, upon the pledge of public faith, deposited their principal treasures in the time of invasion or other danger. Here the wealth deposited was once carried off to Africa, by

*Genseric*, king of the Vandals, but being afterwards recovered by *Belisarius*, it was transmitted to *Constantinople*, and formed a part of his triumph. A fire at length consumed this temple, during the reign of *Commodus*, so violent as to melt the plates of bronze upon the walls, which, mixed with gold and silver, ran in streams through the gates, resembling small rivulets. Near this place, and between it, the church of *S. Francesco*, and the *Coliseum*, are the remains of a temple dedicated to *Venus*. The pavement, and one end, containing a recess, are all that remain.

## PALATINE HILL.

From this spot most of the remarkable antiquities of Rome may be seen.

The renowned spot which *Romulus* considered as large enough for his city, was lately the property of the *Farnesian* family: it contains some of the most striking remains of Roman grandeur: here stood the Imperial Palace, surrounded by the other hills of Rome, in a delightful situation, about a hundred and twenty feet higher than the *Via Sacra*. *Augustus*, *Tiberius*, and *Nero* built on this hill, and the latter building was found so vast, that *Titus* and *Domitian* destroyed great part of it. The remains of the immense walls, more than an hundred and twenty feet high, are now standing, with which *Nero* filled up the void in order to extend the level of the hill. The present ruined state of the Pala-



tine, is beautifully and faithfully depicted by Lord Byron in the following lines:—

Cypress and ivy, weed and wall-flower grown  
 Matted and mass'd together, hillocks heap'd  
 On what were chambers, arch crush'd, column strown  
 In fragments, chok'd up vaults, and frescos steep'd  
 In subterranean damps, where the owl peep'd,  
 Deeming it midnight:—Temples, baths, or halls?  
 Pronounce who can; for all that Learning reap'd  
 From her research hath been, that these are walls—  
 Behold the Imperial Mount! 'tis thus the mighty falls.  
 CHILDE HAROLD, Canto IV. p. 56.

The approach to it is from the Via Sacra: near the entrance, in a grotto, was a statue of Æsculapius, called *St. Bartholomew*! The walls of what is called the great hall of the palace on this hill still remain; the nature of its ornaments seems to have consisted in the distribution of the variegated marbles of Egypt and Africa, the colours of which were so disposed, as to harmonize in the most delicate manner by the finest gradations. The capital of an ancient Ionic column was lately observed among the fragments upon this hill, the volutes of which were supposed the most beautiful of any extant. You descend about ten feet below the surface of the highest parts of the hill to the baths of Drusilla, by a very disagreeable kind of ladder; but you are amply repaid when you get to the bottom. The walls of the bathing room are painted in compartments, with a light and elegant border beautifully designed. The gilding, not having been exposed to the air, is comparatively fresh.

The celebrated fig-tree, under which Romulus and Remus had been exposed, stood on the side of the Palatine hill, near the church of *S. Maria Liberatrice*. The Farnese-garden, on this hill, was totally neglected after it became the property of the King of Naples.

*The Baths of Titus and Caracalla* are situated on the Esquiline-hill, on part of the site of Nero's golden-house, and at present in the vineyards of the convent of St. Peter in Vinculis, Laurati, and Gualteri. Like others in Rome they were splendidly ornamented. The ruins of the baths of Caracalla are now employed for stables, and some of the great apartments serve as enclosures for gardens and pastures. They are next in size to those of the Coliseum; but the ground about them is so much enclosed in gardens, that they are not very accessible. What remains of the baths of Titus are some vaulted chambers now subterraneous; from whence Raffaëlle borrowed his arabesques for the galleries of the Vatican.

The *Sette Sale*, or Seven Halls, near the baths, are considered to have been reservoirs of water; they are immensely large vaults, and remain entire. Their construction has much puzzled the antiquarians.

The *Baths of Dioclesian* were situated near the Consulta Palace, and their remains are still distinguished by their red colour. They now occupy the convents and gardens of the Carthusians and Bernardines, the public granaries, and some houses. The baths here

were so numerous, that it is said, 3000 persons could bathe at once. In front of the principal entrance was the *Natatio*, in which bathers could swim in the open air. The neighbouring high tower, so much out of the perpendicular, is called

*Torre delle Militie*. It stands in the garden of the convent of *St. Catherine di Sienna*, and is now a convent for nuns. To the right of this tower is the church of *St. Catherine*; and further on, the great convent of *St. Dominico and Sisto*: this, though a patched work, affords a good feature in the view. It is square and very large.

The *Terme Antoniane*. Baths of Antonine, are beyond the *Circus Maximus*, near the *Via di S. Sebastiano*; and not far from the gate of that name. The form of the original structure, with its numerous most spacious halls and apartments, is still almost intire, and can be traced with great facility. It covers an immense area for a single building, and in many points of view, particularly in the interior, presents a stupendous, and highly picturesque mass of ruins. The view of them ought by no means to be neglected; and even a second visit to them at sun rise or set, or by moonlight, will afford a rich treat to the man of taste.

The height of the walls is from fifty to a hundred and sixty feet. Here, more than in most other ancient edifices, the manner of building practised by the Romans is perceptible. A large oblong wooden frame, being

placed on the foundation, the interior of it was built up with bricks and mortar, and when they were completely consolidated, the frame was removed. Owing to this system, the walls appear as if constructed of various stratas, of about six feet each. The bricks being thus firmly bound in each separate layer, when devastation once takes place, it produces those immense fragments, which so much astonish the beholder.

The *Palace of the Cæsars*, is in the *Avanzi de Circo Massimo*, the Avenue of the Circus Maximus, which joins the *Via di S. Sebastiano* and the *Via di S. Giovanni*, and stands on the eastern part of the Palatine Hill. A double row of immense arches extends in a very considerable line along the face of the hill. Over these is now a spacious terrace, which perhaps once formed the floor of magnificent apartments. A modern flight of stone stairs consisting of 97 steps, leads to the terrace, and the ruins of the other parts of the palace, which only consist of fragments of walls, a few vaulted rooms, and heaps of rubbish.\* There is a fine view from the terrace and immediately opposite is seen

The *Sito del Circo Massimo*, the site of the Circus Maximus, a meadow of about 800 yards long, and 300 broad, surrounded by a sort of low mound.

\* The remains of an aqueduct which conveyed water to the palace, are seen on the northern part of the hill, in the *Via di S. Gregorio*.

The Temple of *Venus and Cupid*, having once apparently consisted of a grand alcoved recess, stands in the garden of the convent of S. Croce; close to the same building are also the remains of an amphitheatre. This convent is at the extremity of *Strada Felice*, which extends behind the church of S. Maria Maggiore: when the traveller visits the Lateran Palace and Church; from thence an avenue planted with trees leads to the convent, which is not far from the Lateran.

The *Temple of Minerva Medica* is a fine rotunda having a cupola roof, still remaining in part, the construction of which is curious; being composed of arched ribs, the interstices being apparently afterwards filled up. This ruin is situated in a kitchen garden in the *Via di Torta Maggiore*, on the left hand going towards the gate of the same name, and not far from thence.

The *Sepolcro di Cajo Cestio*. Tomb of Caius Cestius, is a very fine pyramid, constructed after the model of those in Egypt. It is in the best preservation, and about 150 feet high. The accumulating rubbish has occasioned the ground about it to rise more than twenty feet, but it is cleared away round the base. It is situated close to the walls, exactly at the Porta S. Paolo. The burying place for foreigners is near it.

The *Temple of Vesta*, is a very fine Rotunda encircled with pillars. It is almost intire and has been converted into a church.

It is situated close to the Tiber, and not far from the *Arco di Guiano*, or arch of Janus before mentioned.

## AQUEDUCTS.

These are truly proud monuments of the Roman grandeur: some of them still serve to bring water to Rome of an excellent quality.

That of *Claudius* brought two waters to Rome, one above the other, from *Subiaco* in the Apennines, a distance of nearly fifty miles. Originally only one spring of good water was to be found in Rome, that of *Juturna*, between Mount Palatine and the Tiber: here it is related, that Castor and Pollux watered their horses, after having brought the intelligence of the victory over the Tarquins to Rome. This water was sufficient for the inhabitants till the year 441 of the building of that city, when the first aqueduct, which derives its name from *Appius Claudius*, was constructed by him. His example being frequently imitated, in the time of Procopius they reckoned no less than fourteen aqueducts, some of which remain at the present day. The most ancient is *Appia Claudia*; its source was about eight miles to the south of the city.

Forty years after the construction of this monument, the treasure taken from Pyrrhus, was employed upon a second, almost subterranean. This bore the name of *Anio Vetus*. Out of forty-two thousand paces, the length of this aqueduct, it did not appear above ground more than the length of seven hun-



dred. A considerable part of its ruins are to be seen at Tivoli.

The third aqueduct was the work of *Martius Titius*. This was brought from the Pignian mountains, by a very circuitous route. The ruins of this are grand; the pillars have an interval of sixteen feet between them. The canal through which this water ran, was not arched, but covered with stones of an enormous dimension.

The *Aqua Tepula* was another spring near *Tusculum*, which was brought to Rome about the year 617: this was conveyed to the Capitoline-hill. In the year of Rome 719, Agrippa discovered another spring which he united to the former, under the name of *Aqua Julia* in honour of his wife, the daughter of Augustus. The sixth aqueduct was carried by Agrippa into his baths at the Field of Mars. This is still in existence, and supplies the fountain of *Trevi*, and the *Piazza di Spagna*, with excellent water.

The *Naumachia*, introduced by Julius Cæsar, requiring a great quantity of water, an aqueduct was formed in the quarter on the other side of the Tiber, to convey that of the little lake of Alsietinus to Rome. This water, not fit for culinary purposes, was nevertheless used for watering gardens. The emperor *Caligula* ordered the construction of two new aqueducts; but these being finished by his successor forty-six years after Jesus Christ, one of them was named *Aqua Claudia*; and the other *Anio Novus*. The little river,

called *Aqua Crabra*, took its rise near the *Aqua Julia*, and emptied itself into the *Tiber*, to the west of the *Palatine*-mount; but after these aqueducts had been completed, and Rome being provided with good water, the inhabitants of *Tusculum* were permitted to turn this river, the bed of which is not to be seen at the present time. Other aqueducts are mentioned by different authors, as *Aqua Sabatina*, *Trajana*, *Alexandrina*, *Severiana*, etc. At present Rome has three aqueducts, which abundantly supply her with water, viz. *Aqua Virgine*, *Aqua Felice*, and *Aqua Paolo*; the first is the ancient *Aqua Virgo*; the second was so named in honour of Pope Sixtus the Fifth. This serves almost all the western part of Rome; but the *Aqua Paolo* supplies the inhabitants of the quarters on the other side of the river: in fine, though only three of the ancient aqueducts now remain, yet such is the quantity they convey, and so pure the sources whence they derive it, that no city in Italy can boast of such a profusion of clear and salubrious water.

According to the Roman historians, the reservoirs of brick or stone, into which the waters were collected, bore the appellation of *Castellum*. From the remains of some of these receptacles, they appear to have been of great strength and durability, being generally cased if not supported with stone pillars. The number of these reservoirs or conduits, however, seems to have been exaggerated by the Roman writers, so that the accuracy both

of Pliny and Strabo may be suspected, especially as the language used by the latter on the quantity of the water brought to Rome through these fountains, bears more resemblance to poetry and fiction than to reason and truth. But though by far the greatest number of these fountains have long been dried up, and the numerous statues that adorned them have disappeared for ever, the modern Roman has been compelled by the necessity he feels for the useful element of water, to make an ample provision of it, in which he seems wisely to have considered use more than ornament. In the embellishments of the few fountains that remain, the images of new Saints have taken the precedence of ancient Senators.

#### GARDENS.

The botanic garden which was established by Alexander VII, is one of the best calculated for a promenade. Being situated to the left of the fountain of *Paulinus*, it shares with this fountain the waters of the aqueduct which runs beneath its walls. The plants, in this garden, are arranged after the manner of Tournefort; those peculiar to the hot countries abound here. Near the entrance is a kind of *Casino*, where the portraits of a number of eminent botanists are to be seen. A book is also kept here, containing a list of all the plants in cultivation, entitled *Theatrum botanicum Romanum, seu Distributio plantarum virentium in horto Medico Sapientia*

*almæ urbis, juxta Tournefortianam methodum dispositarum, auctore Sabbati custode Horti Botanici, 1771.* It is in seventeen volumes.

But a garden still more considerable, and in a more eligible situation, is that which constituted the last appurtenance to the palace of *Monte Cavallo*. It is nearly a mile round, and towards the south is situated upon an inclined plane. It is a place where the useful unites with the agreeable. Here is an orangery, a kitchen-garden, and another department for curious plants. Here are also several fountains more or less ornamented with ancient statues, or interesting by the mode of their construction; and a grotto embellished with mosaic work and shells. Here is a handsome *Casino*, to which the Pope comes sometimes during summer to take his coffee; this was built by Benedict XIV, who had an interview in it with the King of Naples, who was afterwards King of Spain under the name of Charles III.

The garden of the *Vatican*, by the irregularity of the ground, and by the manner of its being laid out, is thought by some to resemble an English garden; its freshness is considerably increased by the fountains and running waters, and its shade is formed by avenues of massive oaks and lofty pines. In winter, the laurels and the almond trees take place of the hornbeam, and serve the purpose of the oak and pine in summer. From the hydraulic machine in bronze, supported by a

rock, issue more than five hundred *jets d'eau*, with a thundering sound like that of artillery. The conceit is pretty. A part of this garden being reserved for his Holiness, is enclosed, and he enters it from the *Belvedere*. As in the garden of the Palace of Monte Cavallo, there is a small *Casino*, or summer house, also here, where his Holiness occasionally retires for recreation. In this place of late he has been in the habit of receiving such English ladies of rank, as obtain the honour of being presented to him. In a passage leading to a terrace under the gallery are a number of insignificant water-works, also in a basin of water in that terrace there is the representation of an antique galley executed in metal, which spouts water from the guns, masts, yard-arms, etc.

Of the Roman villas in general, it is remarked, that they still display a kind of romantic luxury in pavilions, galleries, statues, and verdure; so that it is difficult to know which to admire most, nature which has furnished the picture, or the artist who has supplied the embellishments. Water in these villas receives all sorts of shapes, sometimes expanding in cascades, then disappearing for the purpose of rushing out or bubbling up from the bottom of a grotto. Some obscure and shady retreat, ornamented with the image of a divinity, frequently furnishes the stranger with an idea of what the ancients termed a *Nymphæum*.

But of *Rome*, with many of these villas in ruins, it may still be said,

Fall'n, fall'n, a silent heap! her heroes all  
Sunk in their urns; behold the pride of pomp,  
The throne of nations, fall'n! obscured in dust;  
Ev'n yet majestic: the solemn scene  
Elates the soul, while now the rising sun  
Flames on the ruins in the purer air  
Tow'ring aloft upon the glitt'ring plain,  
Like broken rocks, a vast circumference!  
Rent palaces, crushed columns, rifled moles,  
Fanes rolled on fanes, and tombs on buried tombs!

DYER.

#### PUBLIC FOUNTAINS.

The modern Romans, though inferior in numbers and opulence to their ancestors, have shown equal taste and spirit, in their public fountains, and deserve a just eulogium not only for having procured abundance of water, but also for the splendid and truly imperial style in which it is poured forth for public use in the different quarters of the city. Almost every square has its fountain, and almost every fountain has some particularity in its size, form, or situation to attract attention.

The front of the noble fountain of *Trevi* represents that of a palace, before the basement of which there are a vast assemblage of artificial rocks with tritons, dolphins, shells, and corals, and Neptune exalted above the whole. Vast cascades of water are thrown over these rocks in magnificent profusion, and the whole is enclosed in a semicircular bason of great extent. Those who prefer the best



water in Rome, contrive to live as near the fountain of *Trevi* as possible.

The *Piazza Navona* was anciently the Agonal Circus, the form of which is still preserved by the houses being built on the foundations; it was used for chariot-racing, boxing, and wrestling. It is one of the largest and finest places in Rome, and is now a market for all sorts of provisions every Wednesday, and a variety of old and new articles of furniture, etc. Every Saturday and Sunday in August it is inundated with water in order that the people may refresh themselves by walking or riding through it, which they do in great numbers.

The fountain here, though not so copious as that of *Trevi*, is much more nobly decorated, by *Bernini*. It consists of a rock, having at each angle four colossal figures, representing four distinguished rivers: the *Danube*, the *Nile*, the *Ganges*, and *La Plata*. From four caverns in the rock, issue an equal number of cascades with a copious flow of water. Its summit is crowned by an Egyptian obelisk, about 55 feet high, exclusive of its basement. The quantity of water is increased by two lesser fountains, particularly in August, when the *diversion of paddling* in it used to be protracted through the whole night, accompanied by music and refreshments; but some disorders occurring, it has been since that time regularly drawn off at dusk.

The *Fontana Paolina*, on one of the most elevated points of Rome, near its western ex-

tremity, is constructed of three arches, decorated with Ionic columns of granite. The water is so rapid as to turn several mills. It was brought by Augustus from the lake *Bresciano*, 35 miles from Rome, to supply his *Naumachia*. From this fountain there is a remarkably fine view of the city; the *Campo Vaccino*, with the ruined temples, etc. scattered about its vicinity, have a pleasing *panoramic* appearance, contrasted with St. Peter's, which is seen on the other side, but not in the most imposing aspect.

The *Fontana di Termine* receives the *Aqua Felice*. Here are three bas-reliefs representing Moses striking the rock, with a colossal statue of him in the centre by *Prospero Bresciano*: here are also two Egyptian lions of basalt, formerly placed under the portico of the Pantheon.

In concluding this account of the Fountains of Rome, well may we exclaim with the poet:

By crystal founts,  
That weave their glitt'ring waves with tuneful lapse  
Among the sleeky pebbles, agate clear,  
Cerulean ophite, and the flowery vein,  
Of orient jasper, pleased I move along;  
And vases bossed, and huge inscriptive stones,  
And intermingling vines, and figured nymphs,  
Floras and Chloes of delicious mould,  
Cheering the darkness; and deep empty tombs,  
And dells, and mould'ring shrines, with old decay  
Rustic and green, and wide-embow'ring shades,  
Shot from the crooked clefts of nodding towers;  
A solemn wilderness!

## MUSEUMS, ACADEMIES, etc.

*The Museo Pio-Clementino*, in the Vatican, is without question, the principal depository of the remains of the fine arts, particularly the sculpture of the happiest ages of Greece and Rome. All the discoveries made upon the Roman soil, or where ever the Pontiff had any influence or power, are collected and arranged in this museum to the greatest advantage. We approach this treasury of the arts by the great Belvedere gallery. The stranger ought not to omit availing himself of the beautiful view from a balcony adjoining, which has given the denomination of *Belvedere* to this part of the Vatican. Rome, and the country to the north, are no where seen to such advantage. The first part is about 500 feet in length, and constitutes the

*Museo Chiaramonte*. This owes its foundation to Pius VII, a patron of the fine arts. This museum is now united with that known under the appellation of Pio-Clementino. According to an inscription at the entrance, they were formed under the direction of *Canova*; they occupy a very long gallery, and according to the beauty and the multitude of the objects, form a *coup d'œil* truly charming. One end of this gallery contains various inscriptions discovered upon a number of monuments and tombs of the Pagan, as well as the Christian era. All these passports to immortality are ranged on both sides of the gallery, under the following titles: to the

right, *Epitaphia defunctorum nomine vel ab incertis posita*—*Epitaphia patronorum item libertorum et servorum*—*Epitaphia fratrum, sororum, item alumnorum*—*Epitaphia parentum et liberorum*. *Inscriptiones Græcæ*—*Omne genus*—*Officia Domus aug. et priv.*—*Artifices*—*officinatores*—*Negotiatores*—*Duces exercit. tribun. centuriones, æquites, singular. milites*—*Inscriptiones solo ostiens, erutæ jussæ Pii VII. P. M. Consules Magg. Coss. Consules Magistratus Dignitates Augusti Augustæ, Cæsares, Dii Deæque et sacrorum Ministri*. Proceeding to the second division of the gallery, which is about 400 feet in length, we arrive at that part which properly constitutes the

*Museo Pio-Clementino*. Here, under every form imaginable, may be seen the most beautiful marbles, with granite of every kind, basalt, lapis lazuli, serpentine, alabaster, the red and green antico, and, in fact, every substance upon which the chisel, guided by the hand of a master, could be applied with success. At the further extremity of the gallery 25 steps are ascended, which lead into an elegant oblong saloon, at the right hand of which is a noble statue of *Jupiter Tonans*, displaying all the majesty of the Deity, and in execution of design, little if at all inferior to the most celebrated statues of antiquity.

The *Museum of the Capitol* is in the wing to the left hand, as the stairs from the *Via di Ara Cœli*, are ascended. In the court yard behind, are immense fragments of colossal

statues in marble and bronze, consisting of heads, legs, arms, hands, and feet, some of the two latter measuring three to four feet. The staircases are lined with consular tables and plans of ancient cities, depicted on marble tablets, etc. In a hall to the left, on ascending the stairs, and placed in the recess of one of the windows, is a very curious antique relief, representing the siege of Troy: in the same chamber are a variety of Roman instruments, household utensils, etc. The principal halls are filled with a profusion of fine statuary, among them are remarked, the celebrated *Venus of the Capitol*, the Roman matron, a senator, etc. Here is also a complete treasure of the finest antique busts imaginable.

In the opposite wing, appertaining to the conservators, are two spacious halls, filled with paintings, most of them fine pieces of art, but few of remarkable note. However a small cabinet one, representing the massacre of the innocents, is an exquisite production.

#### ACADEMIES.

The principal of these institutions in Rome, are those of *St. Luke*, the *Arcades*, *Archeology*, *Lincei*; that of the Sculptors, the modern Painters, Mosaic workers, workers in Stucco, etc. The most ancient of these is the Academy of *St. Luke*; that of *Lincei* is composed of persons who give themselves entirely to the study of the mathematics, physics, or natural history. Sculpture has at present very few

amateurs in Rome, as, after *Canova*, there are not above two or three artists whose names are worth mentioning. The Laboratory, notwithstanding, consists of three rooms, and exhibits a number of finished and unfinished subjects, calculated to charm and astonish the beholders. The Academy of Painters can still boast of some excellent artists; and the art of stuccoing is no were carried to such perfection as in Italy, though necessity in this particular, arising from the clearness of marble, is known to have been the mother of invention.

The *Roman College* is in the quarter called *della Pigna*. It is a vast edifice destined to the teaching of the belles lettres, and the only one of its kind in Rome. The students are not maintained here; but a number of them are attended at their own houses by a preceptor, who undertakes to make them perform their duties, and brings them at stated times to be examined in their different classes at College. Here are taught *gratuitously*, the Latin, Greek, and Hebrew languages, rhetoric, philosophy, theology, and ecclesiastical history. The library is rich in the classics and in theology, but poor in medicine and physics. The professors are lodged in the college, as are also many of the persons attached to it. The mode of instruction pursued here at present, is much more liberal and appropriate to an improved state of society, than that pursued a few years since, when the students used to dispute upon the quiddities of



Aristotle. The cabinet of this Institution, like others, has suffered by the late changes, and the revenues having been diminished, several of the chairs were of course vacated: the theological tutor was the only one that remained. Adjoining the building is the chapel of *St. Ignatius*, for the use of the students.

The *Archigymnasium della Sapienza* in Rome, answers to what in the other cities of Italy is called a University. It derived its name from the inscription upon its front, *Initium sapientie timor Domini*. It is situated in the quarter of *St. Eustatius*, near the Pantheon. Pope Boniface VIII was the first who established public schools here; and as early as 1310, chairs for the Hebrew, the Syriac, the Arabic, and Greek, were founded here. *Valenti Gonzaga* endowed two professors of chemistry and experimental philosophy; others have been since appointed for jurisprudence, theology, physics, medicine, and the veterinary science. The building has no external decoration, but forms a long square with two rows of windows; the court is of the same form, having arcades on three of its sides; the fourth side is formed by the façade of the church, erected after the designs of *Bernini*, in the form of a triangle.

The *Propaganda* is a college or seminary where youth are instructed, who are disposed or intended to propagate the principles of the Catholic religion in foreign countries. Here they are taught philosophy, scholastic theology, and the languages spoken in the coun-

tries to which they are to be sent as missionaries. This college has a very copious library, and a printing office, celebrated on account of the infinite variety of types which it contains. The accuracy of the works printed here was proverbial, and the whole is under the superintendence of a society of cardinals.



SECT. II. — *Diversions. — Theatres. — Promenades. — Character, Society, Manners, Commerce, Manufactures, Diet. — Environs of Rome. — Villas within and without the City. — Tivoli. — The Alban Mount and Lake. — Tusculum and Cicero's Villa. — Aricia and the Grove and Temple of Diana. — The Lake of Nemi and Palace of Trajan. — Antium. — Forests and Plains of Laurentum. Ostia. — Mouth of the Tiber. — The Campagna. — Excursion from Pisa to Rome and Terracina, through the Maremma of Tuscany, the Campagna di Roma, and the Pomptine Marshes.*

#### DIVERSIONS.

*Religious Spectacles—The Carnival—Theatres.*—Though Rome affords but few attractions to the gay and volatile, no public spectacles being allowed, excepting in carnival time, which lasts from the 7th of January to Ash-Wednesday, yet then diversion is really pursued with a degree of ardour unknown in capitals where the inhabitants are under no such restraint. Seven or eight thea-

tres are then open; the principal of which are, the *Argentina*, *Aliberti*, *Tordinone*, and *Capranica*. The two first are appropriated to serious operas, the third to plays, and the last to burlettas. As no women are admitted to perform the female parts, these are acted by *castrati*. Balls, masquerades, and horse-races also take place during the carnival. The lottery too, which is drawn eight times in the year, is a period of universal fermentation; and such is the rage of the lower orders for speculation in this way, that it has been observed the quantity of bread baked during the drawing is considerably less than usual.

But however a stranger may feel on the occasion, it would appear that the citizens of Rome are amply indemnified for the want of other amusements, by the frequency and pomp of religious festivals.—That of the Holy Week generally takes the lead. On Palm Sunday there is a procession of the Pope and Cardinals to the Chapel of *Monte Cavallo*, to bless the palms. On Monday the famous *Miserere* of Allegri is rehearsed by a select band. On Wednesday the *tenebræ* are performed in the Sistine Chapel, and concluded with the *Miserere*. On Thursday, after assisting at high mass, the Pope pronounces his benediction from the front of St. Peter's, and then washes the feet of twelve poor priests, and serves them at table.

On Easter Sunday high mass is again celebrated by the Pope, who gives the benediction the second time: in the evening the

cupola, front, and colonnade of the church of St. Peter's are illuminated. There is another benediction on Ascension-day. On the day of *Corpus Christi* a magnificent procession takes place, when nineteen pieces of tapestry from the cartoons of Raffaele are displayed in the cloister leading up to the Vatican. On *St. Peter's Day*, June 29, there is a grand musical performance in the large winter, or canonical chapel of St. Peter's, besides oratorios and other musical concerts in the *Chiesa Nuova*, *S. Girolamo*, *S. Apollinario*, *S. Cecilia*, and other churches. In the evening, the Cupola of St. Peter's is illuminated, and superb fire-works are played off from the castle of St. Angelo. At this time too, the ceremony of presenting the horse to the Pope from the King of the Two Sicilies is performed.

In addition to these annual festivals, the eighth of September being understood as the anniversary of the birth-day of the Virgin, it is celebrated once in ten or twelve years. Soon after the election of a Pope, his Holiness proceeds in grand procession to the church of *S. Giovanni in Laterano*. This is called the *Possesso*, and bears some resemblance to a coronation at Westminster, or the consecration of the King of France at Rheims. Last of all, once in twenty-five years, the *jubilee* is celebrated; and this was to have taken place in 1800, had circumstances permitted.

Every month in the Roman calendar, has for some parishes, convents, or oratories, its

day marked out for some act of devotion, the expenses of which are frequently defrayed by some interested monks or pious cardinals. In these purposes the inhabitants of the metropolis are seldom behind the rest : thus, for instance, the *Coltra*, at St. Peter's, is visited by crowds every Wednesday, to obtain a pardon by an act of devotion performed in common ; men and women, clothed in black, generally attend mass and the prayers that follow. It is customary for husbands, on these occasions, to present their wives with small round cakes, a species of cracknel, called *maritozzo*, sold on those days about the spot.

On the *Eve of the Epiphany* the fruit and pastry-cooks' shops are splendidly decorated, and provided with a kind of hobgoblin ; a figure with an ugly mask or fiery eyes, or a person disguised as such, who plays all manner of tricks. Stockings stuffed with fruit are also to be seen every where at this time of the year, and sometimes letters are fastened to them with pins ; but stockings of this kind, which do not appear to be new, are also sent as lovers' presents. Even the puppets which decorate the shops at this time of the year have stockings stuffed with fruit hanging at their sides. The lamps burning on these occasions are in profusion ; and a native of the north accustomed to frequent winds, is naturally surprised on observing that these are never blown out, though burning without any cover.

In the week after *Advent*, as well as during

*Lent*, the cardinals in person assist in the pious ceremonies at the Vatican, or at Monte Cavallo, their black silk trains of ten ells in length being borne up in the procession by the train-bearer, in a violet mantle. The three days following the *Purification*, a priest attends at the door of the church of St. Anthony, to bless the animals presented to him, as, horses, asses, pigeons, cats, and dogs, decorated with ribands, etc. and the people believe that in consequence of this ceremony, these animals will be preserved from sickness and from accident during the year. A waxen candle for the saint, and some money for the sexton, is always expected from the rich on this occasion. On the anniversary of the *Annunciation*, the Pope, accompanied by the cardinals, and the whole of the ecclesiastical court, goes to the Minerva to celebrate mass. Here he arrives upon a white mule, preceded and followed by a number of soldiers, carriages, and horsemen, richly clothed and well mounted; and returns in the same state.

On *Palm Sunday*, all the heads of orders and other dignified persons belonging to the Holy See, go in procession round the first hall of the palace of the Quirinal, with palms or branches of olive in their hands; in fact, every day in the holy week is appropriated to some procession or ceremony, generally attended with music of the most solemn and imposing nature.

On one of these days, the people, both in



carriages and on foot, repair in great numbers to St. Paul's without the walls, to worship the miraculous crucifix, which, according to Baronius, offered its right foot to a young man to kiss, as a reward for his fervent piety. In the *summer season*, fêtes both religious and secular are common in the environs of Rome, instigated by the remembrance either of holy persons or holy places. At other times, when the priests wish to inflame the public zeal by the exposure of the sacred mysteries, they ornament the church doors with oak leaves, or make garlands of them, which they suspend from one side of the street to the other. These external decorations are always calculated to excite the curiosity of the passengers and others, to enter the churches.

The *Nativity of the Virgin* is another of those festivals, the honours of which are done by the Pope in person, in descending from *Monte Cavallo* to the *Madonna del Popolo* in great pomp, with his usual attendants, and a gazing populace. On the same day, once in ten years, is a procession of young girls from fourteen to eighteen years of age, who have had dowries allotted them by the Holy Father to go to the Minerva. These young persons, attended in their procession by four drums, are clothed in white, and are veiled in the manner of the vestals, their heads crowned with flowers, and they have chaplets by their sides. Such of these as are willing to take the veil, are distinguished by a rosary and a large

crucifix suspended from the waist. This procession used to be closed by the Corsican guards.

At the church of *S. Maria Maggiore*, in the Christmas week, they expose *la Sacra Cuna*; or a few planks, which it is said made a part of the Saviour's cradle at Jerusalem, a present made to this church by a Spanish princess. The Franciscans at the church of *Ara Cœli* also expose another cradle at this time of the year, which never fails to bring alms and admirers, as a reward for their ingenuity; another source of revenue also arises from the credulity of those people who are made to believe, that by ascending the numerous steps of this church on their bare knees, they will be lucky in the lottery for the ensuing year. This touching ceremony is always attended with the vocal and instrumental music of some wretched Calabrians, who attend for the purpose.

The *Festa de' Morte*; or *Fête of the Dead*, though it may appear to some persons sombre, if not disgusting, possesses much to interest the contemplative mind. On this day the penitents, called *sacconi*, go in procession to the *Coliseum*, preceded by a person carrying a cross, ornamented with the attributes of the passion, and having on each side of him a second, carrying a death's head, and a third two thigh bones as a cross. Numbers of people also go to different church-yards to admire the ingenuity of the sextons and

others in their dressing up of bones. Under the church of *S. Maria dell' Orazione*, not far from the palace of *Farnese*, there is a subterranean chapel, on this occasion hung in black; the altars here decorated with every melancholy attribute, are but dimly seen by the glimmering of a few lamps which are lighted on the occasion. On one side of this chapel is a cemetery, the walls of which are diversified with bones distributed according to the established rules of Vitruvius. The centre is a *catasfalque*, of which Death with his scythe forms the principal embellishment. Groupes of cypress distinguish the four angles; and the whole contour is an exhibition of bones disposed in arabesque, in the form of stars, hearts, triangles, &c. Here are also some altars made entirely of bones, which have their candlesticks and branches of every form of the same materials. Even the vessel that contains the holy water is a human skull, and as if this place were not sufficiently gloomy of itself, they sometimes get a person lately dead, and uncovering the face, expose the body in its ordinary dress. A skull is placed at the foot of the corpse, containing the water with which it is sprinkled, and another upon it, to receive the alms of the spectators. In the year 1811, the corpse of a young woman, a very interesting figure, who had died on the preceding night, was seen in a cemetery, near *S. Giovanni in Laterano*. She was laid upon a bier, her hands con-

fined, holding a crucifix; her head dressed as if going to pay a visit; the space about her strewed with fresh leaves and flowers.

These cemeteries sometimes contain a little theatre, exhibiting a few scenes from the Old or New Testament, as large as life; often from good designs well executed. *The Festa de' Morti* lasts eight days, during which the altar of the lighted chapel at St. Mary's is occupied night and morning by priests, who say mass and recite the office for the dead, with prayers. Three persons also attend at the doors to take down the names of those who wish to enter into the society; clothed in a black tunic and a close hood, which conceals the face completely. The names of persons of the highest distinction are often inscribed in this list.

On *Ash Wednesday*, numbers of the people go to the Sextine Chapel, to see the Pope perform the ceremony of putting ashes on the heads of all the cardinals, bishops, and inferior clergy. The ashes are presented to his Holiness in a kind of basket, into which he dips his finger, and then makes the sign of the cross on the head of each personage kneeling before him. The whole is accompanied with music and other devotional ceremonies.

In the Berghese Chapel belonging to the Church of *S. Maria Maggiore*, a singular ceremony is performed in *August* every year, in memory of the building of the church. A plentiful shower of flowers of jasmine is made to fall from the dome to the floor during di-

vine service. Before this church was built, a certain Pope is said to have dreamed, that snow had fallen in August, on the hill where this church stands. The ladies in Rome, having an aversion to perfumes, always avoid the shower of jasmine in this church.

Of all the public exhibitions connected with religion, the most cheerful is, undoubtedly,

*The Carnival.*—This is no where to be seen to greater advantage than at Rome, though it lasts but nine days, Sundays excluded. « The scene of diversion being in the Corso (says Dr. E. Smith) the middle part of this street is, in carnival time, occupied by three rows of coaches all in procession; those which compose the two outermost going up one side and down the other, and so making a continual circuit as in Hyde Park. The central row is composed of persons of the highest quality, where the equipages display great magnificence and a fantastical style of ornament never indulged but at this time. The coaches are preceded by running footmen, and attended by numerous servants in splendid liveries. The great variety of droll masks on foot are by far the most diverting part of the scene. Here are numbers of coarse athletic carmen, dressed as women, fanning themselves with a pretended delicacy and listlessness highly comic, and hanging on the arms of their mistresses, whose little slender figures, strutting in breeches, make no less ridiculous an appearance. A very common character in these masquerades is a man dressed

like a Quaker, who runs up to every body, making a sort of thrilling, buzzing noise with his lips, and a very idiotic stare. An Englishman is always dressed like a Quaker on the Italian stage. For the convenience of the race, which follows the promenade on the Corso, the coaches are all drawn up in a row on each side of the street, the foot-passengers waiting between them and the houses, or seated in chairs and upon benches in anxious expectation; at length, a number of little horses without riders start from a stand in the *Piazza del Popolo*, decked with ribands, intermixed with tinsel and other rattling matter, and small nails so contrived as to prick their sides at every step, and spur them on. Nothing can be more silly in the eye of a stranger than this race; however, here is no waste of fortune, no sharpening, nor any tempering with jockeys. The prize is nothing more than a little flag, and this is bestowed by chance. On these occasions, the houses in the *Corso* are ornamented with tapestry, hung out of their windows. On the evening of the *last day of the carnival*, the diversions are generally carried to the highest pitch. Every body is full of tricks, and all distinctions of ranks and persons are laid aside. About dusk, almost every body takes a lighted taper in their hands, and some people hold several, the amusements consisting in trying to extinguish each others lights. Some carry large flambeaux. All the windows, and even the roofs, are crowded with  
d d.



spectators. At this time, the carriages that parade up and down resemble triumphal cars and other whimsical objects. The company within carry tapers and a plentiful ammunition of sugar-plums, with which they pelt their acquaintance on each side; while they themselves are exposed to the jokes and observations of any body who chooses to stand on the steps of their coach doors, which are very low, and the ladies are not backward in wit and repartee; but when they have no answer ready, a volley of sugar-plums generally repulses their besiegers; while the ranks on the raised footway, and the crowd below, are in a continual roar of laughter. »

#### THEATRES.

As Rome is a city where religious spectacles have the preference to all others, the theatres are fewer in number than in any city in Europe.

The Theatre of *d'Argentino* is properly the Opera House. It took its name from a tower near the spot, and is very lofty and spacious. The orchestra, though defective in wind instruments, is well supplied with violins, etc. The best performers here make a genteel appearance, but the inferior ones are often without necessary clothing. As the performers are changed every season, it must be admitted, that the measure is injurious to improvement, and a concentration of talent is hardly ever to be expected. The want of performers is also the cause that the women's part is very often

given to men, in which the voice is almost always sure to betray them. The dancers are far from possessing the graces of those of Paris; but they have an elasticity in their movements unequalled elsewhere. The variety of the scenery is really charming; but as an opera may be performed at Rome more than thirty times in succession, these repetitions are of course dull and uninteresting to a stranger. The pieces are always in two acts.

The Theatre *della Valle* is contiguous to the palace, after which it was named, and like the former theatre does not offer much of an exterior, though the interior is sufficiently handsome and convenient. Upon each side, and on the front of the stage, the busts of the most celebrated poets and composers are to be seen, with their names in letters of gold. In this, as well as in other Italian theatres, Naples excepted, there is no light but upon the stage. Some good pieces, both in tragedy and comedy are played here; and among the former, some of Voltaire's best tragedies. There is no place in Italy where the actors are applauded with so much enthusiasm as at Rome; a sort of temporary delirium seems to reign throughout the theatre; and amidst the clapping of hands and stamping of feet, loud cries are heard of "*Viva el Maestra! Viva Piccini! Viva Anfossi, Paisiello, Cimarosa, etc.*"

In the Theatre of *Apollo*, in the *Strada Tordinone*, both comedy and tragedy are performed, even during Lent. That of *Clemen-*

tino is now the property of a private company. Another in the *Strada Babuino* named *Aliberti*, is appropriated entirely for balls in winter, and during Lent. The *Fochetti* are at the mausoleum of Augustus, and play all the summer.

The *Buratini* occupy the hall *Pallacorda*, and is much more frequented by the common people than the upper classes, who nevertheless sometimes condescend to visit them, which is well worth the pains. The morality of these Italian puppets is not of so elevated a kind as that of M. Picardi's company at Paris; but they are better calculated to raise a laugh; still it is to be regretted, that these buffooneries so often transgress the rules of decency. These Italian puppets are about half the bigness of real life. Men and women properly placed are the speakers; but the machinery which produces the action is rather too much exposed. This theatre is opened at half past seven every evening, and concludes at half past ten. All the great theatres open the day after Christmas, and close on the last day of the carnival; but the two late Popes, considering that the people have occasion for some amusement every day, permit the performance of musical interludes, etc. at *Pallacorda* and *La Valla* during the whole season.

But as a specimen of the abilities of these *Buratini*, or puppets, a late traveller observes, "I have seen Tasso's Jerusalem Delivered, performed with a degree of exactitude really surprising. For instance, Godfrey consulting

his council upon the best mode of carrying on the war; the embassy of the Sultan; the assault of the citadel; combats between the Turks and Christians. Harlequin, who makes a Columbine of *Sophronisba*, and who resembles *Pulcinello* at Naples, is here in every thing and every where. But the dances of the big-headed dwarfs produce the most singular effect; among the rest a grotesque figure appears upon the stage, from which one of these dwarfs comes and takes away from it in succession its arms and legs, and last of all its head, leaving it a mere trunk. However, this trunk, seemingly deprived of all motion, like Pierrot, upon the French stage, comes to life again and begins to dance—but this is not all; this Pierrot, taken with the cholic, continues to satisfy nature before the whole audience, but with so much decency, that, instead of producing what they expected, he is brought to bed (for that is the term) of a little personage, who immediately begins dancing, and produces successively, in the same manner, about a dozen more dancers, and exhibitions of this kind are looked upon as interludes between the more serious parts of the performance. ”

Almost every company of players in Italy, besides its actors and its prompter, has its poet, whom they take with them in all their excursions, and who occasionally racks his brains to lengthen or shorten the piece, according as circumstances may require; these

unfortunate sons of Apollo must, of course, be very badly paid, when it is considered, that some of the pieces are seldom played more than twelve times, and often less.

#### PROMENADES.

These are more in fashion at Rome than at any other place in Italy. The French introduced this custom, which has become habitual. The *Corso* is the theatre of this exhibition; it commences before two in the afternoon; about three, the carriages make their appearance; these proceed as far as *Ponte Molle*, where there is more room for displaying their equipage; these are frequently accompanied by noble and genteel equestrians. Sundays and saints' days are the most brilliant, particularly in spring; when all, from the prince to the commoner, club their pence to make their appearance in a carriage according to their means. The females, dressed in their best, or rather what they have borrowed, though not always in the cleanliest linen, parade on each side of the carriages, till satisfied with a transient degree of admiration, they return home fatigued to their meal of macaroni and oil. The men, who have lately begun to improve in their dress, increase the motley crowd, made up of students from the colleges, seminarists, and ecclesiastics of the lower orders, whose habits announce nothing less than opulence. The windows and balconies contain the infirm and

the indolent, who in turn display their persons to the utmost of their ability to attract the notice of the crowd below.

Those who wish to enjoy conversation in their promenades, prefer to every other, a walk to *Trinita del Monte*, to partake of its beautiful perspective to the west; and in the groves about the *Villa Medici*, they avail themselves of the tranquillity they wish for. Of course, this is the rendezvous of financiers, officers of the customs, aged ecclesiastics, artists, and learned foreigners, who are there almost sure of meeting with some acquaintance; and this promenade is with good reason stiled the *Ambulacrum Philosophicum*. Good walkers go as far as the *Campo Vaccino*, or to some of the villas in the environs, where the entrance is gratuitous.

The Romans always give way to pleasurable sensations when they are sure of a revenue for the week, or when they have a few shillings beforehand to purchase an article of dress for their wives. It is then they treat them with an excursion to *Monte Testaccio* to figure among the *Transteverians*; when in dancing the *Saltarello*, their motions and their vivacity manifest the pleasure they experience. These dances are the diversions of autumn. The other rural walks among the common people are to enjoy their *pic nics*, which they partake of in the vineyards; and there is what is called hunting larks. The walk to *Villa Borghese* is generally confined to the month of October. The inundation of



the square of Navona is also looked upon as a species of diversion every August, when the carriages promenading through the water, the spectators enjoy it as a kind of naumachia. Winter, in its turn, brings back the theatres, the balls, and the pic nics, the expenses of which are pretty well defrayed by the visitors. Nothing, however, can equal the carnival. People who have seen Rome at any other time, would not believe it possible for any such transition to take place, as they would then witness. The Corso then, filled with men, women, and children, all in masquerade, exhibits such a whimsical variety as must be totally inconceivable to any person, who has not had ocular demonstration (1).

Towards night, the crowd begins to drop off; those who have fasted hasten to indulge their appetites; others crowd to the shows, or the *theatre Aliberti*; the lowest of the people go to the drinking-houses, or to the *Friggitori*, to eat fried fish, etc. The devout repair to the churches, and the prayers of forty hours. Thus every one finds means for a temporary indulgence to the utmost extent; but on Ash Wednesday he is doomed to hear a terrible lesson from the priest at the altar, who, nevertheless, finishes with making the sign of the cross upon the foreheads of his auditors.

(1) See a particular description of the carnival, and of the races, page 316.

## CHARACTER, MANNERS, SOCIETY.

The ancient Romans, born as it were to empire, had nationally the same elevation of mind and dignity of sentiment which the heirs of kingdoms and principalities are supposed to possess individually; and this grandeur of thought and manners they communicated to all their achievements, and stamped on all their monuments. Who can reflect on those achievements without astonishment? who can walk amidst those monuments without emotion? The very ground trod by such a race is sacred; and were Rome, with all its magnificent edifices and noble remains utterly annihilated, the seven hills would still be dear to genius and to virtue. The pilgrim would still come from distant regions, to visit with reverence the spot on which once stood the first of cities: *quæ urbs in omnibus tenetis domus fuit virtutis, imperii, dignitatis.*

But, of the heroic qualities of the ancient Romans, what share do the modern inherit? Are they high-spirited and inflexible as their ancestors? or are they not rather a tame, pusillanimous race? not the descendants of the masters of the world, but the mongrel offspring of every invading tribe?

To answer these questions, we must consider that Rome is no longer mistress of the world; she is not even free; her sons, of course, have not from their infancy a brilliant career open before them; public honours are not held out to them as incentives to ex-

ertion, nor are their labours and sacrifices rewarded by triumphs and titles of glory; they are not now, as anciently, taught even by their names to raise their heads, to tread with dignity, to look, move, and feel as *lords of human kind*. To submit to the will of a sovereign, without sharing his councils, is their fate, and domestic concerns are their only occupation. To conform them to this humble destiny is the object of their education; and when they have passed some years in college-confinement, under the superintendence of suspicious and prying masters, they return to their families, to pass their days in indolent repose.

Yet, notwithstanding these disadvantages, some features of the ancient are still strongly marked in the character of the modern Roman; as, amid the palaces of the present, there are still many traces of the former city. This resemblance is very naturally preserved by various circumstances. In the first place, as the language of their ancestors is an essential part of their education, they soon become acquainted with the ancient glories of their country, and imbibe along with its history a certain generous pride not totally devoid of magnanimity. The same effect is necessarily produced by the contemplation of the grand monuments that tower around them, and force themselves on the observation of the most inattentive. In the next place, the superiority which Rome has always enjoyed in the liberal arts, in architecture, painting, and

sculpture, and consequently her superior beauty and magnificence must, while they attract strangers from the remotest countries, unavoidably awaken in the bosom of a citizen of Rome some emotions of self-importance and complacency. Thirdly, Rome has always been considered as the capital of the Western Empire, and the metropolis of Christendom. In the first quality she gives title and precedence to the first sovereign in Europe; and in the second, she confers upon her bishops a rank and pre-eminence above all others, even though primates and patriarchs; privileges in both cases so brilliant as to reflect upon Rome a lustre unequalled, and to inspire her inhabitants with lofty sentiments of her grandeur and their own dignity. Rome is still the *holy*, the *eternal city*, the *citadel of imperial power*, the *centre of Christian unity*. « *Deorum domicilium, arc ortis terrarum, portus omnium gentium.* » Crowds of strangers flow through her gates, attracted by the magnificence of her monuments, the sanctity of her temples, or the glories of her name. *Antiquitas amabilis et religio venerabilis sæpe eò vocant.* The august formula S. P. Q. R. which still blazes on the edicts of her magistrates and ennobles her public edifices, though now a sound only, is an awful and venerable sound, which brings with it a train of ideas formed of all that is grand and impressive in history.

The natives of a city whose destinies are so glorious, neither are nor can be altogether a

low-minded grovelling race; they are proud of their birth, and certainly inherit some portion of the dignity and elevation of their ancestors. The modern Romans, however, are accused of habitual indolence and of a disposition to mendicity; but this reproach is founded upon hasty and partial observation. To repose during the heat of the day, is a custom established in all southern countries; it is conformable to the practice of the ancients, and is both useful and wholesome. By thus sacrificing hours when exercise is oppressive or dangerous, the morning and evening, that is, all the cool and delightful part of the day, with much of the night, are left open to business and amusement. The time given to labour and rest is the same in quantity as in northern regions, but divided in a different manner. As for mendicity, it must be considered that, in countries and cities where the poor are supported by voluntary contributions, mendicity is not easily avoidable; but it may be said in favour of Rome, that the number of beggars there is not greater than in other capitals of the same population; and moreover, that the wretches who infest the churches and public edifices are in general strangers, who are attracted by the facility of gathering alms in a city frequented by so many wealthy travellers, and filled with so many convents and pious establishments.

With respect to the morals of the Romans, we may assert, from the statement of impartial and judicious strangers long resident in

Rome, that among the higher classes there is less ground for censure than perhaps in any other Italian city; that *cicisbeism* is neither so common nor so flagrant; that the morals of the cardinals, prelates and clergy, and even of the middling class of citizens, are pure and unimpeachable; and that the people in general are mild and open-hearted in their intercourse, and in their manners extremely decorous, and even stately. This latter quality of the Romans cannot escape the notice of the most superficial observer; while the traveller sees, or seems to see in this unaffected gravity and dignified deportment, some traces of the majesty of the ancients; and fancies that he can still discover in their fallen descendants,

Romanos rerum dominos gentemque togatam.

The common citizen here is naturally industrious: the entire management of the house often depends upon him, so far as to provide and procure the articles of daily consumption, while his wife sits at home and minds the children. However, when he has made provision for a week, or even a shorter time, he will often remain inactive till stimulated again by similar wants. This is also the practice of a number of inferior artists, mostly painters, and among these are many females who paint, though they cannot write.

A handsome oval in the face of a Roman female is one of their distinguishing features;



and with respect to their just proportions, these may still bear comparison with some of their antique statues; their fine shapes, however, are frequently concealed under heavy clothing, and the inferiority of their gait forms a remarkable contrast with the rest of their graces.

*The Language of Signs.*—In every church, and in every company, very amusing observations may be made on this language. A lover will seldom approach his mistress at church, but addresses her by signs; and they may be saying the tenderest things imaginable, without it being possible for the uninitiated to understand a single syllable, or entertain any suspicion that they are conversing together. To lay the open hand on the chin, and then cross the lips with two fingers, signifies, « You are beautiful; I should be happy to speak with you. » If the lady only repeats the latter part of the sign, it is understood that she consents; but if she adds a motion of the hand, as if fanning herself, it means, « Begone! I do not wish to speak to you. » Raising the point of the fan almost imperceptibly, and then gently lowering it, means, « Yes, I have no objection. » Ladies of quality, when giving this answer, slowly incline the upper part of the body, and then resume their former attitude. In general, they avoid looking at the man, any more than by a quick glance of the eye after they have made the sign. Beckoning with the hand in England and Germany, signifies, « Come hi-

ther;” but in Italy, it means only, “I salute you.” A motion with the hand backwards too, signifies with us, “Go away;” but in Italy, it means, “I shall come directly.” To beckon with the inverted hand over the shoulder, means, “Go; I do not believe you.” To pull the corner of the eye down with the forefinger towards the nose, means, “That is a man who will not be played with.” Sometimes they represent an interlude or farce at Rome, where all these signs are introduced, which must therefore prove very interesting to strangers. The ladies of pleasure in Rome are not allowed to follow their profession any where but in and about the *Piazza di Spagna*. The women of the lower order have a custom resembling the Dutch: they carry about with them a small two-handled pot of live coals, over which they warm their hands, and are so attached to it, that, even when looking out of the window, they hold it before them; and to this pot they have given the whimsical appellation of *marito*, or husband.

At home, and in private, the Roman females are free and amiable in their conversation; and towards a person whom they have seen or spoken to once or twice, they are by no means bashful. Jealousy too, among the great, has no longer its usual influence, though the women are under less restraint than before. It is among unequal or unhappy marriages, that the office of *Cicisbeo*, or *Consolateur*, is in a manner indispensable. The

*Cicisbeo* is sometimes a humble friend, who is permitted to await the orders of the lady in her antichamber, till she makes her appearance; to attend her to church or to the promenade; or to fill up her leisure hours with the nothingness of his conversation. This kind of connection, arising out of long habits, is known to continue for years, free from the shadow of suspicion; so that, in fact, a *Cicisbeo*, or attendant of this description, is often made an article of stipulation in the marriage contract.

In the *Ricevimenti* (assemblies on the occasion of a marriage) the sexes converse without restraint or the interruption of their neighbours: here too is a mixture of rank without exciting any particular notice of the person. Gravity and reserve mostly take the place of gaiety. They even look at and examine one another without moving a single feature. The *Tramontana* and the *Sirocco* generally furnish subjects of conversation, and these stale topics are in continual repetition till happily interrupted by the introduction of refreshments; though sometimes the gaming table, or a tune upon the piano forte, puts an end to the *ennui*. From these *Coteries* or *Réunions*, the master of the house is often excluded; when the lady, being engaged with the principal personages, generally leaves the company to attend upon each other: this is a picture of high life; but there is much more vivacity and gaiety in these assemblies when they are held at the houses of the citizens, and gene-

rally take place on Saturdays and fast days. On these occasions, called *Sabato*, they do not enter upon their diversions till midnight, and they thus get rid of the charge of violating the abstinence prescribed by the Church. The women are extremely fond of these *picnics*, as the men bear all the expenses, and they always conclude with dancing.

It is a proverb at Florence, that science will never prevent a Roman from sleeping; this applies more to the great than to the lower classes, who are often too indolent to admire their own paintings or statues. Many of them are actually ignorant of what they possess. The clergy, who have the best opportunities of cultivating their intellect, are still attached to the quiddities of the schoolmen, but on account of their erudition, the two librarians of the *Vatican* and those of *Barberini*, *Corsini*, and the *Minerva*, are striking exceptions; to which may be added some professors of the Roman College, etc. Rome has always adopted men of genius, but she has given birth to few. None of our remaining classics were born in the city except *Lucretius*, *Cæsar* and *Tibullus*. The artists who embellished it were anciently Greeks. Such is still the fortune of Rome. She is the nurse of great talents, produced elsewhere. They flock to her as the mistress of art and antiquity; she gives them education and makes them her own: science has never flourished under its old persecutor, the Church. Rome was, indeed, the first city in Europe that in-

stituted an academy for the improvement of natural science, and for the subversion of the old philosophy: but the mistake was corrected, and Galileo atoned for the license. Even now, men of science are rather tolerated than encouraged. The government allows them to do good; but the reward and protection come only from individuals.

The business of the nation seems to be poetry. Their common discourse is full of it; their common tone or recitative makes whatever they say appear music. Considered even in a *cantilena* it is too melodious, too soft; all vowel-sounds, all pulp and flesh, without nerve, articulation or bone. « I Romani non battone le conxnanti, » is a common remark: but, instead of striking the consonants, they strike them out. For *pren-dete* they say *prenete*, for *proprio*, *propio*, etc. Their dialect is in fact the Ionic of Italy. In every circle you meet versifiers or *improvisatori*, who have a satire or a sonnet ready for every occasion.

The Roman bar maintains its superiority in learning, eloquence and urbanity. All pleadings are written, and many are printed, and thus become models to others in judicial composition. The ancients have left us ten thousand monuments of their genius, but not much criticism on the arts in which they excelled. Modern Rome, on the contrary, swarms with *conoscenti*, and contains materials enough, above ground or below, to keep them for ages at work. They have an inferior

class of artists who work chiefly for the traveller; but all the principal artists of Rome are foreign to it. They go there to form or to perfect their style; there they meet congenial society; they catch inspiration from the sight of great works, they contract a dependance on such helps, and at last they can do nothing well out of Rome.

The good pronunciation of Italian among the Romans has long been known by the proverb, « *lingua Toscana in bocca Romana*; » but this only holds good of the best company; that of the common people is scarcely intelligible from its rapidity, which they almost always moderate when they are addressed by a stranger. The French has lately been cultivated at Rome, more than ever, notwithstanding the violent opposition made to it by the academicians of Bosco.

To conclude, should the traveller be displeased with Italian society, or become tired of it, the man of learning, of genius, and of taste, cannot fail to meet at ROME with kindred souls from every country under heaven:—

For here, adventurous in the sacred search  
Of ancient arts, the delicate of mind,  
Curious and modest, from all climes resort,  
Grateful society!

#### COMMERCE, MANUFACTURES AND DIET.

The commercial revenue of Rome under the Papal government is well known to have consisted principally in the imposts upon salt, wine, and grain; but the want of consump-



tion and encouragement to the farmer were insurmountable obstacles to its increase. The corn trade being monopolized by the Apostolic Chamber, individuals could never sell unless the magazines of the former were empty. Thus the ground remained uncultivated, or the little that was so, owed it to the peasantry of the March of Ancona, who came into the Roman provinces to work at the harvest, during which time they occupied miserable hovels, sleeping on the ground, etc. Many other articles of consumption at Rome, even wax, an enormous quantity of which is consumed in the churches, comes mostly from abroad. Rome, in fact, exports nothing but its sulphur, its vitriol, some oil, a few silks, and woollen cloths, much inferior to others. To view its monuments, but no longer to purchase its relics, Rome draws numerous strangers, and considerable sums from Italy and other parts of the world. The Sabine country supplies Rome with wines, fruit, and firing, all of which descend by the Tiber. Hats manufactured at Rome, though the best in the south of Italy, are inferior to others. However, the artificial flowers, and perfumery here, are excellent; but as small workers in gold, it is astonishing that in a city where the arts have been carried to such perfection, they should have so little taste in the manufacture of the precious metals. The making of *Agnus Deis*, the *Coronari*, and other costly articles of worship, used to maintain a whole street in Rome; but this has totally declined.

The manufacture of pearls with alabaster is still in existence, but is by no means so brisk as it was a few years ago; the same might be said of printing at the College of the Propaganda, till the types were seized and carried away by the French.

Rome once contained not only the conveniences but the luxuries of life, at least, if we can credit Macrobius, who says: *Ad victum optima fert ager Campanus frumentum, Falerneus vinum, Cattenus oleum, Tusculanus ficum, mel Tarentinus, piscem Tiberis*; but it is not so at present, provisions being rather high in price, though the consumption of the population is but moderate. Many articles are brought a considerable distance, a circumstance always to the disadvantage of the consumer. Bread, for instance, is dear: a pound of the ordinary quality costs five sous; this is because most of the grain is brought from Tuscany; the difficulty of communication by sea; and the small number of mills for grinding corn in the Ecclesiastical States. Another thing is, that the culture of *Kali*, which has been of great advantage to landholders, has engrossed almost every one's attention.

Some endeavours have been made to remedy the want of grain, by cultivating the potatoe; but neither the taste nor the quality are equal to those grown in colder countries. Maize is also cultivated here, and eaten by the common people, who cannot go to the price of wheaten bread. Chesnuts, and even

the kernel of the pine apple, are of some account among the lower classes in this city, while those above them have their *maccaroni* and various kinds of pastry of all forms; their *frittata*, a kind of fried pancake, prepared in the open street by persons called *Friggitori*. All the sweet herbs are eaten here, and a few of the bitter. Here are shops that even sell the *pissenlits*, Dent de Lion, or rather the root scraped quite clean. Here are also champignons and mushrooms of every sort; large long and round turnips; fine radishes, delicious broccoli, but very few carrots: celery, fennel, and some thistles, very hard and very white, are used. In a word, every root and herb used for soup or pottage, is always to be had here very fresh, owing to the mode of watering and keeping them moist after gathering.

Every season produces its fruits: oranges are to be had in January, though not so good as those of Naples. Butchers' meat is rather cheaper than at Paris; but inferior in quality. Beef in 1812 cost about seven sous French money for the pound of twelve ounces; veal, one year old, nine sous, and *Vitella mon-gana*, or sucking veal, from thirteen to fifteen. Poultry is still cheaper, of course it is often a substitute for meat; and the *hedge hog* is sometimes eaten. Soup is commonly made of fowls, and is very good, particularly when mutton is added to them. They have also *Capretta*, or kid, and *Capreole*, a kind of wild venison, very lean. The Romans do

not succeed well in fattening fowls; however, birds of almost every kind are brought upon table, as jays, magpies, woodpeckers, wrens, thrushes, and larks; and even hawks and birds of passage, etc. while geese and ducks are held in very low estimation. Butter in January costs four sous the pound of twelve ounces; but for frying it is very common to substitute olive oil. Fish is plentiful, but the best is dear; it is sold by weight. Sturgeon is excellent; sardinias here are abundant. The lower orders subsist very much upon dried fish; upon *palumbi* and other species of zoophytes; and as in Juvenal's time,

Vos anguilla manet longæ cognata colubræ,  
Aut glacie aspersus maculis Tyberinus, et ipse  
Vernula riparum, pinguis torrente cloacâ,  
Et solitus mediæ cryptam penetrare Suburræ.

SAT. V.

Pork and hams are in much request here, and, to say the truth, both are good and even savoury. The boars are hunted on the mountains of Abbruzzo, upon the borders of the forests, where they feed upon chesnuts. The flesh of hares and rabbits is inferior here to that of the same animals in northern climates; and as the inhabitants of Rome stigmatize these creatures with the name of wild cats, they are thought but little of. Cheese, notwithstanding it was so much praised by Galen, is far from pleasing the palates of strangers, not excepting that at present distinguished by the name of *Provatura*, made of the milk of the buffalo.

The mode of living at Rome at Christmas, exhibits a very singular appearance in the streets. Not only the shops, with toys for children, but all those where eatables of any kind are sold, are decorated in the most whimsical manner. As the poorest Italian must have a turkey at this festival, those birds are to be seen, hanging up, plucked, by hundreds, most of them with oranges in their bills. Beef and veal are covered with gold and silver tinsel, and even adorned with ribbands. Hundreds of sausages are suspended like garlands, and, by way of contrast, the white *ricotta* is placed between them in paper cases. Pine apples too are made up in little pyramids; and instead of the fir trees, which decorate the market places of the north, the Romans use small laurel trees, to which they affix oranges and lemons. The whole produces a very pleasing effect.

Wine in the environs of Rome is much inferior to that of *Genzano*, *Albano*, and *Vellettri*. Some of these have the colour of a deep yellow, and are sold from five to three sous per bottle; that of eight is excellent; it is of a light saffron colour, and having much of a saccharine quality, is particularly agreeable to the female taste. The wine of *Orvieto*, being esteemed the best, is commonly to be found upon every good table in Rome. There is a kind of rough red wine, but this is not relished by strangers, on account of an acid taste which it leaves behind. For the labouring hand there is a kind of brandy drawn with

aniseed, which may be had in the streets early in the morning and all day long. As the Romans are inferior to the French in cooking, the travellers of this nation in particular are fond of dining at the houses of the *Milanese* or *French Restaurateurs*, though the attendance is extremely tardy. *Presto, presto*, applied to the servants, is of very little utility: they always answer *Adesso, adesso*, but they never increase their exertions.

After all that has been said, much must be left unseen after the longest stay in Rome. The most persevering industry and most ardent curiosity will have their moments of languor, and many objects may, perhaps, be inaccessible at the time they are wanted to be seen. Others may, by various accidents, be shut up from the public for a time; for instance, when places are repairing, or while collections are changing their owners: add to this, dark days and cold wet weather, very unpleasant for staying in uninhabited or marble rooms; and the most indefatigable traveller will find he cannot avail himself of every moment. One place is equally temperate in all weathers, St. Peter's Church. This, as a resource for filling up broken days and hours, is almost inexhaustible, for its security from the weather and the variety it contains within its walls. Generally speaking, the English bring too much money into Rome to be unwelcome guests; of course, they meet with the kindest attentions and flattering sort of deference from persons of all ranks. They serve to break the



dull uniformity of Roman society; and the attention they pay to the curiosities of the place, ensures them the good-will of all from the highest to the lowest. With respect to their manners or conduct, provided they do not disturb the public peace, there is no kind of restraint. No bowing or fasting, even in the most solemn season, unless they choose it; so that an adage of some standing, which recommends people, « when at Rome, to do as Rome does, » has little or no consequence as to its application at the present day.

#### ENVIRONS.

The various villas that encircle modern Rome form one of its characteristic beauties, as well as one of the principal features of its resemblance to the ancient city, which seems to have been environed with gardens and almost studded with groves and shady retirements. These villas often occupy the same ground, share some portion of the splendour, and enjoy all the picturesque advantages of the ancient gardens. In point of perspective beauty, Rome has, indeed, at all times possessed peculiar felicities. It covers a considerable extent of country, encloses several hills within its ramparts, and affords a great variety of views, sometimes confined to its interior, and sometimes extending to the surrounding country and the distant mountains. It is true the ancient Roman might contemplate from his garden, towering in near or distant perspective, one or more of those stupendous edifices

which then adorned the city and were deservedly ranked among the wonders of the world; but I know not whether in the melancholy spectacle of the same majestic edifices, now scattered on the ground and overgrown with cypresses, the modern villa does not exhibit a sight more awful and more affecting. If the traveller wishes to be convinced of the truth of this remark, let him from the terrace of the *Villa Borghese* fix his eyes on the dome of St. Peter's, expanded in all its splendour and perfection before him; then let him ascend the Palatine Mount, and from the cypress groves of the *Villa Farnesiana*, look down upon the shattered mass of the «Coliseum» spread beneath him in broken pomp, half covered with weeds and brambles.

No villa indeed presents a greater number of the *local felicities, immortal ruins, divine remains, big with grand recollections and awful instruction*, as the *Orti Farnesiani*. These gardens cover the greater part of the Palatine Mount, and spread over the vast substructions and scattered vestiges of the imperial palace. They front the Capitol, command the Forum, and look down upon the neighbouring Coliseum; thus exhibiting in different points of view, and successively, the noblest remains of Roman magnificence now existing. They were formerly cultivated with care, and adorned with a great variety of antique vases, busts and statues; but having unfortunately fallen by inheritance to the royal family of Naples, the ancient ornaments have been trans-

ported to that Capital, and the place, notwithstanding its exquisite beauties, has been almost entirely neglected.

The *Villa Spada* or *Brunati* (for these villas change their names with their proprietors) occupies on a much smaller scale, a part of the Palatine hill, and of the imperial palace, and enjoys some of the advantages of the *Orti Farnesiani*. The ruins of the palace cover the greater part of it, and on one side look down on the valley that separates the Palatine from the Aventine Mount. From a gallery in a recess still remaining the Emperor might behold the games of the *Circus Maximus*, which occupied the greater part of that valley.

On the summit of *Mount Caelius* stands the *Villa Mattei*, once famous for the beauty and number of its antiques, and though now, like the *Orti Farnesi*, forsaken and neglected, is still interesting for its groves, its verdure, its prospects and its solitudes.

*Villa Negroni*, once the favourite retreat of Sixtus Quintus, encloses a vast space of ground on the Esquiline and Viminal hills, covered with groves and opening upon various beautiful prospects. It contains two handsome and spacious buildings, but its numerous antiques have been removed. The celebrated *Agger Tarquinii*, or rampart raised by Tarquinius Priscus, intersects this garden and claims the attention due to its age and origin.

The *Villa Aldobrandini* is small and ill furnished, but is celebrated for the remarkable ancient painting, which represents the nuptial

ceremony in graceful figures, easy drapery and charming groupes..

The *Villa Ludovisi* is a part only of the gardens of Sallust, and as it stands on the summit of the Pincian hill, it necessarily commands some very beautiful prospects. Its delicious walks are shaded with ilex, cypress and bay, of the noblest growth, and of the most luxuriant foliage; and it has the singular advantage of being enclosed in a great degree by the venerable walls of the city. The elevated *Casino*, or summer-house in the centre, affords from its battlements an extensive view of the *Campagna*, and the mountains that form its boundaries, particularly those of *Albano* and *Sabina*. On a ceiling of this *Casino* is the famous *Aurora* of Guercino, by some preferred to that of Guido.

The *Strada Pinciana* separates this villa from the gardens of the *Villa Medici*, once the residence of the cardinal of that family, and from its lofty situation, superb collection of statues, pillars and marbles, as well as from the beauty of its gardens, well entitled to the attention and favours of those patrons of the arts. But as it belongs now to a sovereign, its antiquities have been transported to Florence, his capital; its noble apartments are neglected, and its gardens alone remain the resort and delight of every serious traveller.

The *Orti Barbarini* rises to the South of the court of St. Peter's church, and while it commands from its terrace a full view of one side of the colonnade, it presents to the eye of

those who are going towards the Vatican a beautiful back-ground for the other side, and spreads its pines and cypresses in such a manner as to form in appearance an aerial garden, suspended over the pillars, and shading the statues.

The gardens belonging to the *Corsini* palace have acquired some celebrity from the meetings of the academy of the *Quirini*; and the *Bosco Parrasio* is a rural theatre where the academy of the *Arcadians* meet to hear and examine the poetical effusions of their associates. It is situated on the side of the Janiculum.

All the gardens and villas hitherto mentioned are within the ancient walls of the city, and may be considered as constituent parts of it, contributing much to its beauty, coolness and magnificence; but besides these, many others lie in the suburbs and neighbourhood, and give to the immediate environs of Rome an uncommon share of amenity and interest.

To begin by the *Porta San Panerazio*, the nearest the Janiculum, anciently the *Porta Aurelia*; proceeding along the *Via Aurelia* about a mile from the gate, we arrive at the *Villa Pamfili* or *Belrespiro*. This country seat, which now belongs to Prince Doria, is supposed to occupy the same ground as the gardens of the emperor Galba, and is remarkable for its edifices, its waters, its woods, its antiquities of every description, its great extent and its general magnificence.

One of the most conspicuous objects in the immediate neighbourhood of Rome is the

*Monte Morio*, a bold eminence, about a mile from the *Porta Angelica*, clothed with vineyards and crowned with groves of cypress and poplar. On its summit is the *Villa Mellini*, remarkable for the noble view that lies expanded under its terrace. The Tiber intersecting the city and winding through rich meadows; the *Prata Quintia* and *Prata Mutia*, fields still bearing in their names the trophies of Roman virtue and Roman heroism: the *Pons Milurius* with its tower, and the plains consecrated by the victory of Constantine; the Vatican palace, with its courts and gardens; the church of St. Peter, with its portico, obelisk and fountains; the *Campus Martius* covered with the churches, squares and palaces of the modern city; the seven hills strewn with the ruins of the ancient town; the walls, with their towers and galleries; the desert *Campagna*, with *Mount Soratte* rising apparently in the centre of the semi-circular sweep of mountains tinged with blue or purple, now bright with the sun, now dark in the shade, and generally gleaming with snow—such is the varied magnificent scene spread before the traveller, while reposing on the shaded terrace of the *Villa Mellini*.

The same prospect may be enjoyed from the *Villa Madama*, which lies further on the side of the hill towards *Ponte Milvio*. In the gardens of this villa is a rural theatre, formed by the natural winding of a little dell, and shaded by a whole forest of beautiful evergreens. In the golden days of the Medici,



one of whom laid out these gardens, this sylvan scene was much frequented; but as it now belongs to the King of Naples, it is entirely neglected.

On the opposite side of the city, a little way from the *Porta Salara*, stands the *Villa Albani*, one of the best supported and best furnished seats in the neighbourhood of Rome, or indeed in Europe. The palace is magnificent, and together with the gardens is adorned by a collection of antiques, amounting nearly to 800. To these may be added 260 pillars of granite, porphyry and marble, which support and adorn the villa and gardens: a species of grandeur that exists only in Rome and its vicinity. This fine spot was sadly ravaged by the French.

We shall now proceed to the *Villa Borghese*, which, from the space it occupies, supposed to be about four miles in circumference, its noble vistas, frequent fountains, ornamental buildings, superb palace, and almost innumerable antiquities, is justly considered as the first of the Roman villas, and worthy of being put in competition with the splendid retreats of Sallust or Lucullus. It stands on a continuation of the Pincian hill; at a little distance from the walls of the city, about half a mile from the Port Flaminia or *Del Popolo*. It covers the brow of the hill, and from the terrace has a noble view of the city and of the Vatican. The gardens are laid out with some regard both for the new and old system; for though symmetry prevails

in general, and long alleys appear intersecting each other, lined with statues and refreshed by cascades, yet here and there a winding path allures you into a wilderness formed of plants abandoned to their native luxuriance, and watered by streamlets murmuring through their own artless channels. The ornamental buildings are deficient in correctness and purity of architecture.

The *Casino* or palace itself is of great extent, but, though erected from the plans of the principal architects of the age, and of the finest stone, yet it neither astonishes nor pleases. The reason of this failure of effect is evident: the ornaments are so numerous and the parts so subdivided as to distract the eye and to leave no room for any one predominant impression. The bas-reliefs and statues, scattered with such prodigality over the exterior of this *Casino*, are sufficient to adorn the three largest palaces in Europe. The interior consists of several large saloons and apartments and a gallery, all of which, particularly the latter, are lined and inlaid with the richest marbles, and supported by noble pillars intermingled with bronze and gilding, and adorned with the best specimens of ancient art in sculpture and painting. Such indeed is the value of this collection, and such the splendour of the apartments in which it is displayed, that no sovereign in Europe can boast of so rich a gallery, or of a residence so truly regal.

The gardens are always open to the public,

who, in an elegant Latin inscription, are welcomed to the free enjoyment of all the beauties of the place; and at the same time are intreated to spare the shrubs and flowers, and to respect the more valuable ornaments, the urns, statues, and marbles. The Romans, accordingly profit of the invitation and resort in crowds to the *Villa Borghese*, particularly on Sundays.

Out of the many villas that adorn Rome and its vicinity we have selected only a few, as fully sufficient to give the traveller a satisfactory idea of the nature and the decorations of these celebrated suburban retirements. However, indeed, they may differ in extent and magnificence, their principal features are nearly the same, both with regard to artificial ornaments as well as natural graces. We shall pass, therefore, by a very natural transition, from the villas to the other grand or beautiful objects in the neighbourhood of the city, and within the compass of a walk from its gates; confining ourselves to such excursions as appear most interesting.

The *Banks of the Tiber* cannot fail to attract the steps of the classic traveller. Though far inferior in breadth to all the great rivers, yet, as it is generally, from a few miles above Rome to the sea, about 500 feet wide on an average, it cannot be considered as a contemptible stream. Above and a little below the city, it runs through groves and gardens and waters the villas and retreats of the richer Romans; but, beyond *Ponte Molle*, it rolls

through a long tract of plains and hills, fertile and green though uncultivated and deserted. When it has passed the *Villa Muliana*, it falls again into a wilderness, and

————— Through the desert plain  
Winds its waste stores and sullen sweeps along.

The traveller may commence his next excursion from the *Capitol*, and, crossing part of the Forum, turn towards the Palatine Mount. On his left he will notice the solid wall of the *Rostra*; the temple of Romulus, raised on the spot where the twin brothers were exposed; and a spring, called by some antiquaries the fountain of *Juturna*, bursting from a deep cleft in the rock. On his right he will observe the Cloaca Maxima, the stupendous work of Tarquinius Priscus. He will next pass under the arch of *Janus*, cross a corner of the *Forum Boarium*, and turning to the left, advance along the Palatine on one side, and the Circus Maximus on the other. He then enters the street that leads with a gentle sweep between the *Clivus Scauri* and *Mount Celius* on the left, and on the right, the *Thermæ Antonini* and *Mount Aventine* to the *Porta Capena*. As he proceeds on the *Via Appia*, he will pass the ancient Basilica of St. Sebastian, and shortly after come to the Circus of Caracalla.

This circus, about two miles from the gates of Rome, presents such remnants of its ancient walls as enable us to form a clear notion

of the different parts and arrangements of a circus. Its length is 1602 feet, its breadth 260, and there were seven ranges of seats which contained about 27,000 spectators.

A little beyond the Circus of Caracalla, and in full view from it, rises the Mausoleum of Cecilia Metella, a circular edifice, of considerable height and thickness. The solidity and simplicity of this monument are worthy of the republican era in which it was erected, and have enabled it to resist the incidents and survive the lapse of 2000 years. Contiguous to this mausoleum are the ruined remains of ramparts, houses and churches erected in the middle ages.

The traveller on his return may traverse the Circus of Caracalla, now a luxuriant meadow, pass under its time-worn gate, and crossing the road, descend into a pleasant dell, where he will find a grotto and a fountain with a few trees scattered around them. The grotto is covered with a solid arch and lined with walls. The niches on both sides were probably occupied in ancient times by the divinities of the place; over the fountain a statue rather disfigured by time appears in a reclining posture. Various evergreen shrubs hang over the fountain, play round the statue and wind and flourish through the grotto and over its entrance. The statue represents the *Nymph Egeria*; and the grotto, the fountain and the grove, that once shaded it, were consecrated by Numa to the same nymph and

to the Muses. A pure and limpid streamlet flows from the fountain and waters the little valley.

On the brow of the hill that borders the Egerian valley on the south, stands the little church of St. Urban, formerly a temple of Bacchus, or perhaps of the Muses. A little farther on is a brick temple, small, but well proportioned, and adorned with pilasters. From this the traveller turns again to the *Via Appia*, recrosses the river Almo and reenters by the *Porta Capena*.

Another day, he may go out by the *Porta Nomentana* now *Pia*, and, proceeding about a mile, visit the church of St. Agnes, remarkable for its antiquity, having been executed by Constantine, and likewise for the double row of marble pillars one above the other that support its roof, and for the porphyry and alabaster columns which adorn its altar and tabernacle. Its form is the same as that of other churches of the same era.

Near this edifice stands the church of Saint Constantia, the daughter of Constantine, formerly her mausoleum, and supposed to have been at a still earlier period, a temple of Bacchus. It is of a circular form, supported by a row of coupled columns and crowned with a dome. Behind the pillars runs a gallery, the vaulted roof of which is incrustated with ancient Mosaics, representing little genii playing with clusters of grapes amidst the tendrils of the vine.

About two miles further, the traveller will



find the *Ponte Lamentano*, anciently *Pons Nomentanus*, a bridge over the Anio, and a little beyond it may ascend the *Mons Sacer* famous in Roman history. About two miles northward of the *Pons Nomentanus* is the *Pons Salaris*, *Ponte Salaro*, remarkable for the combat between Manlius Torquatus and the gigantic Gaul, as also for the encampment of Annibal when he threatened Rome itself.

Besides these walks, every gate possesses its attractions, presenting on the roads and paths which it opens to the steps of the traveller, its views of rural beauty or its remains of ancient grandeur: its churches sanctified by the memory of the Good, its fields consecrated by the struggles of the Brave, and its sepulchres ennobled by the ashes of the Great. Wheresoever he directs his observation, he finds himself surrounded by the wonders of modern art and by the monuments of ancient splendour; so that his eye is gratified by noble exhibitions, and his mind elevated by grand and awful recollections.

*Tivoli.* After a first and rapid survey of the ancient ruins and of the modern magnificence of Rome, the traveller will naturally turn his attention to the neighbouring country, and visit some of the classical retreats of the Sabine and Alban mountains. On leaving Rome for Tivoli, we proceed along the *Via Teburtina*, and about three miles from the city, pass the *Ponte Mammolo* over the Anio or *Teverone*. The *Campagna*, ex-

tending thence to the mountains of Tabina, is flat but fertile, and covered either with rich grass or corn. Woods surrounding distant villas or farms appear here and there covering the summits of little hills.

About eight miles from the bridge we cross the little streamlet, called from its sulphurous exhalations the *Solfatara*. The lake or pool from which it rises is about a short mile from the road, somewhat less than a mile in circumference, and near 200 feet deep. Its waters are of an iron grey colour, and its surface is frequently spotted with a bituminous matter, which, mixing with weeds and vegetable substances, gradually coagulates and forms what may be called a floating island. This lake was in high repute among the ancients, and much frequented on account of the oracle of Faunus, whose temple, surrounded by a sacred grove, stood on its bank.

The *Ponte Lugano*, over the Anio, presents itself about a mile and a half farther on, and is remarkable for a tomb of the *Plautian* family, consisting of a round tower built of large blocks of Tiburtine stone, resembling the sepulchre of Cecilia Metella. About two miles farther, a road turns off to the villa of Adrian, which stood on a hill, with the extensive vale of Latium on one side, and a little deep glade called *Tempe* on the other. It commanded a delightful view of the Sabine mountains, with Tibur here, and there a prospect of the Alban hills with their towers and forests; behind, the vale lost itself in distant

mountains; in front, appeared Rome extended over its seven hills, and reflecting from its temples and palaces the beams of an evening sun. Statues, columns, and marbles of the rarest kinds have been, and are continually discovered, when excavations are made amidst the ruins of the amazing fabrics which once constituted this imperial residence; while briars and brambles fill the halls and stuccoed apartments, and a mixed confusion of orchards and gardens, forest and fruit-trees, vineyards and corn waving over them, present a strange melancholy contrast.

Returning to the road, we begin and continue for some time to ascend the high hill on which *Tivoli* stands, passing through groves of olives till we reach the summit. *Tivoli*, the Tibur of the ancients, boasts of high antiquity, and still possesses a considerable population of about 10,000 inhabitants. The town itself is not handsome, though it contains some very fine houses, and stands in a very delightful situation, sheltered on one side by *Monte Catili* and a semicircular range of saline mountains, and commanding on the other an extensive view over the *Campagna*, bounded by the sea, Rome, Mount Soracte and the pyramidal hills of *Monticelli* and *Monte Rotondo*, the ancient Eretum. But the pride and ornament of *Tivoli* are still, as anciently, the fall and windings of the Anio now the *Teverone*. This river, having wandered from its source through the vales of *Sabrina*, glides gently through *Tivoli*, till, com-

ing to the brink of a rock, it precipitates itself in one mass down the steep, and there raging for an instant in its narrow channel, rushes headlong through a chasm in the rock into the caverns below.

The first fall may be seen from the windows of the inn, or from the temple; but it appears to the greatest advantage from the bridge thrown over the new channel a little below it. From this bridge also you may look down into the shattered rock, and observe far beneath the writhings and agitations of the stream struggling through its rocky prison. To view the second fall, or the descent into the cavern, we go down through a garden by a winding path into the narrow dell through which the river flows after the cascade; there, placing ourselves in front of the cavern, we behold the Anio in two vast sheets tumbling through two different apertures, shaking the mountain in its fall and filling all the cavities around with the spray and uproar. Though the rock rises to the height of 200 feet in a narrow circular form, clothed on one side with shrubs and foliage, yet a sufficient light breaks upon the cavern to show its pendant rocks, agitated waters, and craggy borders.

About a hundred paces from the grotto, a natural bridge, formed by the water working through the rock, enables the spectator to pass the river, and to take another view of the cascade; less distinct with regard to the cavern, but more enlarged, as it includes a

greater portion of the superincumbent rock in front with the shagged banks on both sides. The rock immediately above and on the left is perpendicular, and crowned with houses, while from an aperture in its side at a considerable height gushes a rill, too small to add, either by its sound or size, to the magnificence of the scenery.

The bank on the opposite side is steep and shaggy, but leaves room for little gardens and vineyards. On its summit stands the celebrated temple of the Sybil. This beautiful pile is circular, of the Corinthian order; built in the reign of Augustus, and admired not for its size but for its proportions and situation. It stands in the court of the inn, exposed to the weather without any roof or covering; but its own solidity seems to be a sufficient protection. Of its eighteen pillars ten only remain with their entablature.

Near this temple stands another, consisting of four pillars, which now form a part of the wall of the parish church of St. George. Besides these, scarce any other vestige remains of ancient Tibur. But if its artificial ornaments have perished, and its temples and villas have long since crumbled into dust, the unalterable graces that nature has conferred upon it still remain, and its orchards, gardens and cool recesses bloom and flourish in unfading beauty. To enjoy this delicious scenery to advantage, the traveller must cross the bridge and follow the road which runs at the foot of the classic *Monte Catillo*, and

winds along the banks of the Anio, rolling after its fall through the valley in a deep dell. As he advances, he will have on his left the deep banks covered with trees, shrubs, and gardens; on his right the bold but varying swells of the hills shaded with groves of olives. These sunny declivities were anciently interspersed with splendid villas, the favourite abodes of the most luxurious and refined Romans. They are now replaced by two solitary convents, lifting each its white tower above the dark green mass of olives; while their site, often conjectural, or traditionary, is sometimes marked by some scanty vestiges of ruin, and now and then by the mere probable resemblance of a name.

As the traveller, following the bend of the hill, comes to the side of the road opposite the town, he catches first a side glimpse, and shortly after a full view of the *Cascatelle*, or smaller cascades, inferior in mass and grandeur, but equal in beauty to the great fall in the town. They are formed by a branch of the *Anio* turned off from the main body of the river before it reaches the precipice, for the use of the inhabitants; which, after it has crossed the town, bursts from a wood on the summit of the hill, and then tumbles from its brow in one great and several smaller streams, first down one and then another declivity, through thickets and brambles, spangled with dew-drops or lighted up with a rainbow. The elevation and mass of these cascades; the colours and broken heaps of the rocks down



which they tumble ; the shrubs, plants, and brambles, that hang over the channel and sometimes bathe themselves in the current ; the river below fretting through a narrow pass under a natural arch ; the olives that shade that arch and the vines that wave around it ; the bold bendings and easy sweeps of the surrounding mountains ; and the towers of the town rising on the top of the hill beyond the cascade, with the ruins of Mecenas's villa on its shelving side, form one of the most delicious pictures that can be imagined. The traveller is usually conducted by his guide to a sort of natural stage formed by the rock projecting boldly over the river just opposite the cascade. However a side view is considered as the best, because it augments the apparent mass of waters.

On a part of the declivity towards the town is a field, in which is a circular edifice of brick with a vaulted roof. It has several niches for statues, and is of excellent proportions ; and though stripped long since of all its ornaments, is still in good preservation.

Mecenas's villa stands at the extremity of the town on the brow of the hill, and hangs over several streamlets which fall down the steep. It commands a noble view of the Anio and its vale beneath, the hills of Albano and Monticelli, the Campagna, and Rome itself rising on the borders of the horizon. It still presents several traces of its former magnificence, such as a triple row of arches, seventeen below and fourteen above, forming a suit of apart-

ments spacious enough for all the purposes of private luxury. The active Cardinal Ruffo, during the reign of Pius VI, turned it into a foundery, after having stripped the walls and the roof of the ivy, and effaced the venerable marks of ruin which the hand of time had shed over them. A branch of the river pours through the arched gallery and vaulted cellars; and shaking the edifice as it passes along, rushes in several sheets down the declivity. The ancient magnificence of this villa is probably equalled by that of the modern *Villa Estense*, erected by a Cardinal in the sixteenth century, in a lofty situation, surrounded with terraces, water-falls, groves of cedars, cypresses and orange-trees, and adorned with statues, vases and marbles. The gardens are laid out in the old style, and the whole is in a most lamentable state of decay.

There are in the town or immediate neighbourhood of *Tivoli*, other villas of great extent and some magnificence, enjoying in proportion similar advantages, of situation and prospect; and perhaps no spot on earth affords more of either: but the modern Romans, like the continental nations in general, are not partial to a country residence, they do not feel the beauties of nature, and cannot relish the calm solitary charms of a country life. Hence the delicious retreats of *Tiber*, and the rural beauties of the *Alban Mount*, scenes that delighted the philosopher and enchanted the poet in ancient days, are now beheld with indifference, and perhaps

honoured once a year, during the *Villegiatura* with a short and impatient visit.

The traveller who would wish to visit the *Sabine Mountains*, among which was *Horace's Villa*, must proceed by the *Via Valleria* to the town of *Vico Varo*. As he winds along the hills, he sees the Anio meandering beneath him through a beautiful dell, and forming a variety of pleasing scenes. The face of the country is here wooded and there naked, but always bold and in general very fertile.

From *Vico Varo* we proceed along the river about two miles, to a bridge remarkable for the remains of a lofty arch formed to conduct the Claudian aqueduct over the Anio. Only a small part of the arch is standing, while the channel opened through the rock on the opposite side, near a mill, is still perfect. The banks here are extremely bold, particularly on the northern side of the river, where they rise to a great elevation and seem to hang over the mill and the stream. The rock, hollowed by nature into a variety of grottos, is said to have been for some time the retreat of St. Benedict the patriarch of the western monks. On the top of the rock stands the Franciscan convent of *S. Cosimato*.

As we advance, we find ourselves in a fine valley with beautiful hills rising close on our left, while on our right, in the midst of fertile meadows bounded on the opposite side by the hill of *Mandela*, and a ridge of successive mountains, glides the *Licenza*, anciently

*Digentia*, the favourite stream of Horace. Its bed is wide, stony and shallow in the summer. Proceeding a little farther, we perceive to the left, on the brow of a craggy steep, the *Fanum Vacuno*, where the poet dates one of his philosophic epistles: now a village called *Roua Giovane*. The road then runs at the foot of Mount *Lucretilis*, and certainly a more beautiful mountain has rarely been discovered by a traveller or celebrated by a poet: it rises in a gentle but irregular swell, forming several hills of different shapes as it ascends, and leading the eye through several easy gradations to its summit. Rocks and precipices frequently break its lines, and open various caverns and grottos in its sides and on its declivities. Its lower regions are divided into corn-fields and vineyards; groves of olives and chesnuts interspersed with forest trees thrown negligently about, sometimes single, sometimes in clumps, and now and then in woods, wave round its middle: its upper parts are heathy pasture and in many places are covered with brambles, shrubs and forests. Herds may be seen ranging through the meadows, and flocks of goats spread over the wilds and browsing on the precipices. Arcadia itself could scarcely have exhibited more beautiful scenes, or opened more delightful recesses.

About a mile and a half beyond the road that leads to *Roua Giovane*, is a path that crosses a vineyard to the spot where *Horace's Villa* is supposed to have stood. A part of

a wall rising in the midst of brambles and some mosaic pavements are the only traces that now remain of the poet's mansion.

The whole tract of country we have just traversed corresponds in every particular with the description which Horace gave of it two thousand years ago. Not only the grand and characteristic features, *the continued chain of mountains—the shady valley—the winding dell—the abundant fountain—the savage rocks*—features, which a general convulsion of nature only can totally efface: not these alone remain, but the less and more perishable beauties, *the little rills—the moss-covered stones—the frequent groves—the arbutus half concealed in the thickets—the occasional pine—the oak and the ilex suspended over the grotto*: these meet the traveller at every turn and rise around him as so many monuments of the judgment and accuracy of the poet.

*The Alban Mount and Lake.* The Alban Mount, which forms such a conspicuous and majestic feature of Roman landscape, and presents itself so often to the reader's notice in Roman history and literature, will furnish the traveller with an object for a second excursion. The road to it is the *Via Appia*, which begins at the *Porta Capena*, and crosses the *Almone* flowing near the walls of Rome; and, as it traverses the Campagna, presents aqueducts and sepulchres that border its sides with ruins.

The town of Albano consists almost totally



of one long street, in general well built and airy; but its chief advantage is its lofty situation; and its ornaments are the beautiful country-houses and walks that surround it on all sides. The principal villa belongs to a Roman Duke, and occupies part of the site of Pompey's *Albanum*; its gardens, laid out in the best modern style, wind delightfully amidst the ruins. Its views open on the sea coast, and command the whole of that classic ground which Virgil has made the scene of the last six books of the *Eneid*, the seven hills and the humble capital of Evander; the mouth of the Tiber where Eneas landed; Laurentium with its surrounding forests; the lake of Turnus; the *vada sacra Numici*, and all the Rutilian territory.

A fine road, shaded with double rows of ilex, leads from *Albano* to *Castel Gandolfo* and the *Alban Lake*. This lake is seven miles in circumference, and is surrounded with a high shelving shore, covered with gardens and orchards. The immediate borders of the lake are lined with trees that bathe their branches in its waters. It is clear as crystal, is said to be almost unfathomable in some places, and is supposed to be contained in the crater of an extinguished volcano. An *emissarius*, or outlet, was formed at so early a period as the year of Rome 358, to prevent the sudden and mischievous swells of the lake; and the work still remains a singular instance of the industry and superstition of the Romans.

*Grotta Ferrata*, near the ancient *Tusculum*,



and not far from the Alban lake, is supposed to have been the site of Cicero's favourite villa. It is now an abbey of Greek monks, and stands on one of the *Tamuli*, or beautiful hills grouped together in the Alban Mount. The views from it are very extensive, various and delightful. The plane-tree still seems to love the soil, and blooms and flourishes in peculiar perfection all around.

From *Grotta Ferrata* we may proceed to the hills that hang over *Frascati*, the summit of which was once crowned with *Tusculum*. This town which communicated its name to all the rural retreats in its neighbourhood, survived the hostilities of the barbarians, and was doomed to fall in a civil contest by the hands of the degenerate Romans themselves, about the year 1190. Its ruins remain scattered in long lines of wall and of shattered arches, intermingled with shrubs and bushes, over the summit and along the sides of the mountain, from which the view is extensive in every direction.

The modern town of *Frascati* stands on the side of the hill, much lower down than the ancient *Tusculum*, but still in an elevated and airy situation. It is surrounded with villas, many of which are of great beauty and magnificence; but its interior contains nothing remarkable.

To the south of *Frascati* is a very remarkable ancient tomb, called by the people the « Sepulchre of the Horatii and Curiatii. » This monument is of great magnitude and of

a bold and striking form, and was originally adorned with five obelisks, of which two only remain. A variety of shrubs grow from its crevices, wave in garlands round its shattered pyramids and hang in long wreathes to the ground. The melancholy interest which such an appearance awakens will be increased, when the traveller learns, that it is credibly supposed, that the venerable pile before him covers the ashes of Pompey the Great.

About a mile farther on, at the end of a finely shaded avenue, stands *Aricia*, where Horace passed the first night of his journey to Brundisium. This little town, now called *La Riccia*, is extremely well built and pretty, particularly about the square, which is adorned with a handsome church on one side, and on the other with a palace, or rather a villa. It stands on the summit of a hill and is surrounded with groves and gardens. Of the ancient town situated at the foot of the same hill in the valley, there remains only some arches, and a circular edifice once perhaps a temple, and a few scattered substructions. The immense foundations of the *Via Appia*, formed of blocks of stone, rising from the old town up the side of the hill, in general about 24 feet in breadth and sometimes almost 60 in elevation, are perhaps one of the most striking monuments that now remain of Roman enterprise.

On an eminence, about a mile farther, stands a church, called *Madonna di Galloro*, a very picturesque object at a little distance:

and two miles thence rises the town of *Gensano*, beautiful in its regular streets, in its woody environs, and in the neighbouring lake of *Nemi*.

This lake derives its modern name from the *Nemus Dianæ*, the sacred groves that shaded its banks. Like that of Albano, it occupies a deep hollow in the mountain, but it is much inferior to it in extent, and fills only a part of the amphitheatre formed by the crater. The remaining part, with the high banks, is covered with gardens and orchards well fenced and thickly planted, forming an enchanting scene of fertility and cultivation. The castle and the town of *Nemi* stand on the eastern side, on a high rock hanging over the water. The upper terrace of the Capucins gives the best view. Opposite to it lies *Gensano* stretched along a wooded bank, shelving gently to the verge of the lake; behind rises *Monte Giove* (Mons Jovis) and beyond extend the plains and woods that border the seashore: towards the south-east we behold *Monte Artenisio*, on which the temple of Diana anciently formed a conspicuous feature in the scenery and history of this territory. From the base of the rock on which the town of *Nemi* stands, gushes the fountain of *Egeria*, for this nymph had a fountain and a grove here as well as at Rome. The fountain is abundant, and is one of the sources of the lake. The woods still remain and give the whole scene an inexpressible freshness and beauty to the traveller fainting under the heat of an

Italian summer. On his return, he may also wind through the woods that flourish between the two lakes and enter *Albano* by the abbey of *S. Paolo*, or rather by the fine avenue of *Castel Gandolfo*. The air on the Alban and Tusculan hills is always pure and wholesome, the soil is extremely fertile, and in some places remarkable, as it was anciently, for excellent wine.

*Antium.* As *Albano* is not above ten miles from the sea-coast, the traveller may take the opportunity of making an excursion thither, and may visit *Antium*, the capital of the *Volsci*, often mentioned in the Roman annals. The road to it runs along the Alban hills, then over the *Campagna*, and through a forest bordering the coast for many miles. The wood consists of young oak, ilex, myrtle and box, and is peculiarly refreshing, not by its shade only, but by the perfumes that exhale on all sides from its odoriferous shrubs. This pleasure however is considerably diminished by the apprehension of robbers; as all the criminals who escape from Rome and its neighbourhood betake themselves to this forest and lurk for years in its recesses. Its extent is great, for it runs with little interruption along the coast, sometimes five, sometimes ten miles in breadth, from the mouth of the Tiber to *Circe's* promontory. The ground it covers is low and occasionally swampy.

*Ostia.* Ostia, once the great mart of the Mediterranean, and the port of Rome, is fif-

teen miles from it. The road at first runs through two ridges of hills, and afterwards over a fertile plain bounded by the same ridges, and forming a sort of wide verdant amphitheatre intersected by the Tiber. The face of the country the whole way is fertile and green, and varied by several gentle swells, but deficient in wood and consequently in beauty. The sea-coast, however even at the distance of four or five miles, is bordered with a wood of ilex, and various shrubs intermixed with large trees and entangled with underwood, forming a considerable forest. In this forest are several large shallow pools, whose stagnant waters infect the air and contribute not a little to its unwholesomeness. The Tiber is rapid and muddy, and its banks are shaded with a variety of shrubs and flowery plants; the stream, though divided into branches, is still considerable. The largest is called *Fiumicino*: on its northern bank stands *Porto*, the ancient *Portus Romanus*, projected by Cæsar, begun by Augustus, finished by Claudius and repaired by Trajan. Of this port scarce a trace remains, and the town though a bishopric is insignificant. The present town of *Ostia* is a miserable fortified village, containing scarce fifty sickly inhabitants, for such is the badness of the air, that none but malefactors or banditti will inhabit it.

From the account we have now given of the country bordering on the coast, it will be found to present nearly the same features as

in the time of Pliny, who thus describes the view along the road that crossed it. *Varia hinc et inde facies. Num modo occurrentibus silvis via coaretatur, modo latissimis pratis diffunditur et patescit: multi greges ovium, multa ibi equorum boumque armenta.* This appearance of the country extends all along the coast and even over the Pomptine marshes.

### THE CAMPAGNA.

Or where *Campagnia's* plain forsaken lies,  
A weary waste expanded to the skies.

GOLDSMITH.

One of the most striking objects in the approach to Rome, is that vast uninhabited, and in many places uncultivated extent of country, that surrounds it on all sides and is called the *Campagna*. Its present state of desolation is certainly singular, and naturally calls for inquiry. The earth in many parts is struck with barrenness, and the air is tainted with pestilence.

It appears certain, that this evil was felt in ancient times, and one of the oldest remarks relative to it is to be found in the 7th book of Livy, where mention is made of the unhealthy constitution of the country round Rome. Strabo observes that the coasts of *Latium* were in some places unhealthy, and ascribes that quality to the marshes that border upon them. It naturally follows that in ancient as well as modern times the air of the coast must not unfrequently be carried by sea breezes into the interior; and, as the *Campagna* is sur-



rounded by mountains on every other side, these vapours may, particularly in the calm and sultry months of summer, remain suspended in the air and considerably affect its salubrity. To confirm this conjecture, I need only observe that several ancient writers, and among others, Horace, Martial, and Frontinas, represent *the air of Rome itself* as unwholesome during the great heats, and at present, the wind which blows from the coasts in summer, particularly since the forests that formerly covered them were thinned by Pius VI, is considered as peculiarly noxious. A marshy soil, under the influence of a warm sun, naturally emits exhalations; and the more serene the sky, the more permanent and destructive must be their influence.

We must recollect at the same time, that the *Campagna* is not the only unhealthy tract in Italy; that Tuscany has its *Maremma*, and that its coasts were never remarkable for salubrity.

From these observations we may perhaps infer that the air of the *Campagna* could never have been much more healthy than it is at present; though a superior cultivation and population might then have counteracted in some degree the causes above mentioned. We may also suppose, that at a very remote period, those causes did not perhaps exist; and that many portions of land, now marshes, might then have been covered with the sea. As to the population of this territory, it appears to have been astonishingly great during

the infancy of the Roman republic; but was probably not very great in the time of Augustus and Trajan; and to what other cause than the unwholesomeness of the air can so extraordinary a deficiency in the neighbourhood of such an immense capital be attributed? It is true, there was anciently a very great number of villas in every part of this region; but this cannot be adduced as a proof of its general salubrity, because many of them were erected in places acknowledged even then to be unwholesome; and were moreover designed for temporary accommodation, and as occasional retreats in winter, and spring, and the beginning of summer, when the whole *Campagna* is perfectly salubrious.

As to the cultivation of this tract, a very considerable part was anciently, as now, entirely given up to pasturage, as is evident from the passage of Pliny quoted above. Much does not seem to have been under corn, as immense supplies were regularly conveyed to Rome from Sicily, Egypt, and Africa; supplies which the fertility of the plains of *Latium* and *Etruria*, if called forth by the arts of cultivation, would have rendered unnecessary. At present, several extensive tracts are cultivated, particularly on the left of the *Via Tiburtina*, and of the *Via Appia*, in the Pomptine Marshes. The fields in the immediate neighbourhood of Rome and on the banks of the Tiber are used as meadows, and produce great quantities of the finest hay. It

is indeed a great mistake to imagine that the *Campagna*, because uninhabited, is therefore totally neglected and unproductive. At stated periods, the population of the neighbouring towns is employed in its cultivation; and the yearly produce is valued, on an average, at two pounds an acre. The soil, however, neither is, and probably never was, in some parts, very fit for agricultural purposes. An intelligent English author says: "I will boldly affirm, that the most striking parts, the whole plain between Rome and Tivoli, and the Pontine Marshes, never were, nor ever could be in a much better state than at present. I have walked over a great part of the plain between Rome and Tivoli, and ascertained that the soil, which consists of a deep, white, crystallized sand, is generally covered with a coat of black sand not half an inch, and often not a quarter of an inch deep, which evidently proves that it never could be in a state of ordinary cultivation. Immense expense may have carried soil to some spots to make gardens; but even that adventitious fertility could not be of long duration, it would soon disappear through the sand beneath."

The *mal' aria*, or unwholesomeness of the *Campagna*, commences with the summer heats, and lasts till the autumnal rains. During this period the country is deserted, and except the delightful retreats of *Tivoli* and of the *Alban Mount*, placed by their elevation above the reach of infection, every villa, ca-

*sino*, and even every abbey and convent, are deserted. So strong is the prejudice of the Romans in this respect, that it is considered dangerous and almost mortal to sleep out of the walls, though perhaps not twenty yards from the very gates of the city. It is certainly reasonable to allow, that the natives of a country are the best judges of its climate; and it is prudent and right that strangers should follow their advice and example in guarding against its inconveniences: yet it is possible that there is a considerable degree of groundless apprehension. If a cold is taken in a rural excursion during the hot months, it is attributed to the *mal' aria*. Every fever caught by travellers who pass the Pomptine Marshes or the *Campagna* during the summer months is ascribed to the influence of the air; while such disorders may arise from heat and fatigue; causes sufficiently active to produce fatal distempers in any climate.

The *mal' aria* presents one of the most curious problems to be found in the natural history of any country; we have stated, in another part of this « Guide, » where we have given a general sketch of the soil and agriculture of Italy, that *the country of the mal' aria* is one of the *three agricultural regions* into which all Italy may be divided. For these reasons, we have judged proper to insert in this place a general description of that remarkable tract of country which extends along the Mediterranean from Pisa to Terracina, and comprehends all the plains which

spread from the sea to the first chain of the Apennines.

*Excursion from Pisa to Terracina, through the Maremma of Tuscany, the Campagna of Rome, and the Pomptine Marshes.*—After having quitted Pisa, I ascended the left bank of the Arno as far as Empoli. There I quitted the great road to Florence for the road to Voltura and Piombino. This road, formed by Leopold, is the only one that leads into the *Maremma*; it is directed with great skill along the slope of the hills, but is only nine feet broad; and, being kept up with great care, is more like a walk in a pleasure-ground than a high road.

Leaving Empoli, I turned directly to the south, and advanced towards the chain of hills, the range of which forms the vale of Arno. I travelled a mile farther under the embowered shades which embellish the banks of that river, and began to ascend the hill which was to deprive me of all further view of that delicious valley of Tuscany.

In proportion as I ascended the vegetation became thinner and more rare; though I still saw around me some olives and vines; but their verdure was of a pale colour, like the soil that produced them. Beyond this hill, I crossed several little vallies, still animated by villages, vineyards and cultivated spots, with some irrigating canals; but these habitations had not the pleasing appearance of the farm-houses in the plain; they were grouped round the churches, and were not ornamented

with flowers, nor animated by the presence of pretty country-girls. I still beheld some country-houses and gentlemens' seats, which could be distinguished from afar by long plantations of cypresses the only ornaments of those dwellings.

Property here is much subdivided and the lands are cultivated by small farmers who divide the profits with the landlord. The soil produces good wine, a little oil, Indian corn, *sorgo* and corn; but these productions are poor, and the corn only gives three for one.

Saintfoin also is cultivated, but not extensively, and is destined for the horses; which are very numerous, as every thing here is transported on their backs. This face of country, tolerably picturesque, continues as far as *Castel Fiorentino*, four leagues from Empoli.

*Castel Fiorentino* is on the frontier of the desert; beyond, all cultivation ceases and we enter the Maremma. The surface of the country is furrowed by great undulations, like the immense waves of a profound ocean, but all the forms of which have been softened by time and the labour of man. At great distances, I perceived on the summits of these elevations old enclosures of walls, through the ruins of which appeared some habitations which a few old towers seemed still to protect.

In the vallies were houses widely scattered, surrounded neither by verdure nor gardens, and serving only to cultivate some plots of ground planted with Indian corn or *sorgo*.



Above all the eminences rises that on which rest the antique walls of *Volterra*, and this ancient city appears in the horizon like a prodigious heap of enclosures, towers and steeples. After travelling the whole day, I stopped to pass the night in an insulated house called *Casteneo*. The mal'aria had already begun (25th May) to exert its influence, and the proprietors of this domain had left it for another spot, leaving only a tall pale wretch to receive travellers. My only companion was my guide, who, having taken the saddle and bridle off the horse, left him to seek his food as he could round the house.

I sat down on the trunk of a tree and considered the wild country around me. It is in the state which the Italians call *Mauvie* with some old oaks which time never replaces; for as herds of cattle are turned into these wilds they devour all the young shoots.

The Italian writers fix the depopulation of their country and the introduction of the mal'aria, about the time of the plague in the 16th century; and since that period, the population has never been strong enough, they alledge, to resist the influence of the bad air, which increases every year in proportion as population and agriculture diminish. Several attempts have been made to establish colonies in the Tuscan Maremma, which have all failed by the colonists being cut off before the establishment gained any strength. The soil in that tract has become sterile, and seems to consist of nothing but pure argil, the white-

ness of which is only altered by a mixture of the sulphur abounding in that region.

The country thus depopulated having fallen into the hands of a few great proprietors, there remained nothing to be done but to take advantage of the spontaneous productions of the soil; to let the land run to grass, and to introduce a sort of wandering tribes who should dwell here only in the winter. During that season, the Maremma is not unhealthy; and men as well as cattle may roam through the wilderness with impunity. It did not however suit the farmer of the interior country to leave his home and take up his abode in the Maremma. There came, therefore, necessarily to be interposed, between the proprietors of the lands in the interior and those of the sea-coast, a race of wandering shepherds, possessing nothing but their cattle, and emigrating with them, according to the seasons, from the hilly to the level country. Under the conduct of these men, 400,000 sheep, 30,000 horses, and a vast number of cows and goats are annually reared, for the supply of the *Valdarno* and the other vales of Tuscany, where no cattle are bred.

The consequences of this economy have been certainly to create a desert in the centre of Italy, and to people it during half the year with half savage creatures, who wander over these solitudes like Tartars, armed with long lances, and covered with a coarse cloth and untanned hides. But this ceremony is more the work of nature than of the will of

man ; and there is some intelligence in having taken advantage, almost against itself, of a tract which seemed only destined to be the domain of death.

The soil of the Maremma, ceasing to produce the vegetables that nourish man, prepares in its bosom the-chemical phenomena by means of which is collected an immense quantity of sulphur, salt and alum. This branch of industry supports a great part of the population, though it is only carried on during the season when the air is not dangerous.

The mountain of *Volterra* is entirely composed of alabaster, and the blocks of it which serve for statuaries and modellers are thence extracted. After ascending for an hour, I reached the summit on which the town is built. Convents destroyed, gardens deserted, some old walls and palaces without roofs attest its ancient splendour ; and it still contains about 3000 inhabitants, mostly peasants or manufacturers of alabaster.

The cause of the insalubrity of the Maremma is a mystery into which science has not yet been able to penetrate. It has often been supposed, that the pestilential air, which has depopulated the shores of the Mediterranean over so great an extent, arises from marshy ground and stagnant water. In such places as the Pomptine Marshes, which are at the eastern extremity of the Maremma, this supposition may be well founded ; but in the greater part of the Maremma, in the Tuscan and in the Roman territory, the soil is dry

and the ground in many places elevated high above the plain. No visible sign marks the existence or the approach of this pestiferous air. The sky is as pure, the verdure as fresh, the air as tranquil as in the most healthy region. The aspect of all the elements is such as should inspire the most perfect confidence; while it is impossible to express the horror which one experiences, on discovering that this is all deception: that we are in the midst of dangers of which no indication exists, and, that with the soft air we are breathing, we may be inhaling a poison destructive of life.

The only inhabitants of these wretched countries are those who occupy them during the season when the labours of cultivation require their immediate presence. Even during their short stay they never fail to suffer severely. Their complexions become sallow and livid, their strength diminishes daily, many perish before the end of the season, and those whom Providence reserves for another trial have hardly the courage to wish for a prolongation of their existence.

The great road from Florence to Rome traverses the Maremma of Tuscany as far as Acquapendente, where it enters the Roman state. Here the nature of the soil changes, and also the aspect of the country. We no longer see those clayey slopes whose whiteness and nudity fatigues the eye; but a black volcanic sand announces the fertility of the earth in the luxuriance of a wild vegetation. For several leagues the road rises and sinks

successively near the borders of the lakes of *Bolseno* and *Vico*. All around these hollows immense forests have grown for ages, extending from the Apennines to the shores of the sea. In the midst of these woods, which human industry appears to have forgotten, we find vast glades, covered, like the savannahs of America, with natural turf and plants, whose strange forms give an African aspect to these neglected spots.

Here and there we traverse cities and towns whose storied names speak to the imagination, but which appear at present to be little more than the mausoleums of departed generations. Round these towns are fertile gardens and vines, the branches of which do not rise on trees as in Lombardy and Tuscany, but are intertwined in a trellis-work of reeds. Fig-trees and aloes grow on all these ruins and decorate them with their deep verdure and their oriental forms. Farther on, corn-fields scattered in the openings of the woods, appear amid this wild scenery, the only indication of the presence and industry of man.

The crops from these fields are magnificent, and the vegetable productions of this wilderness are luxuriant and rich. In that which surrounds Rome, and extends almost from the walls of that celebrated metropolis to the sea on one hand, and to the foot of the Apennines on the other, the lands are allowed to rest in pasturage for six successive years; on the seventh they are ploughed, and the crop produced is generally fine. The land

is afterwards left to itself, and is immediately covered with verdure, which continues for five or six years, being pastured all that time by herds of cattle, horses and sheep. It is at the foot of the mountains of *Viterbo* that the Maremma of Rome begins, forming what is called the *Agro Romano*, or the *Campagna di Roma*. The surface of the Campagna is not altogether level, but full of small undulations or low ridges, which do not follow any constant direction, but give a very pleasing variety to the surface. In this great plain there are but few trees, except in some spots distinguished by the growth of the ilex and the variety of evergreens which are so luxuriant and beautiful in this climate. A few pines, here and there afford, by their spreading tops, a shade to the cattle. It is divided, by dead hedges, into enclosures of 30 or 40 acres each, depending on a *Casale*, or farmhouse, which appears; and these, by the thinness with which they are scattered over the country, serve to add to the melancholy rather than to the gaiety of the prospect.

During the summer-season, this tract is so unhealthy, that the shepherds and their flocks come every night to take shelter within the walls of Rome, in order to avoid the disease or death which they know is waiting them in the country. Rome itself, however, is not safe from the attacks of the same invisible enemy, who has lodged himself within the walls of the Eternal City, and in the places seemingly best fortified against his approaches.



We find only a few inns or post-houses on this road; those of *Baccano* and *La Storta*, belong to the princes Chigi and Borghese; and they are built with a sort of sumptuousness, which, in the midst of the desert that surrounds them, is the only thing that reveals to the traveller that he is in the neighbourhood of Rome.

From Rome we made a visit to a farm within the circle of the *Malaria*, which is the sole patrimony of St. Peter's Church, and is known by the ill-omen'd name of *Campo Morto*. It is an extensive farm, devoted almost entirely to pasturage; and as in this monotonous scene of cultivation, the agricultural history of one domain is that of all the rest, the reader will have an exact picture of the modern agriculture of this part of the Roman territory, when he has become acquainted with that which is followed in the farm of *Campo Morto*.

The *Fattore*, or manager, received us with great civility, and both by his language and manners, appeared a man of education. He was indeed an inhabitant of Rome, where his family resides, as is the case with all the stewards or factors who manage the farms of the Maremma. In the whole of the *Agro Romano* there is in fact no indigenous population, except a few families domiciliated among the ruins of the small towns, once so numerous in this territory. At present the shepherds and workmen are almost all from the mountains of Salerno and Abruzzo. The

house of the *Fattore* was large, but comfortless; the lower story consisted of a great kitchen, with three or four great halls, all without furniture or windows. In the second story was the same number of rooms, all used for magazines of corn, except one which was reserved for lodging. There was nothing that looked like care or cleanliness, either within or without.

We got on horseback, and setting out to survey the farm, first stopped at a small thicket of oaks in the middle of one of the fields; where, as it was now harvest, the people were cutting down the corn. On a signal given, they all quitted their work and defiled in order before us. There were about as many men as women, mostly from *Abruzzi*, and all bathed in sweat, the heat of the sun being dreadful. The men were good figures, but the women were frightful. They had already been some days at work in the *Maremma*; and the fatal breath of the malaria had blown upon them. Two were already ill of the fever, and it was expected that a number would be attacked every day; so that at the end of the harvest they would be reduced to one half. These reapers have three meals a day, and are permitted to sleep two hours about noon, which they may then do without danger; but when the evening dews have fallen on the earth which serves for their bed, it is then the fever makes its attack.

From the reapers we went to look at the cattle; and here we saw several hundred wild

cows, which, on first discovering us, collected together as if doubtful whether to attack us, or to make their escape into the woods. They at last decided on going off, and the whole herd galloped away with the swiftness of deer. These cows are never milked, but suckle their calves, and are usually valued from thirty to forty shillings a-head. On many farms there are more than a thousand.

On proceeding farther, we come to a vast herd of swine, of which there were about 2000 belonging to the farm. They wander about the whole year in the part of the *Campo Morto*, which is nearest to the sea; and might very well pass for wild boars, though they are only domestic swine of the black breed, the flesh of which, from their being fattened on the nuts of the forest, is greatly valued.

A country, which is annually desolated by a mortal disorder, cannot be cultivated in the manner that is elsewhere practised. It becomes naturally a pasture country, and is here divided into properties of great extent; insomuch, that the whole Maremma of Rome, about 30 leagues in length, by 10 or 12 in breadth, is in the hands of not more than 24 farmers. These are called *Mercanti di Tenute*, traders in land; and in fact, they are rather merchants than farmers. They all live in Rome, take their measures in concert, and manage the land by *Fattori* who live on the spot. They do not seek to improve their farms by introducing better modes of culture, but

are satisfied with securing their present gains; and the gradual ruin of most of the great hereditary proprietors has singularly favoured their views. Their trade has become a sort of monopoly, and so advantageous, that these *Mercanti* flatter themselves with the hopes of getting the whole of the Roman territory into their hands. Having thus satisfied our curiosity respecting the Maremma of Rome, we determined on making a visit to the famous *Pomptine Marshes*. *Velletri*, situated on the south side of Mount Albano, is the last town we pass before we enter them. The road, which runs through the Marshes, was formed on the substructions of the *Via Appia* by Pius VI. It goes on an exact level, and in a strait line for 30 miles, and is bordered on both sides by a canal, and shaded by double rows of elms and poplars. It is crossed by two rivers, the *Ufens* and the *Amasenus*, which still retain their ancient appellations, and remind the traveller of some beautiful descriptions, and particularly of the affecting adventure of Metabus, so well told by Virgil.

The Pomptine Marshes derive their name from *Pometium*, once a considerable town of the *Volsci*; but it is difficult to discover the precise date of their origin. They are occasioned by the quantity of water carried into the plain by numberless streams, which rise at the foot of the neighbouring mountains, and for want of sufficient declivity creep sluggishly over the level space, and sometimes stagnate in pools, or lose themselves in the

sands. A canal opened by Augustus through them still remains, and is called the *Cavata*. The grand undertaking of draining them, so often attempted and so often frustrated, was reserved for the late Pope Pius VI; who, immediately on his elevation to the Papal throne, turned his attention to the Pomptine Marshes. The level was taken with precision, the depth of the different canals and outlets sounded, the degree of declivity in the beds of the rivers ascertained, and at length the work was begun in the year 1778. It was carried on with incredible ardour and vast expense for the space of ten years; and being crowned with complete success, was finally closed in the year 1788. This draining of the Pomptine Marshes was one of the most useful as well as most difficult works ever executed, and reflects great lustre on the reign of Pius VI.

When we crossed these marshes, fine crops of corn covered the country on our left, and seemed to wave to the very foot of the mountains; while on the right numerous herds of cattle and horses grazed in extensive and luxuriant pastures. Nor is the reader to imagine, that when the marshes were in the worst state, they presented in every direction a dreary and forbidding aspect to the traveller or sportsman who ranged over them. On the side towards the sea, they are covered with extensive forests, which enclose and shade the lakes that border the coast. These forests extend with little interruption from Ostia to the promontory of Circe, and consist of oak,

ilex, bay, and numberless flowering shrubs. To the north rises *Monte Albano*, with all its *tumuli* and all the towns and cities glittering on their summits. To the south towers the *Promontory of Circe* on one side, and the shining rock of *Anxur* on the other; while the *Volscian mountains* sweeping from north to south in a bold semicircle, close the view to the east. On their side, the traveller beholds *Cora*, *Sezza*, *Piperno*, like aerial palaces shining in contrast with the brown rugged rock that supports them. These towns are all ancient, and nearly retain their ancient names; and the road from Rome to Naples passed through them before the late restoration of the *Via Appia* and the draining of the marshes.

All the canals and cuts through these marshes are parallel to each other, and empty themselves into the sea near *Terracina*, at the *Bocca di Fiume*. The Appian road, now covered with a fine sand, traverses this space under a bower of elms, which shade at once both the road and the canal, and thus connect one post-house with another as by a long avenue. The ground is gone over so swiftly and so easily, that one is astonished on arriving at *Terracina* to find that one has crossed such a length of road.

On the whole of this route there was not a village, not a house for post-horses or the convenience of travellers. Pius VI caused vast caravanseras to be erected at nearly equal distances. The architecture of these buildings



is noble. They contain immense stables, apartments and barracks; but all unfurnished, spacious and miserable, sumptuous and perfectly comfortless; the beings who inhabit these palaces of the desert are pale and ghastly, half naked and cut up by fever; the wretched drivers can hardly harness and lead the horses which they put to the carriage. The horses taken from the pasture seem indignant at this temporary servitude which is imposed upon them; they snort, stamp and tear the bit till they are allowed to set off, which they do with a fury that is dangerous; and it increases as they meet with studs feeding at liberty in the fields. This character is peculiar to the horses of the Pomptine Marshes, and they are therefore called *scappatori*.

All the part which borders the two sides of the road is completely drained, but is not become healthy; nor has it been found that the draining has done anything for the salubrity of the air, which is just as dangerous as in the rest of the Maremma. However, instead of only producing reeds and rushes, the soil is now covered with a fine turf, and produces crops that yield 12 and even 15 for one. Nowhere, except perhaps in Belgium, can finer corn be seen.

On all the borders of the canal there is a vegetable life, the energy of which seems, as in India, to increase by the decay of human life; though at the same time it appears to offer to man all that could nourish and charm his existence. The soil extends before

him in a perfect level, and without the least impediment to his progress. In the sky is a sun always bright, the rays of which are lost in masses of foliage. A thick and rich verdure rushes forth on every side in this abode of fertility. Numberless flowers, shaded with the finest colours, bloom under the shade of the elm. The banks are bordered with enormous fig-trees, whose flexible branches bend into the water, and offer their honied fruit to the bargeman as he sails along. Among them are oriental aloes rising on their taper stems, with willows, oaks and elms that protect the flowers from the storms: and to render their foliage still thicker, vines perpetuated from age to age ascend along the trunks to the summit of these lofty trees. Thence their tendrils spread till they have reached the branches of a neighbouring tree, and sometimes traverse the canal from one bank to the other like a bower. In the autumn innumerable bunches of grapes hang, from these festoons, and are devoured by flocks of birds.

But all this luxuriance of nature is displayed in vain; it only ornaments a desert. Wild animals alone have the right of appropriating to themselves these riches of the creation. Herds of wild boars tear up the roots of the vegetables; buffalos wander in the meadows, or repose under the shade of the woods; and the kite quits his rock to hover over this solitude. In some seasons, flocks of birds of passage crowd upon it. In the midst of these

wild animals one occasionally sees a man; but even he only appears in these perilous spots under an hostile aspect. Sometimes it is a drover, chasing with his lance an irritated buffalo; sometimes one of the mountain banditti, who, hid among the leaves and flowers, is watching with his loaded gun for the arrival of a traveller. If the unfortunate stranger escapes this danger, still the soft but fatal air may be insinuating a secret poison into his veins. This perpetual contrast between vegetable and animated nature, in this singular region, unparallelled perhaps on the earth, excites a succession of impressions and feelings, a mixture of delight and apprehension, which it is impossible to describe.



## BOOKS ON ROME.

1. *Sickler's* ingenious little pamphlet of 62 pages, entitled *Plan Topographique de la Campagne de Rome, etc.* Rome, 8vo. will be found very useful to the traveller, as it notices the most remarkable views, roads, hills, rivers, lakes, marshes, minerals, and plants; it also includes an account of all the ancient and modern towns of the *Campagna di Roma*:
2. *Vasì's Itineraria istrattivo di Roma antica e moderna*, 12mo. 2 vols (*with 50 cuts*). Is also published in French: and in London in English.
3. *Schoell's Rome ancienne*, a very useful little volume, ornamented with a neat plan of the antiquities.
4. *Viaggio di Roma à Tivoli*, (e Francese) 12mo.
5. Views of all the principal Buildings in Rome, ancient and modern, will be found in *Pronti's Nuova Raccolta di 170 Vedutine, antiche e moderne della Città di Roma e sue vicinanze*, 4to. This is an

excellent work, and should be purchased by every traveller in Italy.

6. *Pronti* has also published 49 plates of ancient armour, furniture, utensils, musical instruments, etc. etc. under the title of *Nuova Raccolta rappresentante e costumi, religiosi, civili e militari, degli antichi Egiziani, Etruschi, Greci, e Romani*.
7. They who wish to preserve some memorial of the truly elegant and various costumes of the people of Rome and its neighbourhood, will do well to possess themselves of the beautiful etchings in the *Raccolta di cinquanta costumi pittoreschi*, by *Pinelli*, a living artist of the first celebrity.

## CHAP. VII.

*From Rome to Naples—Description of Naples and its Environs—Return to Rome—General Aspect, Soil and Agriculture of the Kingdom of Naples.*

THERE are two roads to Naples; the one over the Pomptine marshes is the shortest, best, and most frequented: to gratify the antiquary and the naturalist, however, we have also given the route by Marino, Piperno, etc.

The country between Velletri and Terracina is marshy, and is subject to the *mal'aria*; the atmosphere encourages drowsiness, and sleep frequently proves fatal. It is, therefore, highly advisable not to attempt the journey from Rome to Naples, until the frost has purified the air. In all places subject to the *mal'aria*, the traveller should not go out after sunset.

No. 13. FROM ROME to TERRACINA, by the Pomptine Marshes,  $10\frac{1}{4}$  posts; 14 hours, 5 minutes (1).

TIME.			TIME.		
FROM	POSTS.	h. m.	FROM	POSTS.	h. m.
ROME to Torre di			Cisterna to Torre		
mezza via.....	1	1 25	di tre ponti...	$1\frac{1}{2}$	1 35
ALBANO.....	1	1 35	Fico.....	1	1 25
Gensano.....	$0\frac{3}{4}$	1	Mezzo.....	1	1 20
VELETRI.....	1	1	TERRACINA.....	2	2 10
Cisterna.....	1	1 30			

*Albano*, (anciently *Albanum Pompeii*) built on the ruins of *Alba Longa*, is the first town which we see on leaving Rome by the *Via Appia*: it has already been noticed in our account of the environs of Rome. *Gensano* is agreeably situated near the lake of *Nemi*. The air is salubrious, and the neighbouring country produces an excellent wine.

*Velletri*, a large and ancient town, well built and agreeably situated. Here are many public fountains, and in the square is a statue in bronze of *Urban VIII.*, by *Bérnini*. The palace *Ginetti*, at present belonging to *Lancelotti*, is a magnificent edifice built after the designs of *Martin Longhi*; the front next the street is fine, and the staircase elegant. The garden is prettily laid out. The town-hall is worthy of inspection. There are some ruins of ancient monuments. The mountain of *Velletri* is volcanic, as is all the country between this town and Rome. At *Cisterna* we pass the *Astura*. At *Torre tre ponti* com-

(1) INNS.—These are not very excellent on this road; the best are at *Velletri* and *Terracina*.

mences the famous *Linea Pia*, a new road constructed on the Appian way, under the Pontificate of Pius VI, and extending 25 miles across the Pomptine Marshes. Several small canals draw off the waters into two other large canals, and by this means stagnation is prevented. About three miles from *tre ponti* are the remains of some ancient mile stones. At Bocca di fiume, is a bridge of Marble over a grand canal.

*Terracina* is an ancient town of the Volsci, situated near the sea, and named by them *Anxur*, whence the epithet Anxurus given to Jupiter by Virgil. The portico of a temple dedicated to this god, still exists, and is supported by large columns of marble. Here are also the ruins of a palace of Theodoric, and some remains of the Appian way. Under the portico of the cathedral is a large vase of white marble, ornamented with bas-reliefs, and the interior contains a fine piece of ancient mosaic.

The ancient Anxur was situated on the summit of a hill, at the foot of which the grand road passes. Its ruins deserve notice. The climate of Terracina is mild, and the views in the environs picturesque. Here are the remains of a port constructed by Antoninus Pius; the new palace built by Pius VI, and many other monuments of the munificence of this Pope. Terracina is the last town of the Roman territory, and the frontier town between the Romagna and the kingdom of Naples.



No. 14. From ROME to TERRACINA;  $9\frac{1}{4}$  posts; 11 hours 52 minutes; by Marino, Piperno, etc. (1)

			TIME.					TIME.	
FROM	POSTS.		h.	m.	FROM	POSTS.		h.	m.
ROME to Torre di					Sermoneta to Le				
mezza via....	1	1	20		Case Nuove...	1	1	25	
Marino .....	1	1			PIPERNO .....	$0\frac{5}{4}$	1		
Fajola.....	$0\frac{5}{4}$	1			Maruti.....	1	1	35	
VELLETRI.....	$0\frac{5}{4}$	1	10		TERRACINA.....	1	1	22	
Sermoneta .....	2	2							

Leaving Rome by the Porta Latina, we find a great number of ancient tombs on the road, which is varied on either side with hill and dale. The ground is but little cultivated, and consequently the air is not healthy. At Torre di mezza via, we pass under an ancient Roman aqueduct, which still conveys water to Rome. Leaving Riccia on the right, the road leads to Marino; where are some fine country-houses of the Roman nobility, and some churches containing good pictures. Between Marino and Fajola, is the *Lago di Castello*, called also Castel Gandolfo or Albano, which forms a fine basin surrounded with cultivated hills. The canal which serves to draw off its waters is one of the most astonishing works of the Romans. Fajola is a small village near a forest, formerly celebrated for its ship-timber. Velletri has been described at p. 392. Near *Cora*, on the summit of a mountain, are the ruins of two an-

(1) INNS.—There are some tolerable inns at Torre di mezza via, at Velletri, and Piperno.

cient temples; the one dedicated to Hercules, the other to Castor and Pollux.

*Cora*, formerly a town of the Volsci, in Latium, is now only a village of the Campagna di Roma. Here are still some ruins of its ancient walls of a curious construction, the circumference of which includes the whole of the mountain from the top to the bottom. *Sermoneta*, anciently Sulmona, is a miserable village, with some ruins of its former fortifications. *Sezza*, the ancient Setia or Setinum, is situated on an eminence, near the Pomptine Marshes. It is mentioned by Martial and Juvenal for the excellence of its wines, but these have lost their character in the present day. Here are the ruins of a temple of Saturn. The inhabitants (about 5000) are generally poor; the country is little cultivated, but merits the attention of the naturalist: the Indian fig, aloe, etc. come to great perfection.

From Le Case Nuove the road continues to ascend as far as *Piperno*, a poor and ill built town on the top of a steep mountain. The neighbouring country is well cultivated, and covered with vines, olives, and chesnut trees. On the Naples side nothing appears but lofty and barren mountains. Descending into a valley, the road becomes very bad and narrow. We next pass a forest of cork-trees of a peculiar species, which, if stripped of their bark, soon reproduce it. To Terracina, the air is very unhealthy.—See an account of this place at p. 393.

No. 15. From TERRACINA to NAPLES,  $9\frac{1}{2}$  posts;  
12 hours, 28 minutes. (1)

		TIME.				TIME.	
FROM	POSTS.	h.	m.	FROM	POSTS.	h.	m.
TERRACINA to				S. Agata to Spara-			
FONDI .....	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	1	35	nise .....	1	1	23
Itri .....	1	1	45	CAPUA .....	1	1	12
Molo di GAETA..	1	1	10	Aversa .....	1	1	20
Garigliano .....	1	1		NAPOLI .....	1	1	45
S. Agata .....	1	1	18				

The road from Terracina to Naples is one of the finest in Europe, and is made on the Appian way. The air of the country is healthy, and there is abundance of oil and wine. The Torre dei Confini, at some distance from Terracina, separates the Campagna di Roma from the kingdom of Naples. Near Fondi is a grotto, where, according to Tacitus, Sejanus saved the life of Tiberius.

*Fondi* is in a delightful situation, but ill peopled, on account of its stagnant waters. The Appian way which crosses it, and the pavement of which is preserved in its original state, forms the principal street: it is cut at right angles by two other streets. The walls are curious, the lower part of them, on the side towards Rome, of Cyclopean architecture, being older than Rome itself. The wines of Fondi were much es-

(1) INNS.—The inns on this route are very indifferent; with a letter of introduction, the traveller will be comfortably lodged at the convent of St. Erasmus, near Molo di Gaeta; Villa di Cicerone. At *Naples*, Hotel Royal, Gran Bretagne, Crocelli, Citta di Londra. The Albergo del Sole is most moderate in its charges.

teemed by the ancients. The neighbouring country is very fertile, and covered with a profusion of plants of every kind. Between Fondi and the sea, is a lake about four miles in length, where eels of an extraordinary size are caught. Near the castle of *Itri* (Mammurra) are the ruins of an ancient temple, or rather Mausoleum. Between this castle and Molo di Gaeta, we observe Vesuvius, and the adjoining isles of Naples.

*Molo di Gaeta*, once so celebrated for its wines, which equalled those of Falernum, is a handsome village, well built and agreeably situated. The quay before the inn is very pleasant; the bay extending in front. The branches of the orange groves, in some places, hang over the water.

The women of Molo are remarkable for the peculiar simplicity and elegance of their head-dress; about half a mile distant from Molo di Gaeta are the ruins of Cicero's Formian Villa, near which he was murdered, in the year of Rome 710.

At *Garigliano* we pass the river of the same name, formerly the *Liris* of the ancients, a rapid stream that, at no great distance, falls into the sea, and which under the Romans served as a boundary to *Latium*; the country about it is uncommonly poor; upon the gate at the passage of this river is an inscription of Quintus Junius Severianus, «*Decuria et Minturnæ.*» At this place we leave the Appian way, which runs along the coast as far as the mouth of the Volturno, where the *Via Domitia* commences. The

mountain of Falernum, so famous for its wine, next appears; and arriving at St. Agatha, we approach the ruins of the ancient Minturnæ, among which are the remains of a magnificent amphitheatre. Caius Marius, the victor of Carthage, fled for secrecy to the marshes of Minturnæ, from whence he was taken, covered with dirt and naked, and delivered up to the magistrates. The inn at S. Agata is charmingly situated, in the midst of gardens surrounded with pleasing hills.

*Capua*, where the Volturno is passed over a bridge, is a small, regularly built, and well paved town. It is fortified in the modern style, and capable of some resistance. The cathedral contains some fine granite columns taken from ancient buildings, some good pictures, and various sculptures of Bernini. The church of the Annonciata is also worthy of inspection. About a mile from the town are the ruins of the ancient Capua, once called a *second Rome*. Here are the ruins of an amphitheatre and a triumphal arch. From Capua, an excursion may be made to *Caserta*, to see a fine palace designed by Vanvitelli, ornamented with columns, sculpture, and some remains of antiquity, found at Puzzuoli. The water used to irrigate the gardens crosses many vallies on some very lofty aqueducts, which are among the boldest and most wonderful productions of this kind in modern times. In the mountain of Caserta are quarries for various sorts of marble.

The whole road from Capua is one of the

richest in Europe, and nothing can be finer than the road from thence to Naples. The laurel, the myrtle, and a thousand other odoriferous plants, as well as fruit trees of every kind, green and in blossom, in the middle of winter, attract the notice of the traveller at every step.

*Aversa* is small, but well built; the principal street is handsome, and has some good buildings. This is the last town before we enter

## NAPLES.

Here nature loved to trace,  
As if for Gods, a dwelling-place,  
And every charm and grace hath mixed  
Within the Paradise she fixed.      BYRON.

« To a student of nature, to an artist, to a man of pleasure, to any man who can be happy among people who seldom even affect virtue, perhaps there is no residence in Europe so tempting as Naples and its environs. A climate where ‘heaven’s breath smells sweet and wooingly’—the most beautiful interchange of sea and land—wines, fruits, provisions in their highest excellence—a vigorous and luxuriant nature, unparalleled in its productions and processes—all the wonders of volcanic powers, spent or in action—antiquities different from all antiquities on earth—a coast which was once the fairy land of poets, and the favourite retreat of great men. Even the tyrants of the creation loved this alluring region, spared it, adorned it,

ll.



lived in it, died in it. This country has subdued all its conquerors, and continues to subvert the two great sexual virtues, guardians of every other virtue—the courage of men, and the modesty of women. »

Naples, indeed, is one of the most agreeable places in Italy ; the climate is mild, the situation admirable, and the environs beautiful and highly interesting. « Few scenes, » says Eustace, « surpass in beauty that which burst full upon me when I awoke the first morning in Naples. In front and under my windows, the bay spread its azure surface smooth as glass, while a thousand boats glided in different directions over its shining bosom : on the right, the town extended along the semicircular shore, and *Posillipo* rose close behind it, with churches and villas, vineyards and pines scattered in confusion along its sides and on its ridge, till, sloping as it advanced the bold hill terminated in a craggy promontory. On the left, at the end of a walk that forms the quay and skirts the sea, the *Castel dell' Uovo* stands on an insulated rock ; and beyond it, over a vast expanse of water, a rugged line of mountains stretches forward, and softening its features as it projects onwards, presents towns, villages and convents, lodged amidst its forests and precipices, and terminates at length in the Cape of Minerva near *Sorrento*. Opposite, and full in front, rose the island of *Capræ*, with its white cliffs and ridgy summit, placed as a barrier to check the tempest and to protect the

interior of the bay from its fury. This scene, illuminated by a sun that never shines so bright on the less favoured regions beyond the Alps, is justly considered as the most splendid and beautiful exhibition which nature perhaps presents to the human eye; and, when beheld for the first time, cannot but excite in the spectator emotions of delight and admiration that border on enthusiasm.

Nor are the charms of recollection, which are capable of improving even the loveliest features of nature, wanting here to complete the enchantment. Naples and its coasts have never been, it is true, the theatre of heroic achievements, or the stage of grand and unusual incidents; but they have been the residence of the great and the wise; they have aided the meditations of the sage and awakened the rapture of the poet: and as long as the Latin muses continue to instruct and charm the mind, so long will travellers visit with delight the academy of Cicero, the tomb of Virgil and the birth-place of Tasso."

Naples occupies the site both of *Palæopolis* and *Neapolis* in ancient times, though it inherits the name of the latter. It is of Grecian origin, and is first mentioned by T. Livius as having, in conjunction with *Palæopolis*, joined the Samnites in a confederacy against the Romans. No vestiges however remain of the ancient beauty or magnificence of this city. Its temples, theatres and basilics have been levelled by earthquakes, or destroyed by barbarians. Its modern edifices, whether

churches or palaces, are less remarkable for their taste than for their magnitude and riches. It is however highly probable that Naples is at present more opulent, more populous, and in every respect more flourishing than she has ever before been, even in the most brilliant periods of her history.

Seated in the bosom of a capacious haven, this fine city spreads her greatness and her population along its shore, and covers its shelving coasts and bordering mountains with her villas, her gardens, and her retreats. Containing within her own walls more than 400,000 inhabitants, she sees 100,000 more enliven her suburbs, which stretch in a magnificent and most extensive sweep from *Portici* to the promontory of *Miseno*, and fill a spacious line of sixteen miles along the shore with life and activity. In size and number of inhabitants, she ranks as the third city in Europe, and from her situation and superb show, may justly be considered as the queen of the Mediterranean.

The internal appearance of Naples is in general pleasing; the edifices are lofty and solid, and the streets as wide as in almost any continental city. The *Strada di Toledo* is a mile in length, and with the quay, which is very extensive and well built, forms the grand and distinguishing feature of the city. In fact, the *Chiaja*, with the royal garden; *Mergellina* and *Santa Lucia*, which spread along the coast for so considerable a space, and present such an immense line of lofty edifices, are

alone sufficient to give an appearance of grandeur to any city.

As for architectural magnificence, Naples possesses a very small share ; indeed, the prevailing taste, if a series of absurd fashions deserves that appellation, has always been bad. Moresco, Spanish and Roman, corrupted and intermingled together, destroy all appearance of unity and symmetry, and form a monstrous jumble of discordance. The magnificence therefore of the churches and palaces consists, first in their magnitude, and secondly in their paintings, marbles and decorations in general ; these however are seldom disposed with judgment, and when best arranged, are scattered round with a profusion that destroys their effect.

Few cities, to be sure, stand in less need of architectural magnificence or internal attractions than Naples : had it even fewer artificial recommendations it would still be a most delightful residence. So beautiful is its neighbourhood, so delicious its climate ! Before it spreads the sea, with its bays, promontories and islands ; behind it, rise mountains and rocks in every fantastic form, and always clothed with verdure ; on each side swell hills and hillocks, covered with groves and gardens and orchards blooming with fruits and flowers. Every morning, a gale springing from the sea brings vigour and coolness with it, and tempers the greatest heats of summer with its freshness. Every evening, a breeze blowing from the hills and

sweeping all the perfumes of the country before it, fills the nightly atmosphere with fragrance.

It is not surprising therefore, that to such a country and to such a climate the appellation of *Feli* should have been so often given ; that its sweets should have been supposed to have enervated an army of barbarians ; that the Romans covered its coasts with their villas ; and that so many poets should have made the *delicious Parthenope* their theme and their retreat.

#### INNS, COFFEE-HOUSES, AND PRIVATE LODGINGS.

The first rate Inns at Naples are, the *Hotel Royal*, Strada Toledo, near the palace the *Albergo del Sole*, Largo del Castello ; these two are in good situations and very central : The *Gran Bretagna* on the Chiaja ; The *Crocetti*, and *Hotel de Londra* in the street St. Lucia : the most moderate of these hotels is the *Sole*, the others charge two ducats and upwards per night for lodgings, and other things in proportion. The best of the second rate Inns are, The *Locanda Fiorentina* in the street of the same name, and not far off The *Locanda Venezia* ; these situations are central ; bed-rooms four carlins and upwards per night. The best *Restaurateurs*, or *Trattorios*, are The *Villa di Napoli*, in the same building as the *Hotel Royal*, Strada Toledo : The *Villa di Milano*, Largo del Castello ; at these there are found printed *cartes* in both French and Italian ; one person can dine to-

lerably at them for six to eight carlins, including common wine; they who wish to indulge a little after dinner will find the Sicilian white wine, called *Marsalea*, best suited to the English palate. It somewhat resembles sherry; the price of late has been augmented to six carlins per bottle. The *Vino Somma*, and the *Lachryma Christi*, are excellent red wines, when they can be procured genuine, especially the latter; it has some affinity to a thin hermitage, when rather old it is very good; the price of it has also risen to six and seven carlins per bottle. The best inferior restaurateurs are, *Corona di Ferro*, Strada Toledo, and corner of the Vico delle Campanie, and two others opposite the theatre of S. Carlo.

*Caffés* are numerous in the *Strada Toledo*, and the *Largo del Castello*, but bad is the best; if there be any difference it is in favour of several in the *Strada Toledo*, near the *Hotel Royal*, or *Albergo Reale*, and on the same side of the street; especially that named the *Meridionale*.

Private *furnished lodgings* are very expensive at Naples. In the *Chiaja* sixty to a hundred ducats are paid per month for two rooms. In more economical parts, similar ones may be had for forty to sixty ducats. In some of the *Vicos*, or small streets, two rooms may be had at twelve to fifteen ducats per month; both the rooms and furniture are passable for a traveller who is not over fastidious. Very few lodgings have the convenience of a fire-



place, charcoal in pans being almost in universal use.

The French newspapers are to be met with in a subscription reading-room in the *Strada St. Giacomo*. The English merchants have also a private room, where the English papers are received, but an introduction is requisite. The best *shop for books, maps, and plans*, is kept by Mr. Glass, a German, and who speaks English, French and Italian; it is in the *Strada Toledo*, near the *Hotel Royal*, on the same side of the street. (1) Mr. Grandorge, a Swiss, married to an English woman, and who is the proprietor of the inn, *Sole*, in the *Largo del Castello*, has a shop next to it where all kinds of wine, spirits, groceries, and many English articles are to be found, and on reasonable terms. Mr. Strong also keeps a shop of the same kind and equally good—and hardware and general articles from England.

#### DIVISIONS.

Naples is divided into twelve quarters, deriving their names from the principal houses, some of which belong to monasteries, others have risen from the bounty of the sovereign, or from legacies left by pious and opulent individuals. In the first quarter of *S. Fer-*

(1) To those persons who may visit Naples for the purpose of buying pictures, Etruscan vases, gems, rare books, or MSS. etc. etc. we recommend Mr. ROBERT G. JONES, a scholar and a gentleman, who is intimately acquainted with every branch of virtue, and has resided for more than twenty years at Naples. His address may be obtained of Messrs. Ramsay and Co. at Naples.

*dinando* the royal palace is situated, with the principal theatre, the arsenal, the Mole, the theatre Fondo, St. Louis, Pizzofalcone, The Solitaria, S. Maria degli angeli, from which there is a communication between the hill of Pizzofalcone and S. Elmo, by the bridge of Chiaja. Here is also the Royal College of St. Charles of the Myrtle, in consequence of the number of myrtles which cover the hill, and the Church of St. Anne, in which Cirillo and Martorelli are interred, the one a celebrated lawyer, and the other a famous antiquary.

*Chiaja*, the second quarter, commences near the palace, runs along the streets S. Lucia and Platamona, and gains the sea-side beyond the public garden. This quarter contains the church of S. Maria della Catena, built by the fishermen; almost opposite is a small fountain, ornamented with two bas-reliefs, one of them representing Neptune and Amphitrite with tritons, and the other a dispute between the marine deities relative to a nymph. Here are also two mineral springs, Platamona, the Castel del Uovo, S. Maria della Vittoria, the Royal Garden, and S. Maria del Nevi. Here the shore takes the name of the Mergelline, which contains the palace erroneously called of Queen Joanna, and the tomb of Virgil upon the hill Pausilippo. Behind the church of S. Maria a Cappello there is a deep excavation in the mountain of Pizzofalcone, made by digging tufo; but though now occupied as a rope ground, it is a view worthy the notice of a painter.

The grotto thus formed is from fifty to sixty feet in its perpendicular. Its depth is about one hundred and seventy-five feet by twenty-five. In this quarter is the palace of Cellamare, famous for its situation, and the beauty of its gardens.

*Monte Calvario*, the third quarter, contains the great street *Toledo*, the handsomest and best inhabited in Naples; *la Carita*; *St. Nicholas*; *lo Spirito Santo*, a place in which are united, a church, two confraternities, a conservatory and a bank where money is lent upon pledges; *il Teatro Nuova*, the rival of that of the Florentines; *il Calvario*, *S. Lucia del Monte*, the Castle of *St. Elmo*; *St. Martin's*, or the *Chartreuse*; *S. Maria dei sette Dolori*, celebrated by the *Stabat* of *Pergolesi*, chaunted there every year; *la Trinità dei Monachi*, is at present abandoned. Here is the principal sewer in Naples, which, traversing the street of *Toledo*, discharges itself at *Chiaja*, near *la Vittoria*. In the same quarter is the gate of *Medina*, so called from the government under which it was constructed in 1640.

*Dell' Avvocata*, the fourth quarter, contains the church of *S. Maria di Monte Santo*, known by musicians as the burial place of their *Coryphæo Scarlatti*, in 1725; here is also the square of *Spirito Santo*; the public granaries, and the *Vomero*, an agreeable eminence, covered with pretty country houses, upon the summit of which is the hermitage of the *Camaldula*, remarkable for the prospect, exhibiting a great part of the *Campagna Fe-*

lice, with a number of churches and convents, partly abandoned and in ruins.

*Stella*, the fifth quarter, contains the square del Pigno, so called from the pines, which grew there till 1630; next to Castel Nuovo, this is one of the largest in Naples; here is also the Royal Academy and the church of S. Gennaro dei Poveri, it being the first station at which the body of this saint rested when it was brought into Naples: here is likewise a conservatory, or house of refuge for the destitute. The principal entrance into the catacombs is also from this church. Many other churches and convents in this quarter are in a state of dilapidation, and there is nothing more remarkable, the palace of Capo di Monte excepted.

*San Carlo dell' Arena*, the sixth quarter, commences at the gate of S. Gennaro, and surrounds the square del Pigno. Here are a number of churches of no interest in the eyes of travellers, with an infirmary l' Albergo Reale dei Poveri; the ancient and modern aqueducts, Capo di Chino and the entering custom-house.

*La Vicaria*, the seventh quarter, takes its name from the palace of justice, a place much frequented from the litigious spirit of the Neapolitans. The church of the Annunziata here deserves inspection, as do also the Giudeca Vecchia, the remains of the ancient baths; and here the holy apostles are said to have baptised upon the site of a temple of Mercury; S. Giovanni a Carbonara, a convent

famous for its statues, paintings and bas-reliefs, as it was formerly for its Greek and Latin manuscripts noticed by Montfaucon; most of these have been removed to Vienna; the Campo Santo, a burial ground; the marble gate Capuana, so called on account of its leading to Capua; it looks also towards the Poggia Reale, a street in the direction of Benevento and La Puglia.

*S. Lorenzo*, the eighth quarter, contains the Duomo, or the cathedral; the church called the Monte della Misericordia; the hospital of the Incurables; *S. Maria della Grazia*, *S. Paola dei Teatini*. *S. Lorenzo* is a beautiful Gothic edifice, the front of which by San Felice is in the modern taste; the Monte di Pietà, built in 1598, after the designs of Caragnani; *S. Severino*; *Gesu Vecchio*, a church dependent on the great college of the Jesuits, at present the university, and in which are the fine statues of Cosimo, of Bottiglieri; the pictures of Solimene; the Marc of Sienna, and the square of the Nile, so called from a statue of this river; the church of *S. Angelo*, etc.

*S. Giuseppe*, the ninth quarter, contains *S. Domenico*, *S. Maria della Pietà*, *S. Clara*, in which the upper part of the dome, painted by Masuccio, is much admired; with several pieces in fresco, by Conca. Here is also the church of *Gesu Nuovo*; the palaces of Gravina, Angria Vanvitello, Monteleone, and Maddaloni, worth seeing for their magnificence and their fine paintings, mostly in

fresco. Monte Olivetto is one of the finest monasteries in Naples, with a fountain of the same name. S. Maria la Nuova, la Pietà di Turchini, a conservatory of music, founded in 1592. L'Incoronata, and the square of this name, embellished with several fine houses, particularly the palace of Gensano, are objects of attention. The church of St. Peter and St. Paul is a parish church, in which the ceremonies of religion are performed according to the manner of the Greek church; here is also the theatre of the Florentines, first opened in the sixteenth century.

*La Porta*, the tenth quarter, contains the custom-house, the street Catalana, famous for the sale of bad paintings; S. Giovanni il Maggiore, one of the four most ancient parishes; S. Pietro the Martyr, where there is a spring, supposed by some to be that of the ancient Sebatos, running under ground into the sea. Charles V, during his stay at Naples, drank no other water, and it is still used by the royal family.

*Porta Nuova*, the eleventh quarter, is the dirtiest and most disagreeable of all; it is the residence of Jews, cheats, and old clothes men; here is the Pennino, one of the principal markets for eatables, ornamented with a fountain built by Charles V, the Zecca, or the mint, and the churches of S. Giorgio il Maggiore, and S. Agostino.

*Mercato*, the twelfth quarter contains the Foro Magno, forming two ellipses, which intersect each other; around it are a number



of handsome shops, and two fountains in the centre; a church also belongs to the Foro. This place, being the receptacle of the populace, always disposed for insurrection, it was here that Masaniello found partisans. In this quarter are the churches of S. Maria Egiziana, and S. Maria del Carmine so much indebted to the bounty of Margaret of Austria, mother of the unfortunate Conradin, with its various paintings. Here is also the Castello del Carmine, and the church of S. Elicio, the front of which has been lately repaired; with Carmignano, a parish and a conservatory for poor females, who are maintained here till they are eighteen years of age. The church of St. Peter *ad aram* here, is said to have been built in consequence of St. Peter's baptizing St. Aspremo, its first bishop, on this spot. The suburb of Loretto, in this quarter, runs from the Porta del Carmine, and terminates at the bridge of Maddelana, and the new magazines; here is a manufactory for china, S. Maria di Loretto, and a musical conservatory, which has produced several eminent masters, with the Seraglio of beasts, where they are exhibited when fighting.

*Population.*—The population of Naples has decreased considerably since the events of the late war have contributed to diminish its trade, or rather to abolish it; however, according to the latest statements, it still contained more than 300,000 souls within a circumference of about nine miles; in which space, only some few years since, not less than

15,000 carriages were employed. The position of Naples, the productive nature of the ashes that fall in its environs, the abundance of fish in the sea, the purity of the air, and the fresh breezes which moderate the heat of the dog days, are joint considerations which have induced the inhabitants to conclude, and not without some reason, that their city is *un pezzo del ciel, caduto in terra*: a piece of heaven fallen down upon the earth.

L'homme semble y goûter, dans une paix profonde,  
Tout ce que la nature, aux premiers jours du monde,  
De sa main bienfaisante accordait aux humains,  
Un éternel repos, des jours purs et sereins.

To enjoy the picture of Naples at its finest point of view, you should sail out in the morning about a mile from the mole, and catch the sun rising behind the hills. There you can distinguish at once the three ruined craters on which the city forms a loose amphitheatre: you see the whole elevation broken into great masses and crossed by great lines; formed of long palaces, hanging gardens, and regular rows of terraced roofs: you trace the outline on the sea curiously indented; the shipping clustered behind the mole, and castles or towers on the points of projection. Such is the city taken in one broad view.

*The following are useful Directions to those who are pressed for Time, how to spend*

TEN DAYS IN NAPLES.

*First Day.*—Take a walk in the *Strada Toledo*, thence by the *Strada Chiaja* to the *Chiaja* and the royal garden of *Villa Reale*; return by *St. Lucia* to the *Largo del Castello*, thence to the Mole, and home.

*Second Day.*—The Castle of *St. Elmo*, the Convent of *St. Martin*, or the *Chartreuse*, close under the Castle; thence to the Chapel of *San Severo*, and return home. The excursion of these two days will give a tolerably accurate idea of the city and its situation.

*Third Day.*—If the traveller be fond of riding, the best way for the first excursion to *Baiæ* is to take a saddle horse. If a chaise be taken, it must be left at *Pozzuolo*, and either asses or wretched ponies again hired there for the rest of the expedition. Proceed by the *Grotta*, or rather *Passage of Pausilippo*, to *Pozzuoli*, about five miles from Naples; numerous guides are there to be hired: leave your horse at the inn, and proceed with the guide to view the following places, which, as they are near each other, will, going and returning, be a walk of only about two miles. — The *Temple of Jupiter Iris*, the *Solfatara*, (1) The *Grotta del Cane*, The Amphitheatre, The *Cathedral of St. Ja-*

(1) The lately discovered vaults, supposed to be a reservoir,

*nuarius* ; return to the inn, and again mount your horse ; proceed to the lake Avernus, and see the Temple of Apollo ; alight at the Sybils' Grotto, send the horses by one of the guides, round to the further end, or entrance of the grotto ; proceed through it on foot ; at the other opening mount again ; from thence the ride to Baïæ is short. Alight near the Temple of Mercury, proceed on foot to see it, and the temples of Venus and Diana, all near each other. Mount again, and go to the Baths of Nero. Afterwards, according to the time remaining, the ride may be continued along the coast, to give an idea of the country and scenery.—Return.

*Fourth Day.*—A favourable wind and fine weather ought to determine the day for this excursion. Take a boat at Naples, sail by the coast of *Mergellina*, and cross the Lucrine Bay, or lake as it is erroneously termed, to Baïæ. Many shapeless masses of brick and mortar overhanging and projecting into the sea, will be pointed out as having once been the villas and residences of celebrated Romans. See the *Cente Camerelle*, and the *Piscina Mirabile*, the remains of the Theatre of Misenus, the Dead Sea, or ancient *Acheron*, and to the west of it what are termed the Elysian Fields.—Return.

*Fifth Day.*—Not later than eight o'clock, but earlier if possible, set off for Vesuvius, according to the directions given under that article, the return to Portici or Resina, ought to be accomplished between two and three

o'clock, which will give time to see the palaces of Portici and the Favorite, and particularly the Museum of ancient paintings. These ought by all means to be seen after the trip to Vesuvius, for that to Pompeii is so much further, and so many are the objects to be seen there, that it will leave little or no time on the return.

*Sixth Day.*—Proceed early to Pompeii, as directed under that head. On returning, stop at Portici, and see Herculaneum, where ten minutes will amply satisfy the traveller's curiosity.

*Seventh Day.*—Visit the Museum, or *Lo Studio*.

*Eighth Day.*—Walk to the tomb of Virgil, thence along the shore to Mergellina; remark on the way, the rock called *Scoglio*, and the remains of ancient Gotho-Norman Palaces built into the sea; visit the palace of the Princess Anna.—Return.

*Ninth Day.*—Visit the palace of *Capo di Monte*, the villas near it, and the catacombs in the vicinity.

*Tenth Day.*—Take an excursion to Caserta.

The remainder of the stay at Naples may be occupied in excursions to Pæstum, the islands in the Bay, visiting the churches, etc.

#### CHURCHES.

These edifices, generally speaking, have none of that majesty about their exterior, which should point them out as temples dedicated to the Supreme Being. They are

mostly in bad situations, and inconvenient in their access; nor has the style of their architecture any thing about it indicative of the Roman; nothing worthy of imitation. Some of them being built upon the foundations of the ancient temples; some remains of pillars and columns are yet to be seen in their interior. Comparing the extent of ground at Naples and Rome, the churches are more numerous in the former than in the latter city. In Naples, they are incumbered with altars, which cupidity has multiplied for the service of masses; and many of them owe their elevation to dreams and other silly prejudices. *S. Gennaro*, or St. Januarius, situated in the quarter of S. Lorenzo, is of Gothic construction. The original Gothic of this church has been strangely mutilated by additions and repairs since it was first built in 1283, during the reign of Charles I of Naples, and considerably damaged by an earthquake in the year 1488. According to an inscription over the principal gate, in the dialect of Lombardy, this was erected by *Cardinal Minutolo*; here, as an accompaniment, are two columns of porphyry, taken from the ancient temple of Apollo, formerly on its site. Nearly a hundred columns of granite support the interior. The gilded stucco has a splendid appearance. The nave is ornamented with portraits of saints by the pupils of Giordano. The grand altar represents the Assumption, by *Perugino*. Here is also the portrait of Cardinal Caraffa, archbishop of Naples; the



pulpit is very lofty. The Confession, or *Il Soccorpo*, is a chapel entirely of white marble, ornamented with pillars of the same kind from the ancient temple of Apollo. In the vault or subterranean chapel, are several arabesques in a very ancient style. Here the body of St. Januarius is said to have been deposited by Cardinal Olivier, whose statue behind the altar is ascribed to Michael Angelo. In the nave, to the left, are the baptismal fonts, which are comprehended in a fine vase of basalt, embellished with mascarons and thyrsi, the handles formed of vine-branches are gone; the effect of the little columns, which surround this font, is admirable. The vase is supported by a foot made of porphyry, and seems to have been made use of in the sacrifices to Bacchus. Several grandees have chapels in this church, and among others is that of the *Carraccioli*, with the tomb of *Barnardino Carraccioli*, archbishop of Naples. In the chapel of the *Minutolos*, there are a number of family portraits represented as chevaliers, having horns at the extremity of their helmets. This church also affords a proof of the gratitude of the Neapolitans to Innocent XII, a native of Naples; this is a *cenotaph*, containing a bust of the pontiff in gilt bronze, with statues and ornaments in marble, and a suitable inscription. Near the entrance of the vestry, the unfortunate Andrew of Hungary, husband to Queen Joanna I, is interred: he was strangled at Aversa. The chapel or tomb of St. Janua-

rius is very magnificent, but the ornaments are heaped together without taste. It is a rotunda, supported by forty-two columns of brocatello marble. Here are three altars, one opposite the entrance and the others on each side. Several bronze statues of the patrons of the city are placed at about half the height of the chapel; but that of St. Januarius stands upon the great altar. Underneath, and behind this altar, in a tabernacle of bronze, with a silver door, the head of the patron, and the vial which contained his blood used to be deposited; but it is much doubted, whether this head, fixed upon a bust of silver gilt, and enriched with precious gems, remained there after the late wars. This blood, the quantity not exceeding an ounce, was collected by a pious female at Naples, when the saint was decapitated about the latter end of the third century. Being preserved in a vial ever since, it is said to have lost nothing in weight or quantity; but to exhibit its colour, though hermetically sealed, and that to such a degree as to acquire all the fluidity of blood that flows to the heart in passing from the lungs; but under the French, the popular prejudice in favour of this and other miracles, was considerably weakened.

The churches in Naples are so numerous, that you cannot pass through a street without finding one. A starched priest or monk generally standing at the door, invites you in, when the sexton immediately palms himself upon you to tell what is much better done in

your printed guide or itinerary. The names of many of these churches being known only from those of some religious, or monks, might in vain be sought for in the calendar. Most of them are ornamented with marble of different colours, which gives them a sumptuous appearance. The altars are encumbered with wooden candlesticks, silvered over and intermingled with artificial flowers, wretchedly executed. Many contain monuments, upon the senseless occupiers of which, panegyric is lavished without measure.

The church of *Gesù Nuovo*, in the quarter of *S. Giuseppe* is an exception to most of the rest. It is particularly rich in paintings. Heliodorus driven from the temple of Jerusalem is an astonishing composition. The chapels of *St. Ignatius* and *St. Francis Xavier*, are worth seeing on account of the sculptures and the paintings they contain.

*S. Paolo*, a modern church with three naves, is worth the attention of the traveller, and being built upon the site of an ancient Roman theatre, is ornamented with several of its columns, and the interior shines with marbles and alabaster. It contains some good pictures by Solimene; and in one of its chapels a prodigious number of votive tablets of silver.

*SS. Apostoli* stands on the site of a temple of Mercury; its architecture is tolerable; but its interior boasts of many paintings by Lanfranco, full of imagination, and beautiful in their colouring.

*S. Martin, or the Chartreuse*, upon Mount *S. Elmo*. The balcony which faces its gate commands a fine view of the Bay, its islands, and the promontory of Pausilippo. An elegant white marble colonnade surrounds the cloisters. The chapels are very highly ornamented; one in particular, which is most richly decorated with every species of precious marbles, jasper, lapis lazuli, etc. It has also the advantage of not being overloaded with ornament. In various parts of the church are statues. Its best pictures are the twelve minor prophets by Spagnoletto, one by Luca Giordano; and, above all, the Nativity by Guido, a large picture. In the sacristy are also some good paintings, especially Peter denying Christ, by M. Angelo da Caravagio. The ceiling is by Giordano: Judith exhibiting the head of Holofernes from the walls of Bethulia. The Chartreuse lately became a military hospital for invalids, and a part of the garden was given up to the commandant. A stranger ought by all means to ascend to the terrace on the top of the convent: there, towards the east, the whole of that part of the town, and the surrounding country, is extended like a map before him; Vesuvius forming a magnificent back ground, terminates the prospect. Almost every church, palace, and large building may be descried. The street of the *Vicaria*, intersecting this part of the city in a very long and direct line, has the appearance of a walled fosse.

*S. Giovanni a Carbonara* is celebrated as

much on account of its architecture as for two mausoleums, worth inspection; that of Ladislaus, erected by his sister Joanna II, and that of *Carracciolo*, Grand Seneschal and favourite of this queen. They are both in the Gothic style.

*S. Filippo Neri* is remarkable for a handsome front; and the ascent to its principal entrance by a great number of steps. Its interior is richly decorated, its galleries and the principal nave, resting upon six columns of granite with white marble capitals. The altar and paintings are very rich.

*S. Nunciata* is a church known by all the architects as one of the finest monuments of the genius of *Vanvitelli*, the architect of this building, which replaced that burnt in the year 1757. Amateurs in painting always bestow singular attention upon the grand altar, the windows, and the prophets, painted in *chiaro-scuro* in the angles of the cupola, while statuaries admire the four Virtues, in *stucco*.

*S. Brigata* possesses a fine cupola, decorated by *Le Giordano*, representing the Eternal Father, surrounded by the heavenly host. This celebrated painter was interred in this church, the scene of some of his best compositions.

*S. Maria della Pietà di Sangri*, though one of the churches which have suffered from earthquakes, contains a number of beautiful statues and monuments; many of the former are emblematical.

*S. Maria la Nuova* is equally worth seeing

with the preceding for its paintings and monuments; among the former, the adoration of the Wise Men, by *Giordano*; and among the latter, the superb tomb of *Marshal Lautrec*, general of the French army, sent to Italy to assist Clement VII, when Rome was besieged. It bears an inscription, which does as much honour to the person who erected the monument, as to the deceased, whose memory it perpetuates.

Among the finest churches in Naples, distinguished for its simplicity, is the small edifice built by the philosopher Pontanus, three centuries ago, in the quarter of S. Lorenzo.

The *Chapel of San Severo*, ought not to be passed without particular notice, on account of three marble statues. The first is a dead Christ, lying at full length, and entirely covered with a veil, appearing like fine muslin. The features and muscles are exactly such as they would appear to be under such a covering. Nothing can be more exquisite than this work of San Martino, after the design of Corradini, who also executed a female figure of Modesty, completely covered with a thin veil, to be seen in the same chapel.

The third piece of sculpture, by Queirollo, is called the Undeceiving of Prejudice, and is said to allude to the reformation of a Prince San Severo. Vice is represented by a figure enveloped in a net, and set at liberty by a cherub; the net has many folds and scarcely touches the statue; the whole is formed out of one block of marble.



*S. Spirito Santo*, in the *Strada Toledo*. The exterior is in an unfinished state. The interior, with Corinthian pillars, has a superabundance of ornaments.

The church of *S. Maria del Parto* is still remembered from the circumstance of its being erected on the site of the residence of the poet Sannazarius, in his beautiful retreat at Mergellina near the sea. The marble monument to his memory is placed behind the choir, with his bust crowned with laurel. Two genii appear, one holding a helmet and the other a book. The figures of Apollo and Minerva, in a sitting position, are placed one on each side the monument, which the religious, to save from the cupidity of a viceroy, travestied into David and Judith, by inscribing the names of the Jewish hero and heroine underneath. There are several other figures belonging to the monument. The house of Sannazarius was destroyed by a prince of Orange who commanded during the siege of Naples under Charles V. The poet afterwards became devout, and gave up the ground to the order of the *Servites*, after having built the church, where dying in 1530, he was interred. There is nothing remarkable either in its ornaments or its architecture.

In closing these few cursory observations on the churches of Naples, we may observe that notwithstanding the bad taste which prevails very generally in the architecture and decorations of these edifices, the traveller will find

in most of them something that merits observation. In paintings in particular, the Neapolitan churches are very rich, and there are few among them that cannot boast of one or more exquisite specimens of this art.

*Palaces and Public Buildings.*—Of the royal palaces, and of those of the nobility, the same may be said as of the churches; that the style of architecture is not pure, nor of course majestic; that they are in general too much encumbered with ornaments, though in several the apartments are on a grand scale, and ornamented with many fine paintings. The royal palace at Naples is a vast edifice; it was begun in 1600, after the designs of *Fontana*. It has a handsome front, decorated with three orders, Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian, one above another; the entrances are noble, and the principal staircase magnificent; at the foot of it are two enormous statues in plaister, extended upon a long square of *peperino*, representing the *Tagus* and the *Tiber*. Towards the south, the palace communicates with the arsenal, and with the sea, by a private bridge, solely for the use of the court. It likewise communicates with the *Castel Nuovo*, by a gallery supported on arcades which traverse the ditch, and forms a place of retreat in case of insurrection; there is another communication with the arsenal, and a third with the great theatre *San Carlo*.

The palace of *General Acton* is only separated from the royal residence by a street

which runs down to St. Lucia. It is very large but not lofty; the interior is furnished much in the Neapolitan taste, very rich but wretchedly arranged. This house has lately been used for the education of the younger branches of the royal family.

The *Capo di Monte* was built in 1732, by Charles. Its approach was very difficult, being separated from the city by a deep descent, till a stone bridge was thrown over it. It has since become an agreeable walk to this palace in consequence of the planting of young trees, which improvement took place under king Joseph Buonaparte. This palace, upon the whole, a massy building without elegance, was totally abandoned after the king had chosen *Caserta*; and though inhabited a short time by Joseph, *Murat*, his successor, having a different taste, only used it as a hunting box, or sometimes for an airing in the summer. Its picture gallery was also stripped of the best productions during the revolutionary war.

*Belvedere* is a small villa upon the heights of *Pizzofalcone*, which overlook the *Chiaja*. It is a small palace with a terrace, which by no means disgraces the name it bears. Here is a kind of English garden, well provided with fountains and running water, which communicate a degree of morning freshness to the place.

This building is quite in the Neapolitan taste; and is at least very pretty, though another wing is evidently wanting. The pro-

spects from it of the islands of *Capri*, *Procida*, and *Ischia*, are beautiful. The gardens too are rich both in natives and exotics. The court often avail themselves of this elegant little retreat to enjoy the cooling breezes of the evening.

The palace of the *Princess Anna*, on the side of the Mergellina, is also near the sea that washes its walls, or rather the rock upon which it is built. The edifice consists of four orders, and its front has a noble appearance.

Some of the handsomest modern palaces are at St. Lucia; in the Chiaja, and the Strada Toledo, and at Monte Olivetto: but the most remarkable are those at Franca-villa, at the foot of Monte Pizzofalcone, and those of Cellamare. Many of them contain pictures of great value, particularly the palace of the Prince della Torre: but at Naples, in particular, every house which has a gateway, bears the name of *Palazzo*. Here the families generally live in the uppermost stories, while the lower parts are occupied by the servants.

All the palaces of the nobility have long suites of apartments, and a large gallery for the reception of company; among the principal may be included the Madaloni and the Orsini; these are handsomely furnished; and the garden of *Franca-Villa* is reckoned the best about Naples; among these may be included della Torre and della Rocca: but the

Gravina palace is almost the only one in a good style of architecture.

The *Palace of Justice*, or the *Vicaria*, was formerly the Castel Capuano, built by William I, and afterwards inhabited by Queen Joanna. It is fortified, and beneath it are the prisons always well filled. The court and the staircases here are constantly crowded; and the former, if possible, are ten times more filthy than those of private houses. Here you are continually elbowed by porters, and persons selling pens and all kind of wares. Nor are thieves and pickpockets idle, though under the very nose of justice. The gentlemen of the long robe in Naples, take the title of *Paglietti*, and have as much influence in private families as the theologians.

The *Castles* in Naples are sufficiently fortified to make a good resistance, particularly *Castel Nuovo* behind the palace, near the Mole. It is a handsome as well as a strong fortress, and for its better security is mined; and, being near the sea, calculated to defend the shore which it commands. It is built much after the model of the Bastile at Paris. The gate and the towers which flank this castle, were built under Charles I, in 1283; the other parts are the works of his successors. Its first intention was to facilitate the levying of a tax laid upon courtesans! and even the manner of collecting this tax is partly indicated upon some one of the stones. The principal entrance is on the north side

from a very lively place, called *Le Largo*. Having passed the outworks, which consist of a deep ditch and a thick high wall, with a parapet and battlements, we come to a place of arms where *Count Lemnos* and *Antonio Cruz*, the governor, used to amuse themselves with tilts, tournaments, and bull-fights. A little farther on to the left, we pass through a triumphal arch of white marble, its architecture of four orders rising between two towers, built by the city of Naples, in honour of King Alphonso. This arch is embellished with historical sculptures, as is also a brazen door, by which the entrance to it is closed. The chapel of St. Barbe, in the court of the castle, has nothing particular to recommend it, excepting a winding staircase, the fancy of *Pisano*: however the interior of this castle resembles a little town, containing soldiers with their wives and children, and a number of shopkeepers who supply them with necessaries: the bastions of this castle serve for a prison.

The *Castello dell' Uovo*, the castle of the egg, is built upon a rock, a kind of promontory running into the sea. A house anciently standing here belonging to the Roman *Lucullus*, it is said, was the reason the castle long bore the name of *Ara Lucullana*. By means of a bridge, there is a communication between this rock and St. Lucia, always guarded by a centinel. The castle has been one of the earliest dwellings of the first kings of Naples, particularly William I, in 1154. It has also been a prison, and here *Augustus*,



the last emperor of Rome, was confined after his defeat by *Odoacer*, king of the *Heruli* and first king of Italy. It is, at present, well furnished with artillery, some of which, in the front towards the sea, are pointed as low as the water's edge.

The *Castello di S. Elmo*, to the north, north-west, is upon the summit of a hill, and commands the whole city: being thought an excellent place of defence, the Normans built one of the towers upon it, which they called *Belforte*. Louis XII also, when he conquered the kingdom, found it his interest to make this elevated station a place of strength; and Charles V converted it into an impregnable citadel. At present it is a very extensive hexagon, fortified with lofty walls and a counterscarp; it is surrounded with ditches hewn out of the rock, and is both mined and counter-mined. In its centre is a vast place of arms and beneath it an immense cistern hollowed out of the mountain. The view from the top of this castle is indescribable. From the castle the city appears to extend itself to the margin of the sea, in the form of a triangle, terminating on one side at the point of Pausilippo, and on the other, at the bridge of Magdalena. Grand, however, as this view certainly is, it is still exceeded by one from a mountain, which commands the castle about a mile to the north-west. That is considered the second prospect in the world; one near Constantinople being allowed to be the first.

The *Castello del Carmine* was at first a simple tower, built by Ferdinand of Arragon, in 1484; it received its square form from the Duke d'Alcala, who added a bulwark which overlooked the garden of the Carmelites. Pedro de Toledo, to defend Naples against the Turks, had carried on a wall from this tower, a great resource to the insurgents, in 1647; from which circumstance, government becoming acquainted with its importance, determined on converting it into a regular fortification, into which the church and convent of S. Maria were incorporated, and the cloister became a place of arms till the year 1662, when the monks presented the government with another piece of ground merely to get rid of an inconvenience. In 1748, King Charles having formed a communication between this place and the Mole, by means of a bridge, he demolished the gate *della Conceria*, and substituted two large pilasters with trophies, by *Buonpiedi*, of Turin.

#### HOSPITALS.

If the churches and palaces do no great credit to the taste of the Neapolitans, the hospitals however reflect much honour on their charity. These establishments are very numerous, and are adapted to every species of distress to which man is subject in mind or body. Many of them are richly endowed, and all are clean, well attended, and well regulated. One circumstance, almost peculiar to the Italian hospitals and charitable founda-

tions, contributes essentially to their splendour and prosperity ; which is, that they are not only attended by persons who devote themselves entirely and without any interested views to the relief of suffering humanity, but that they are governed and inspected, not nominally but really, by persons of the first rank and education ; who manage the interests of the different establishments with a prudence and assiduity which they seldom perhaps display in their own domestic economy. Besides, to almost every hospital is attached one and sometimes more confraternities, or pious associations, formed for the purpose of relieving some particular species of distress, or of averting or remedying some evil. These confraternities, though founded on the basis of equality, and of course open to all ranks, generally contain a very considerable proportion of noble persons, who make it a point to fulfil the duties of the association with an exactness as honourable to themselves as it is exemplary and beneficial to the public. These persons visit the respective hospitals almost daily, enquire into the situation and circumstances of every patient, and often attend on them personally, and render them the most humble services. They perform these duties in disguise, and generally in the dress or uniform worn by the confraternity, for the express purpose of diverting public attention from the individuals, and fixing it only on the object of the association.

Of charitable foundations in Naples the

number is above sixty. Of these, seven are hospitals properly so called; thirty at least are conservatories or receptacles for helpless orphans, foundlings, etc.; five are banks for the relief of such industrious poor as are distressed by the occasional want of small sums of money: the rest are either schools or confraternities. The incomes of most of these establishments, particularly of the hospitals, are in general very considerable, but seldom equal to the expenditure. Notwithstanding, the annual deficiency, how great soever it may be, it is abundantly supplied by donations, most of which come from unknown benefactors.

With respect to these institutions, a council general of administration was formed in 1809, with the power of regulation and control over every establishment in Naples for the relief of the poor and infirm.

The *Seraglio*; one of the principal of these, in the *Borgo del Fuoco*, was intended by Charles III, in 1752, as a kind of foundling. This is the first edifice that strikes the attention towards the right on entering the gate from Rome. The body of the building is brick; and the whole, when completed, is intended to form four courts. Still several of the apartments are inhabited, and a great number of poor are employed in various occupations, particularly aged persons, who otherwise would have added to the many who are left in the disgraceful state of beggary.

The hospital of the *Annunziata*, was richly endowed by Sancia, the wife of Robert, in 1300, and Queen Joanna. It is near the port of *Nola*, but though its entrance is not distinguished by a fine front, it is refreshed by two large basins of spring water, extremely agreeable in sultry weather. People of all ages and disorders are received here, and even illegitimate children brought in the night. Much of the revenue of this place arises from the property of the institution, in the sulphur and alum of *Solfatara*; and before the calls upon it were so numerous as they have lately been, the managers were able to send some of the patients into the country for the benefit of the air.

*L' Albergo Reale* is set apart for the education of more than 800 orphans, and male children: here they are taught reading, writing, engraving, drawing, and the elements of the mathematics, with such trades as their capacities may fit them for: the girls are taught sewing, knitting, etc. and it was observed, that under the French government this institution improved every day.

The *Hospital of Incurables* is the largest and the handsomest in Naples. Here, besides sick persons, they receive idiots, the insane of both sexes, accidents and pregnant women. This building will contain 1000 persons and upwards. The establishment arose from the piety of a lady who came to make a pilgrimage to the lady of Loretto. Among the greatest contributors to it, since her time,

is *Gaspard Roomez*, a rich Flemish merchant, who made a fortune at Naples. It is a fine building, and has two good entrances leading to a large court, to which there is an ascent by a double flight of steps. The wards, however, are very badly aired, and are very dirty: here the sick of all descriptions are huddled together; and sometimes, it is observed, the physician and the surgeon are compelled to elbow each other to get at their patients; and often the same individual has occasion for the services of both: the want of skill in the surgeons here, has been most severely censured. However, there are separate wards for idiots, for soldiers, and for children with cuticular complaints in the head. The chemical laboratory has some vases most exquisitely painted with subjects from the Holy Scripture. The dead, like those of other hospitals in Naples, are carried by night to a piece of ground, called *Campo Santo*, where quick lime is made use of to make room for fresh comers. In this place there are several inscriptions by Mazzochi, and one of them in Latin.

But, besides these hospitals, there are what are called numerous *Confraternities*, the members of which make it their business to visit condemned criminals, and to assist or provide for the widows or children of those unfortunate persons. One of these, called *Congregazione della Croce*, is composed principally of nobility: their object is to relieve the poor and the imprisoned. The congregation



of *S. Ivone*, is made up of lawyers, who undertake to plead the causes of the indigent without fee or reward, and to carry their suits through different courts: another is established for the relief of strangers and pilgrims as they are called: the members of this body attend their hospital in rotation, where they receive strangers, attend them at table, and perform the lowest offices with humility.

The *Congregation of Nobles* is for the relief of the *bashful poor*, and industrious persons who may have fallen into indigent circumstances through unavoidable misfortunes. All these confraternities have halls, churches, or hospitals, more or less extensive according to their revenues. There are also numerous asylums in Naples for deserted or ruined females; and in one of these Magdalens, as they may be called, four hundred unfortunate persons are provided for and educated.

#### STREETS AND SQUARES.

The situation of Naples, and the little care taken to build after any preconcerted plan, has been the cause that the streets are not only irregular, but sometimes very uneven; in reality, excepting that called the *Toledo*, which intersects the city from the square of *Mercatello* to the royal palace, to the extent of three quarters of a mile; that of *Oliveto*; and another less winding, but much narrower, that extends from the gate of *Capua* to *St. Elmo*, we find an ascent or descent

in all the rest ; they are paved with flags of basalt obtained by the eruptions of *Mount Vesuvius*.

Naples has been said to resemble one large house with a vast number of inhabitants, and the simile is a very just one ; for, sleeping excepted, every thing passes in the streets that is done within doors in other countries. All artisans and mechanics, not only have open stalls, but they carry out their tables and implements for their trades, and work in the open streets, producing the most curious medley of sounds and sights that can be conceived. The noise of the populace of the streets of Naples is without any example ; this is assisted by all the powers of gesticulation, and a perpetual motion. Fish, fruit, pulse, and melons in slices, are continually on sale : here are also the water and lemonade sellers at their stands inviting you every moment ; the beggars too, whom it is impossible to get rid of, harrass you every instant ; begging monks, « black, white and grey, » carrying their booty to the convents in bags ; others leading loaded asses in ropes, make up a part of the scene : capuchins and *recollets* with their robes tucked up, scarcely move their legs under them ; but suffer the vulgar, who are ready enough, to kiss their hands with the greatest devotion. Many female religious are also to be seen : some who have fulfilled their vows, and others who content themselves with bare promises ; numbers of others are in black, with their

heads neatly dressed, and their feet without shoes; boys crowding round the sellers of *maccheroni*, to beg a spoonful now and then: squalling infants, jugglers, players on the hautboy, and bag-pipers with dancing puppets: walking musicians who exhibit their wretched playing and singing before the images of the Madonnas in the street: soldiers on foot; officers in their open carriages; lawyers arm in arm walking to the *Vicaria*; the processions; funerals; oxen drawing dung-carts to sell the contents to the gardeners, or to those who sell it again; this is a faint picture of life as it is exhibited in the streets of Naples.

The shops open at day-break, and shut late at night; or rather, every one fixes his shop in the street before his door, without taking any thought about obstructing the passenger. The streets of Naples are much cleaner than the entrances, the staircases, or even the antichambers of the palaces; because the former have no channels running through them, instead of which, particularly when it rains, the vast sewers under ground convey all kind of filth into the sea. In some parts of Naples you will see the shoemakers, smiths, coach-makers, etc. collected together, a few shops only, which sell provisions, being suffered to intermix with them.

Mr. *Forsyth* gives the following animated sketch of the scenery of the streets of Naples:—“ Naples, in its interior, has no parallel on earth. The crowd of London is uniform

and intelligible : it is a double line in quick motion ; it is the crowd of business. The crowd of Naples consists in a general tide rolling up and down, and in the middle of this tide a hundred eddies of men. Here you are swept on by the current, there you are wheeled round by the vortex. A diversity of trades dispute with you the streets. You are stopped by a carpenter's bench, you are lost among shoe-maker's stools, you dash among the pots of a *maccheroni* stall, and you escape behind a *lazzarone's* night-basket. In this region of caricature every bargain sounds like a battle : the popular exhibitions are full of the grotesque ; some of their church processions would frighten a war-horse.

« The Mole seems, on holidays, an epitome of the town, and exhibits most of its humours. Here stands a methodistical friar, preaching to one row of *Lazzaroni* ; there *Punch*, the representative of the nation, holds forth to a crowd. Yonder, another orator recounts the miracles which he has performed with a sacred wax work, on which he rubs his agnuses, and sells them, thus impregnated with grace, for a *grano* a piece ; beyond him are quacks in hussar uniform, exalting their drugs, and brandishing their sabres, as if not content with one mode of killing. The next *professore* ( a title given to every exhibition ) is a dog of knowledge, great in his own little circle of admirers. Opposite to him stand two jocund old men, in the centre of an oval groupe,

singing alternately to their crazy guitars. Farther on is a motley audience, seated on planks, and listening to a tragi-comic *filosofo*, who reads, sings, and gesticulates old gothic tales of Orlando and his Paladins."

The streets of *Toledo* and the *Chiaja* are the most populous: the latter leads from the palace to the sea-side, through a passage beneath a lofty bridge, running between the heights of *Pizzofalcone* and *St. Elmo*. Any person recollecting the situation of one or two of the principal streets, or the *Toledo* in particular, into which so many others enter, cannot easily lose himself. All the grand processions parade that street, and here the masks are exhibited during the Carnival. Any strangers may be convinced of the merry madness of the Neapolitans as long as this famous festival lasts. After the French obtained possession of Naples, the streets were well lighted with reverberators; till then they had no lights but the lamps of Madonnas, endowed by pious persons, and in which a father Rocco had been extremely assiduous, he having the address to convert a religious duty into a civil benefit, and by increasing the lights, to prevent many assassinations, very frequent in the streets before that period.

The squares here take the name of *Largo*; for instance, those of *del Pigno* and *del Castello*, the latter celebrated for the game of *Coccagna* exhibited there, and at present for the execution of criminals: those of *Spirito Santo*, *Lorentino*, *Vicaria* and *S. Lucia*,

open towards the sea, and are frequented by the amateurs of fish and oysters. A much larger than any of these was begun by King Joachim, by pulling down several convents and private houses; but at Naples as well as in other parts of Italy, they pull down much faster than they build up. The embellishments began in that of *Spirito Santo* are excellent models for the rest, most of which at present have fountains, crosses, pyramids, groupes of Saints, or a Madonna with very long inscriptions, calculated to perpetuate the names of the donors; many of these are in Latin, and are made to express sentiments of the grossest adulation.

#### FOUNTAINS, BRIDGES, AQUEDUCTS.

Among the public fountains, those of *Medina* and *S. Marino*, are the handsomest for their sculpture. *Torrione del Carmine* exhibits a large basin, where two dolphins, with their tails interlaced, produce a good effect. The fountain of *Oliveto* is constructed entirely of marble, and rises very near the foot of the staircase of the church of this name. Here three lions spout the water into a large basin; and in the centre is a statue of Charles II, in bronze. Several of these fountains are very often dry.

The fountains in Naples are supplied by various aqueducts; the remains of one of these are to be seen in the street *Arenosa*, commonly called *i Ponti Rossi*. This is said to have been built in *Nero's* time, and to have



brought the water to the country houses which the Romans had at Pausilippo, Pozzuoli and Baïæ, and to the *Piscina Mirabile*. Notwithstanding all the pains of *Lettieri* to recover them, these waters are lost, though this element brought from *Maddaloni* is dispersed over several quarters of the town. The most ancient of the waters brought to Naples, called *della Bolla*, or *l'acqua Vecchia*, comes from *Vesuvius*; a part of these form the ancient river, called the *Sebetos*. Some houses have fountains of their own, and others have wells. The water of the fountain near the sea-shore in the quarter of *S. Lucia*, has a kind of *acid-sulphureous* quality, and is much used by the lower orders of people as an excellent preservative from relaxed bowels, dysenteries, fevers, and bilious complaints.

The only bridge at Naples is that of *Guizardo*, which has taken the name of *Madde-loni* from a church formerly served by Dominicans. It is very long, and sufficiently broad to admit of several carriages passing abreast without annoying foot passengers, for whom there is a paved way on each side. Nearly in the centre of this bridge, stands the statue of *S. Januarius* looking towards the burning mountain, as if to deprecate any evil that might occur to the city. Under his feet rolls the modest *Sebetos*, in which some few persons come to bathe in the summer season; but bathing has declined as much among the Neapolitans as it did among the ancient Romans.

## GARDENS.

Strictly speaking, there is not a single garden in Naples. Ferdinand IV was the first who thought of any thing of the kind, and he made the experiment at *La Chiaja*: the choice of this spot was most injudicious, since it is evident the Goddess Flora will never hold any connection with the Nereids: in fact, it was contrary to the laws of nature to expect vegetation to flourish there; time and perseverance, however, have at length rendered it a most delightful spot.

This Royal Garden, or *Villa Reale*, was begun in 1779, and finished in 1782, upon the site of the wine houses, where the people used to resort on Sundays and holidays. King Joseph, and after him King Joachim made many additions to this place. The principal entrances are through a gate towards the *Chiaja*, and from St. Lucia. On each side of the latter entrance are two pavilions, one is a guard-house, the other one of the best *caffés* in this city, and where billiard tables are also found. The garden occupies a perfect plain, stretching close along the sea shore in the form of an extended parallelogram, about 2000 yards in length. A range of lofty, respectable, and well-built houses are on the other side; a very spacious pavement for carriages, where six, at least, can drive abreast of each other, separates these houses from the garden, which is fenced in by a handsome iron railing. This row of houses is called the

Chiaja, and before them is the most fashionable *promenade* for carriages, where many hundreds may frequently be seen, except during the carnival, when the favourite resort is the *Strada Toledo*.

A spacious gravelled walk, bordered with orange, lemon, and other trees intermixed, extends with statues in the centre of the garden from one extremity to the other; a narrower one runs along the parapet wall which overhangs the sea, and commands a fine view of it, Vesuvius, etc. Smaller walks, bordered with the most beautiful flowers and shrubs, branch out in all directions, and are agreeably diversified with numerous seats, fountains, and statues. In the centre of the principal walk is the groupe of Spaventoso, or the famous bull from the Farnesian palace at Rome. This groupe, rising from a pedestal, placed in the midst of a circular fountain, excites the idea of a lake. That portion of the garden, situated towards Pausilippo, is distributed as an English shrubbery. This garden, being a delightful retreat on summer evenings, is the general resort of the fashionable world; attended by the sellers of eatables of all kinds, with lemonade, music, etc. the scene becomes uncommonly animated and interesting; and to all these various sounds of life and gaiety, the monotonous roar of the ocean at a short distance offers a kind of bass.

Besides this public garden, something of the kind may be seen upon the tops of a number of houses. The poorer sort content

themselves with a few flower pots in the balconies before their windows ; but though the taste for gardening is not so lively here as in the northern parts of Europe, the terraces of persons in easy circumstances are generally furnished with large pots, which contain oranges and citrons, roses, Arabian jessamine, and other plants that do not require much humidity. The garden of the Religious of *S. Marcellina* is well worthy of the stranger's attention, being such as scarcely to admit of description by any person who has not seen it. It is much frequented in summer, and contains a basin of water clear as crystal. The *Marquis del Gallo's* garden, near *Capo di Monte*, ought not to be forgotten. Another, belonging to *M. Heigel*n, a Dane, formerly Consul, situated on an eminence, called *Capo di Chino*, on the road to Rome, is beautiful in the extreme.

## PROMENADES.

Those about Naples for persons in easy circumstances extend about two or three miles from the place : the most frequented are to *S. Lucia*, to the *Ponte di Maddeloni*, or *Bagnuoli*. Cabriolets and phaetons are generally to be seen on the road to these places. *Scoglio* is a rock which projects a considerable way into the sea on the side of the *Margelina*. Here people go to eat fish. Quitting *Scoglio*, in a vessel, and coasting along, you come to a place hollowed into the shore in the manner of a grotto : this is called *Gaiola*,

and, according to some accounts, was cut out of the rock to form a bath for the use of the Roman *Lucullus* : further on are some ruins, to which they give the name of *Virgil's School*. In order to proceed to *Pozzuoli* or *Baia*, it is necessary to double this kind of Cape.

But the favourite promenade for foot passengers is the *Mole* : it is a narrow neck of land, which runs out from *Castel Nuovo*, having the sea on its right and left. A number of vessels are always at anchor here, and at the extremity there is a guard-house, upon which is the pharos or light-house. People are allowed to go up to the gallery which surrounds this light-house, where, with the assistance of a telescope, with which the spectator is accommodated, the view is indistinguishable. The Mole is a charming walk, and the various views from it of *Vesuvius*, *La Somma*, and *Portici*, render it quite enchanting. Being much frequented on a Sunday, itinerant preachers attend here, who frequently take occasion to address the people ; however, the attention which might otherwise be paid to them, is most commonly bestowed upon some hungry declaimers of another description, who, with a guitar in their hands, are generally surrounded by seafaring men and others, reciting the history of *Prince Rinaldo*, a great favourite with the Neapolitans.

The *Catacombs*, the first appearance of which is a spacious cavern, in which is an altar and a pulpit, from whence St. Januarius

used to preach: here the primitive Christians are said to have met to celebrate their worship. Here are likewise some rude paintings of *Madonnas* and Saints, with inscriptions in Greek and Latin, but so much defaced by the smoke from flambeaux, as to be scarcely legible. From this cavern a number of narrow passages branch off in many directions, some of which lead to other sepulchral chambers, vaulted over. The height of these passages is seldom more than fourteen or sixteen feet, and the breadth not more than ten; the walls are formed into recesses, one above another, in many places, for the reception of bodies. Many of them are enclosed in masonry, covered with rude mosaic work, and sometimes the name of the deceased appears. From some openings made by the hand of time, bones and the clothes, shrouds, etc. in which the deceased were inhumed, are to be seen, with collars or chaplets, and medals round the necks of others. Through these subterranean passages we, at length, arrive where they are considerably higher and broader; from whence others lower and narrower again diverge; some of the vaults are so low, that it is necessary to creep to be able to proceed. Where the soil is a rock, staircases are cut to ascend to the tombs above; in other places, the ground is supported with props: sometimes heaps of bones are to be seen, covered with a blackish varnish, an indication of their age. It is affirmed by some authors, that these caverns run as far as *Pozzuoli*, or



*Mount Lottrecco*, beyond *Campo Santo*. Many suppose that the Catacombs originated with the primitive Christians; but to this it is objected that they were too indigent and too few in number to carry on such an undertaking without the knowledge of their enemies; and *Pelliccia* thinks these excavations were the works of the ancients, for the purpose of communication between one city and another, which he thought probable from passages in Homer, Lycophron, Ovid and Cicero. *Naples, Capua, Nola, and Acerra*, are quoted on account of these communications cut in the *tuso*, previous to the formation of good roads through the mountains. It is said at Naples that the Archbishop sometimes performs the holy office in the Catacombs, and that all the clergy are sworn on taking their office to make them a pious visit, though they are never opened excepting to antiquaries and travellers.

#### THEATRES.

*Teatro di San Carlo*. There is not a theatre in Europe more brilliant and imposing than this. This theatre, burnt down in 1816, was lately rebuilt in 300 days, and is a master stroke of policy in the government. It attachesthe people to the King more completely than the best laws could do; all Naples was intoxicated with patriotism on this occasion. The best way in the world to give offence would be to discover some defect in it. Mention the name of Ferdinand, and you are told that *he has rebuilt*

*San Carlos.* The decorations are gold and silver, and the boxes of a deep sky blue. The ornaments in front of the boxes are in relief; hence their magnificence. They consist of gilt torches, grouped together, and intermixed with large fleurs-de-lis. Here and there this splendid ornament is divided by bas-reliefs of silver. The boxes are very large, and have no curtains. A superb chandelier yields a brilliant light, and gives to these ornaments of gold and silver a splendour which they would not possess were they not in relief. Nothing can be more imposing and magnificent than the grand box of the King, above the middle door; it is supported by two palm trees of gold, of the size of nature. The drapery consists of sheets of metal, of a pale red. Contrasted with the magnificence of the royal box, nothing can be more simple and elegant than the small incognito boxes, situated on the second row opposite the stage. The blue satin, the gold ornaments, and the mirrors, are distributed with a taste which was never before seen in Italy. The dazzling light of the chandelier penetrates into every corner of the theatre, and exhibits the most minute details. The ceiling, which is painted on canvass, completely in the style of the French school, is one of the largest pictures in existence.

The *Teatro del Fondo*, opposite *Castel Nuovo*, is much more simple than that of *San Carlo*. The Opera Buffa is played here, and on certain days of the week, French tragedies

and comedies; ballets have also been performed at both these theatres.

The *Teatro de Fiorentini* is in a small street that runs off towards the Fountain of *Medina*. It was opened by the Spanish Comedians in the sixteenth century; but has been since rebuilt in a regular manner. It has five tiers of boxes, one above another; the whole in the form of a horse-shoe. Musical pieces are performed here four days in the week, and on the other two, the Comedies of Goldoni; but tragedies, to which the Neapolitans have an aversion, are performed in Lent only.

The *Teatro Nuovo*, a kind of rival to the Florentines, is near the great street of Toledo; here are comedies in prose, sometimes intermixed with singing. Nor ought the *Teatro de' Burattini*, or puppets, to be overlooked by a stranger, notwithstanding its appearance: for this is numerously attended by all classes of the Neapolitans, not excepting priests and monks. *Pulcinella*, or *Funch*, is with them a person of such importance, that it is impossible to dispense with his services. Punch here always speaks in the Neapolitan dialect, but the other actors speak good Italian. The pieces played at these theatres are announced by a posting bill at the door, or by a paper attached to a rope, suspended across the street. Besides these theatres, Naples exhibits others of a moveable kind, the orchestra of which affords no other instrument than the bagpipe. The Neapolitans are no machinists, and the taste of the people for excellent pieces is as

low as the abilities of their performers. Even the proper pantomime of Naples has been for some time getting out of practice, because the ballet masters themselves feel that they understand nothing of it; besides printed books to explain what they mean to represent, all kinds of transparent writings are exhibited upon the stage itself.

*Museums, Academies, University, Libraries, Language, etc.*—The Museum *gli Studj*, or the Academy, is a vast brick building, but stuccoed according to the practice in most modern edifices. In 1780 this place became the seat of an academy named that of the Sciences and Belles Lettres. Since the designs of *Schiantarelli* were produced, the edifice has assumed a new form. The façade is majestic, and the entrance in the centre is ornamented with very handsome pillars, brought from Portici. In the apartments upon the ground floor are to be seen the *Farnesian Hercules*, and the *Flora*, both brought from Rome; the colossal statues of the Ocean, Urania, Vespasian; the groupe of Orestes and Electra, Venus Victrix. Two small equestrian statues of an Amazon, deserve particular notice; they represent the same person: one, as engaged in combat; the other, wounded and dying. It may almost rank with the famous Gladiator; the resemblance in the features of the two statues being admirably preserved. Here are also a number of busts, bas-reliefs, candelabras, and other curious articles, discovered at Pompeii, Stabia, and Hercula-

neum. Another wing of this edifice is occupied by persons employed in the restoration of bronzes.

The grand staircase in the front leads to the first story, where two flights of stairs meet at the entrance of the library. The riches of Herculaneum were once distributed over several parts of this building; many of which had been removed here from the palace at *Capo di Monte*; and here is an apartment devoted to the business of unfolding the manuscripts found at Pompeii.

Every apartment of this museum is laid with the most charming antique floors; partly Mosaic, from Pompeii, and partly marble, from Herculaneum. Here were statues, vases, busts, altars, tables of marble, and bronze, all in as good a state as if they had just come from the hands of the artist. Thousands of coins filled the different cases. Medallions of marble were also suspended by fine chains from the ceiling, having bas-reliefs on both sides. They hung so as to be reached with the hand, and of course could be conveniently turned about and examined. But the greater and most valuable part of those, and also what were in the museum of the palace at Portici that could be conveniently removed, were conveyed by Ferdinand to Sicily when he fled thither. They have not hitherto (1817) been restored, nor does it appear to be in contemplation. Most of the pictures in Herculaneum, Pompeii, and Stabia, were sawed from the wall; and a long row of

apartments is now set out with them. But a far more numerous collection of these is still to be seen at Portici. These galleries are at present filled with an almost innumerable profusion of Grecian, Roman and Etruscan vases, urns, etc. of an endless variety of shape, form and size. A new collection of recently-discovered articles of antiquity was forming by Queen Caroline, the consort of Joachim, in a range of apartments which he had prepared for their reception. It is now known by the name of the collection of Murat's wife. It is not yet completely arranged, but is in progress, and not yet opened for public inspection. However, by a little trouble and interest, a sight of it may be had; a *silver key* is of no use.

The *gallery of paintings* attached to the Museum, is but indifferent. A stranger ought not to neglect enquiring for some beautiful *cork models* that are exhibited in one of the rooms of the Museum; one represents the temple of Hercules at Pæstum; another, an amphitheatre, and several of tombs lately discovered, and supposed to be Grecian ones. The skeletons, vases for perfumed oils, pieces of armour which they contained, etc. are most accurately represented, in the exact situation they were when first found. The court is crowded with tombs, inscriptions, cisterns, pillars, statues, etc. In the middle there is a fine horse of bronze, with a modern inscription, saying there were four of them, but that this one only had been saved.



But to return to the *manuscripts*, the most remarkable objects. They are black and of a chesnut brown; and though at present preserved in glass cases, dust and small particles are still dropping from them. The machine which unrolls them resembles in the exterior a book-binder's frame, upon which he sews his books. The manuscript rests on some cotton, in the bow of two ribands, with one end fastened above in cords, like the curtain of a theatre; gold-beater's skin is then laid on with the white of an egg, in very small stripes, by means of a pencil, to afford something to hold by. To this skin silk threads are fastened, which, together with the riband, wind above round the peg in the same manner as the string of a violin. When a small part of the manuscript with the skin has been laid hold of, and by means of a pencil the first leaf is loosened as much as possible, the person employed turns the peg with the greatest precaution, and is happy if he succeeds so far as to unroll a quarter of an inch; upon which he begins the operation afresh. It must not be supposed that a piece of manuscript thus obtained, remains a connected whole. Not at all; it rather resembles a piece of tinder that is full of holes. The next part of the business is copying on the spot, as the manuscript so obtained is too tender to be exposed to the open air. The task of the copyist is not merely transcribing, but drawing; after which a man of learning tries to supply the parts that are wanting, and this occurs

almost in every line, and sometimes whole lines or whole periods must be filled up. What is thus supplied is written in red ink, instead of black. Eleven young persons unfold the manuscripts, two others copy them, and the late Rev. J. Hayter, an Englishman, had the direction of the whole; but after the French took possession of Naples, he was succeeded by MM. Rosini, Scotti, and Pezzetti, who have published from these manuscripts some fragments of a Latin poem upon the war between Mark Antony and Octavius, with copious remains of the second book of Epicurus upon Nature. A moral work of Polistratus, a disciple of Epicurus, has also been printed; and the fragments of *Colotus*, a Greek author, were thought of sufficient interest to follow. Philodemus on Rhetoric was complete; and instead of six, the whole number of manuscripts to be unrolled was eight hundred. These were originally rolled round cylinders which appear to have been bones.

*Public Libraries.*—These are three in number at Naples. The principal is at the Museum. The body of the building is long and spacious, and communicates with four halls, all well stocked with books. Persons who come to read are required to write the name of the book they want upon a slip of paper, and with this they retire into an apartment by themselves; going away, they return the paper and the book. The library is open every day from ten to two; it contains upwards of eighty thousand volumes, most of which

treat of theology, jurisprudence, and history. One apartment is appropriated entirely to manuscripts, but this is not open to the public at large: this is the case with another apartment containing curious prints.

Next to this library, is that of the monastery of Gerosomini, open every day from nine in the morning till noon. Lastly that of S. Agostino a Nido, containing upwards of 4000 volumes and a number of manuscripts: this is open till three in the afternoon.

*The University.*—This is at a house which belonged to the Jesuits, which was called *Gesù Vecchio*. This building is spacious, with a square court in the interior; it has proper offices and a large garden. Here are professors of theology, physic, and the Roman law, besides those of the sciences and belles lettres. Medical information in this university is purely oral, and without any illustration by way of experiment: in fact, the medical department is wretched; and the various departments altogether, very badly organised.

*Language.*—The language spoken at Naples is Italian, so much corrupted that one might suppose it had derived very little from the mother tongue; the finals in *a* are very frequent, as is the joining of several words in one. It has, in fact, more of a jargon than a provincial dialect: As far as the Neapolitans excel in singing, it is imputed to the instructions of such masters as *Porpora* and *Scarlatti*, who might have had pupils of equal ability at Paris, London, or Berlin. Even in

the best houses in Naples, the ladies very seldom speak pure Italian ; and what is still more to be regretted, to flatter the depraved taste of the public, the immortal poems of *Tasso* and *Ariosto* have been printed in this idiom.

*Conservatories, Schools, Fine Arts.* — Under the French government, the Neapolitan Museum was established on the same footing as those of Paris and Rome. Lectures on Design and Architecture were delivered on certain days in the week ; and the galleries contained excellent models of sculpture and painting, which students possessing any genius would have improved. There are three conservatories at Naples, or houses of refuge for orphans. At *S. Maria di Loreto* the pupils are clothed in white ; at *La Pietà* they are all in blue ; and at *St. Onaphurius* they wear a white tunic. The schools for castrated children used to produce the principal singers ; and parents, instigated by the love of gain, would often submit the most promising of their progeny to this shameful operation. Even the clergy sanctioned the practice, by offering up special prayers for this unhappy description of beings. But though badly clothed and fed in these schools, it is certain they received the best musical education. The composers of sacred music here, in default of encouragement in the church, generally apply to the theatre ; two or three pieces well received are not more than suffi-

cient to support them through the season. A Neapolitan audience may be interested in the first, second and third representation, but after that they generally spend the time at the theatre in trifling conversation.

There are other Conservatories in Naples, or schools opened for poor children of both sexes, where they are educated, and taught some useful trade. Some of them resemble manufactories, and employ a great number of grown persons, both men and women. Care is taken in all these places to keep the sexes separate. Three of these conservatories, appropriated to the education of boys in the profession of music, provide a band for the church of the Franciscans, morning and evening, during eight days in October. In fact, the octaves which follow the festival of the patron saint of every church, morning and evening, constitute a continued entertainment or concert throughout the year.

*Society, Manners, and Customs.* — Naples cannot be generally cited for the beauty of the women. Those among the common people are barely passable, though the vivacity of their countenances makes some amends for their want of beauty. The industrious appear on Sundays and holidays very gay and cleanly, pearls in their ears, and, with a smiling countenance, always ready to dance to the first tambourin they meet.

The females that come from *Ischia* and *Procida* wear a kind of Greek costume : those

who answer to what are called *grisettes* in France, are much more reserved in their conduct than the Parisians.

Here they are always in black taffety, the *robe à la Française*, with a white handkerchief, white stockings, and black shoes.

Their hair is platted, and confined in a small white handkerchief, or cap of black taffety; and the external covering of the head is a black hood falling rather low behind. When in mourning, they wear nothing white but their linen, which is sometimes sufficiently dingy. Their eyes possess considerable animation, though they are rather reserved in making use of them, unless within doors with those for whom they have any predilection. It is then that they commence their common amusement, exclaiming gaily, "*Diavoline pulci che mi tormentano tanto.*"

Ladies of rank at Naples still have their *Cicisbeos*, though the latter are known to the husband and persons acquainted with the family; they are unknown to the children, who, with their preceptor, or the nurse, are generally sent into the country, or confined to some distant apartment in the vast palaces which they inhabit. Probably after taking leave of the mother in the morning, they see her no more the rest of the day. These ladies are generally ignorant of every branch of knowledge derived from a good education; the leisure which the toilet affords them is filled up with play, or attendance at the theatres or churches.



The *dress of women of fashion* at Naples is the same as at Paris, and derives its mode from the court. If most of these ladies do not speak French, at least they understand it, though they seldom write with propriety in their own vernacular tongue. They have all their carriages, which they use to visit the Toledo, the Mergellina, or Pozzuoli, in the evening. In the forenoon, when they visit the shops, being clothed in black taffety, no particular notice is taken of them. The mantle worn here, is always considered as the safeguard of modesty, upon women of all descriptions, and no one interrupts the wearer. Formerly the eldest sister only was permitted to marry; the rest were generally sent to convents at three or four years of age, having their choice at the age of puberty, to enter the world again, or to leave it for ever, unless some generous man of fortune, brought by chance to the grating of the monastery, pleased with her appearance, should offer his hand in marriage.

The female complexion at Naples is generally pale or brown. In point of delicacy, they might be censured by some persons who are not aware of the force of local habits.

They drink their wine unmixed, more than at Rome, being habituated to it from their infancy; and seldom require asking twice to go into a coffee-house, and taste the variety of liqueurs that attract the eye and the palate by the diversity of their colours, and their different flavour.

Women of the lower class have recourse to the limonadiers in the streets, who also cry what they call *acqua vite* from morning till night; this is a transparent *alcohol*, strongly imbued with odoriferous plants, such as fennel, etc. and sometimes cooled with the snows brought from the mountains above Castellamare.

The Neapolitans in general are not tall, but generally well set and robust; broad in the chest, but rather short in the neck, and rather inclined to corpulence from their childhood. The abolition of several religious establishments, and the diminished fortunes of the great, no longer permitting them to support the idle, has compelled them to adopt some habits of industry. The *Lazzaroni* are no more; there is no longer an insolent populace, rendered audacious by superstition, and subsisting only under the favour of a disorder in the state.—They are become soldiers, porters, or scavengers. The labouring man here is often bareheaded, or only covered with a striped red cap: like the Spaniards, he ties up his hair in a fillet. Some of them wear a little round hat with a sharp conical point, a brown jacket, and large blue pantaloons or trowsers: they are often bare-footed even in winter, so that thick legs and splay feet are not uncommon; and, of course, they are much subject to corns and chilblains. On Sunday they sometimes make their appearance in black silk breeches and white silk stockings, bought second-hand: the large

buckles, worn by men and women, are three times the size of those elsewhere, Holland excepted. The Neapolitan is a rude, uncivilized bawler. He is devout, but goes more frequently to mass than to hear sermons. He pretends to have a very great regard for strangers, but this is always proportioned to his expectations from them, and the title of *Eccellenza* is most liberally bestowed on these occasions. Thus, in the hotels, and the furnished lodgings, the religious mendicants, under the pretext of presenting strangers with the fruits of the season, will carry their politeness so far as to take off their caps and salute them.

The middle class of citizens are well clad; but though generally polite, are very short in their answers; they are grateful, and ready enough to trust you in small matters, but interested and distrustful to the last degree, in affairs that require any consideration.

The jealousy which is natural to the citizen of Naples is very hard to reconcile with the liberty that reigns in his house; suspicious, on many occasions with reason, he does not give himself the trouble to ascertain whether his better half has really been wanting in conjugal fidelity; the jewels and other presents which decorate her person, he sees increase without inquiring how she came by them.

At the table the citizen is frugal; but he indemnifies himself with the bottle. When treating with a stranger, dull as he may be on any other subject, his cunning is then all

alive to dupe him, if possible, in the grossest manner. There is no better way to avoid this than to make all your stipulations with him upon stamped paper; still there is plenty of room for law-suits.

The politeness of the great is founded upon *finesse*, and is generally regulated by the situation you are in to serve them. The merchants complain of the long credit they give to these great lords, who never blush at their indifference on this score; and though luxury had decreased under the French, it was still to be seen at court on gala days, and in the splendid equipages driving along the *Toledo* and the *Chiaja*. The practice of keeping running footmen had declined; but then greater numbers sported their *whiskies*, and more servants than were necessary for their attendance.

The manner of celebrating Christmas, and some other religious festivals at Naples, is much the same as at Rome. Calabrian bagpipers attend both these cities at this time of the year, clothed in sheep-skins, and are generally well received. At this season the meat is dressed out in ribands and flowers; and the eating of *capitoni*, or large river eels, is then much in fashion.

The summer season at Naples has also its festival of the *Madonnas*. The most celebrated of these is known under the appellation of the *Madonna di Piè di Grotta*, from the church where the people assemble. Persons of quality, and even those belonging to

the court, are sometimes present on these occasions, and the troops are under arms. Every one delivers himself up to gaiety—groupes of acquaintance dance the *Tarantula* in the streets—music and wine succeed:

Quid enim Venus ebria curat?

Naples has its carnival also, when all manner of disguises are worn: the streets are full and noisy, but disputes very rarely occur, which is singular in a place where wine is so cheap. The spirit of religion in Naples is founded more upon the pomp of ceremony than upon the precepts of the gospel, and fear is a much stronger motive with them than pleasure; hence the common people are only prevented from easing the necessities of nature about the churches and oratories, by painting the walls with horrible representations of the flames of hell, and the torments of the damned. As a trait of religious credulity here (not to mention the supposed power of *St. Januarius* to stop the lava) when women are in labour, the priests go about with what they call the Girdle of *St. Margaret*, and other relics, calculated to promote an easy delivery. If it thunders, master and servants all begin to invoke the *Lady of Loreto*. And here *St. Anthony* has his pigs, and *St. Francis* his calves, who have the privilege of eating at free cost, and sleeping where they list.

*Provisions, Diet, etc.*—The people of Naples are supported on very little, if any animal

food; there is no fixed hour for meals; the poorest sort live on the merest refuse, such as the seeds of melons and pumpkins, mushrooms or champignons, the sweet kernels of the pine, a few grains of Indian or Turkey wheat, chestnuts, and other nutritive substances. The far greater part of the inhabitants have no other calling than that of running bare-foot through the most frequented streets, crying out and asking alms, and immediately spend what they have received in charity among the many venders of eatables, who use every art to draw the attention. The *restaurateur* plucks and roasts chickens, boils and fries fish in the open air, where his customers stop and eat. The numerous water-sellers have their booths too in the street, which are prettily decorated with flags, lemons, flowers, etc. These booths are always surrounded by customers. The booth-keepers observe more cleanliness than is usual here in most other matters. Besides the booths, there are men who cry the same commodity about all day.

In Naples, *eating and drinking* appear the most important concerns; as you cannot go ten paces without meeting some arrangements for their gratification. Large kettles stand full of dressed maccheroni, with cheese scattered over it, and decorated with small pieces of love apple. The mode of consuming this article can only be learnt from the Neapolitans; for, *as the maccheronies are an ell in length, they are held by the thumb and finger, with the neck bent back, and the mouth*



*stretched open, and thus let down the throat!!* Strangers usually cut them in pieces, and then eat them with spoons, but this is quite against the national custom. The *maccheroni* are here very simply prepared with broth and cheese. Epicures sometimes mix livers of chickens with their *maccheroni*, which render it very delicious. Beans and peas are boiled in large kettles; as is maize, just as it grows, without any preparation. They have also an endless variety of shell-fish, some of which are eaten raw, others boiled, etc. There is here an immense number of *oysters*, small in size, and of no very good flavour; the fishermen sometimes open them, and put several into one shell, to make a mouthful. It is usual for the fishermen to sit on the beach with their stock, where fashionable companies assemble in the summer evenings to eat fish. Small tables are prepared by the fisherman, who sets them out with his variety of *sea fruit*, where every one may suit his fancy; but as these tables are not very numerous, it is necessary to bespeak one before hand.

*Vegetables* form another principal part of the provisions of the Neopolitans, and are to be had green, fresh, and cheap the whole year through. They have many sorts unknown to us, as the golden apple, named above, and several others. Here are a great quantity of gourds, mostly of the kind called *Hercules' Club*; these grow to a great size, and both the cattle and inhabitants feed on it, it is boiled with rice, and thought very palatable.

Another favourite dish is the Spanish pepper; the red and green pods of which, strung on myrtle stalks, and steeped in vinegar, produce a heat in the mouth, and a ferment in the stomach. *Fruit* is here so plentiful, that chesnuts are more abundant than potatoes are in the north; but these latter are very scarce and bad. The grapes are seen in large piles, decorated with rosemary. Lemons and oranges, both green and yellow, are very abundant. Pine nuts are roasted in the streets, for the purpose of getting at their sweet kernels. Pomegranates, figs both fresh and dried, apples, pears, medlars, and nuts are quite common. Pine apples, from the want of hot-houses, are more scarce here than at Berlin or Petersburg. The melon is every where cried about the streets, cut into pieces, and fresh watered; « *Oh, che bella cosa!* » « *Oh, how nice!* » is to be heard at every corner. They knead maize flour into a dough; this they well sweeten with their black honey, then cut it into cakes, which they fry in boiling oil: this sort of cake is much esteemed by the populace. At the booth of the gingerbread-baker there are always excellent little cakes, filled partly with fruit, and partly with *ricotta*, a sort of curds, or soft cheese, which are sold in small baskets, with vine-leaves over them.

The cheesemongers sell only *cheese*, the consumption of which is considerable, though it is far from good here. These shops are always decorated very tastefully, and are provided

with a marble table, adorned with bas-reliefs and mottos. *Milk* is, however, always to be had fresh, as the cows are milked at the door of the purchaser. The *meat* in Naples is good, and is sold without hesitation, even in the fast days. Buffaloes are eaten; and the Apulian sheep, often seen here, are remarkable to a foreigner on account of their size and large heads. The swine get very fat, as they roam about the streets all day; they are all dark grey, and quite without hair. Hens and chickens too run the streets the year through; but ducks and geese are but seldom eaten. *Bread* is of a pretty good quality; the better sort have it made of wheat, and the poorer of maize.

The Italian cookery cannot be compared with the French, though it is by no means bad, and in the manner of boiling and roasting resembles the English, and also in eating the vegetables dressed plain as they come out of the water. Those who can overcome their prejudices, will find the oil, sometimes used, very exquisite.

#### CLIMATE.

The greatest alterations in the weather produced here, arise from the inconstancy of the south winds. These sometimes blow for a week or a fortnight, and bring with them all the vapours they have collected in their passage by sea and land: happily the bad effects of these are corrected by those of the north and north-east, which generally happens when

the mountains of *Maddaloni* are covered with snow. These winds are very wholesome at Naples; though every sudden change is dangerous; particularly so to persons who go too thinly clad, or injudiciously expose their bosoms to the weather.

The augmentation of heat at Naples, has been imputed by some to the proximity of *Vesuvius*, *Solfatara*, and some other half-extinguished volcanos; however, the hermit who has lived for twenty years upon the highest habitable ground near Vesuvius, is less annoyed by heat than those who inhabit *L'Annunziata* at the foot of this mountain. The heat at Naples is often tempered by excessively heavy rains towards the close of the summer, so that, in consequence of these winds and showers, epidemical diseases are very rare; and this happy disposition of the atmosphere has an equal degree of influence upon vegetation; however the moist and dry season produces the *zamora*, an insect which excites an indisposition very troublesome to the females who go to take the fresh air at *Chiaja* or *Bagnoli*, and sometimes causes putrid fevers.

#### MANUFACTURES.

Among the articles manufactured at Naples are raw and wrought silks, cloth of gold and silver, taffetas, silk-stockings, knit and wove handkerchiefs, essences, soaps, confectionary, artificial flowers. Here they also sell dried raisins, called *zebibo*, from Calabria: oil is

the most profitable export at Naples, with wool, hemp, linen, cotton, indigo, and the manna that comes from Calabria and the Albruzzos: goats-hair, and rabbit-skins, and maccaronies, with a Naples- yellow, prepared from lead and antimony, are also articles of exportation. The gut prepared here for musical instruments, is known to be of superior kind. The tanneries are in a low state, as no oak-bark is used though so plentiful here.

*Carriages.*—In the construction of carriages the Neapolitans excel; these are mostly open, are extremely light and elegant, and are always drawn by two horses. Those that are hired seldom go out of town, though they may be had for this purpose, by bargaining beforehand, or giving earnest; in this case, it is always necessary to give some trifle to a little dirty boy who gets up behind to serve as a footman. There are cabriolets drawn by one horse which go very quick and safely with two persons.

The cheapest vehicle is the *Sediola*, generally preferred by ecclesiastics, soldiers, and sailors. All the town carriages are numbered, and inscribed NAPOLI. In fact, this is the case even with country carts drawn by oxen, so that complaints can easily be made of any misbehaviour of the drivers. Numbers of articles are carried by asses with panniers.

The Calash, however, is the vehicle most in use, and these are kept by many females, who, though they commonly dine upon *maccaroni*, must, nevertheless, have their car-

riage to figure in the Toledo, at Chiaja, or Pozzuoli, so that many of these vehicles may be called the moveable asylums of vanity drawn by misery.

The Neapolitan *Calash*, in its shape, resembles a shell supported by a pedestal, or the oblique section of a vase, the foot of which remains entire to serve as a seat. It goes upon springs: one person may sit in it with ease, but two would find themselves incommoded. Though drawn by a single horse it goes like the wind; the least shock will throw the traveller out; but, as the roads about Naples are as level as a garden walk, this very seldom happens. The traveller himself holds the reins of the horse, and the driver is the director, crying out *lavora! lavora!* (work, work!) retaining the whip, or using it as necessity may require.

Besides the manufacture of porcelain, Neapolitan industry has been exercised upon a variety of objects; and in the article of household furniture the neatness is remarkable; though these are dear, hats and shoes are cheap, but they are wanting in durability. In the manufacture of gold, silver, or iron work, the Neapolitans are extremely deficient. A smith here will scarcely undertake to make a lock, a key, or even a bolt without a model?



## ENVIRONS OF NAPLES.

*Excursion to Vesuvius.*

The expense for two, of an excursion to Vesuvius, is as follows :

A one horse chaise and driver to Resina.	16	Carlins.
Guide thence up the mountains. . . . .	5	
Two asses. . . . .	8	
Provisions. . . . .	8	
	<hr/>	
	37	

Leaving town by the bridge of Madelana, the only one in Naples ; numerous houses almost resembling an extended village, border the road to Portici, which is about four miles from Naples. The public road enters the gate and crosses the court of the *Royal Palace*, passing out of another gate opposite to the one entered.

Either at Portici, or a short distance farther at Resina, the chaise is left, and guides with horses or asses are procured. The traveller will be pestered with numerous applicants ; several of them keep a book containing the recommendations of those who have employed them. Make choice of the best cattle you see, fix what you consider a fair price, and make the offer to the proprietor, which is seldom refused. Once mounted, you proceed up the base of the mountain about two miles, by a road winding among the vineyards, mulberry and other trees ; white cottages occasionally appearing among them. A bed of lava, about half a mile broad, is then

crossed. Soon after crossing this bed of lava, the path for a few yards ascends a steep bank of volcanic ashes, a gap being cut through it, to render the way more easy. Where the bank is cut, fourteen strata of ashes may be discerned. For about a mile farther, dreary masses of volcanic cinders meet the eye in every direction. At some distance they resemble a deep black mould turned up in ridges by a plough. What is called the hermitage is now arrived at, a neat plain white building of two stories, having a parapet front, in a small arch of which a bell is suspended. It is divided into three parts; at one end, a pair of folding doors open into the chapel; the centre is the habitation of two or three friars, and a sort of yard gate at the other end, having a small room over it, leads into the offices of the building. Its inhabitants are never without society from among the neighbouring peasantry, who cultivate the celebrated vineyards of *Somma* in the vicinity. There is some little soil round the building, and a row of trees improves its appearance. As may be supposed, the view from hence is fine.

The green summit of *Sorrentum* on the other side, and the whole circuit of the bay of *Naples*, forms a delightful prospect, which, according to Tacitus, was more agreeable before the burning of *Vesuvius*.

The bay of *Naples* is about thirty miles in diameter. Three parts of it are sheltered with a noble circuit of woods and mountains. The

lofty promontory of Sorrentum divides it from the bay of Salernum. Between the utmost point of this promontory, and the Isle of Caprea, the sea enters by a strait about three miles wide. This island lies almost in a parallel line with Naples. The excessive height of its rocks, secures a great part of the bay from winds and waves, which enter again between the other end of this island, and the promontory of Miseno.

Leaving the hermitage, the path continues about a mile on the top of a ridge, that forms a sort of connection between the base of the cone of Sonama, (which was formerly the volcano) and that of Vesuvius proper, as it may be termed. In a valley to the left of the ridge, is the bed of a large stream of lava, small verdant patches of a few yards surface, which it has surrounded, appearing in the midst like islands. Descending from the ridge into a sort of valley covered with blocks of lava, and crossing it for about half a mile, the foot of the ascent to the cone is arrived at. Here the asses are usually fastened and left. The ascent is steep, near three quarters of a mile long; the first part winding, afterwards nearly in a straight direction, over huge blocks of volcanic cinders, formed into a sort of rude steps. At the top of this steep ascent is an enormous block of volcanic cinder, about forty feet high. Under the shelter of this block it is customary to repose at night, when it is determined to remain for the purpose of witnessing the grandeur of the near

explosions in the dark; or to avail yourself of the fine view from thence at the rising of the sun. Leaving this place, a gradual rise is perceived for about five hundred yards, over blocks of hot volcanic cinders, a vapour arising all around, and fire being often perceptible in the interstices of the cinders. There are at present (1817) two craters, the one only throwing out smoke and ashes, the other flames, and lava; they are situated not far from each other, on a sort of rugged eminence, across which they appear exactly like rents. The explosions were at intervals. The descent from the cone, was by a path different from the former, running parallel with it, at a distance of about 200 yards. Instead of being over blocks of volcanic cinders, the surface consists of fine loose ashes; the foot often sinks in this substance, but as it is much more easy to return by this path than the other, it would also be more difficult to mount by it. Arrived at the bottom of the cone, the asses are again mounted; the return to Portici, or Resina, is by the same road as was taken from thence.

During the reign of King Joachim, the *Princess of Wales* made this excursion, being carried in a sort of palanquin, having relays, consisting of forty-eight of the stoutest bearers that his majesty could procure.

*Herculaneum*.—The discovery of this ruined city originated with a peasant, who, digging a well in 1689, about two miles from the sea shore, found a mixture of vegetable earth

and lava, black in appearance, and in a manner vitrified. Continuing to dig to the depth of more than 70 feet, he discovered some inscriptions in Latin, and several machines and utensils of iron. Thirty years after, the Prince of Elbœuf settling at *Portici*, purchased a piece of ground in hopes of discovering marble, when, in the process of digging, the workmen came to the roof of a theatre covered with shells. Continuing their researches, a statue of Hercules, and another of Cleopatra were successively discovered, and, in digging through a perpendicular twenty-five feet deeper, to their great surprise they discovered a whole town. In 1750, the theatre, as it appears at present, was discovered, to which other objects have been continually added, from time to time, and have only been discontinued lately on account of the expense attending these researches, and the apprehension of undermining the palace of *Portici*. In fact, there is little or nothing worth seeing, as the most magnificent works of art that have been brought to light, are deposited in the Museum at *Portici*. The *Theatre* is the only object deserving of notice.

## POMPEII.

The expense of this excursion for two persons, is,

For a one-horse chaise and driver.	24	Carlins.
Basket and provisions . . . . .	8	
Ciceroni or guide at POMPEII . . .	4	

Proceeding as far as Resina, in the same road which is taken in the excursion to Vesuvius, the route continues through *Torre del Greco*, on the way to *Castell' a Mare*. About fourteen miles from Naples, a bank, having the appearance of a sand one, from fifteen to twenty feet high, is seen on the left hand, close to the road side. On the right, a flat country extends about two miles and a half to the sea. The road continues along the bank-side for about a mile, when a large and indifferent inn is met with. Here it is usual to leave the chaise. Proceeding a few hundred yards, a gateway resembling that of a farm-yard is entered to the left, and the traveller finds himself in an oblong square, of small dimensions, surrounded by a colonnade of the Doric order, composed of bricks with a coating of composition. Behind this is a range of small apartments, ten to fifteen feet wide, and about fifteen to twenty feet long, having the appearance of there having once been similar chambers over them in a second story. This place has been termed the *Roman Military Quarters*; to support this opinion, considerable stress has been laid on a skeleton in chains that was discovered here, and in a small chamber near it some arms being found, and names, supposed to have been those of soldiers, being scribbled on the walls, this has been represented as the guard-house.

A *Basilicon* stands near the former building; the greater part of its columns fallen.

The *Tragic* and *Comic Theatres*, are also



near the same place, both in good preservation.

The *Amphitheatre*, a most noble building in the highest preservation; the interior completely cleared, so that it might even now be used for public exhibitions, stands close to the walls of the city, a few hundred yards to the north east from the place where the city is now entered. This building is calculated to have contained upwards of 12,000 persons.

The *Legionary quarters*, are near the Amphitheatre; they are an extensive range of buildings, some of them vaulted, and would hold several thousand men. This place certainly appears to be better adapted for barracks, than the small square before mentioned.

The *Temple of Isis* also stands not far from the amphitheatre. A *Lyceum* is near the temple. The stone pulpit and benches remaining; the steps much worn away, especially at one end. The streets cleared away are narrow and winding, paved with irregular flat stones, in some places much worn by wheels, the traces of which are deeply impressed as if they had all rolled in the same tracts. At the corners of the streets are high stepping stones. It is difficult to conjecture how wheeled carriages could pass these, unless their axles were higher than those now commonly used. At each side, there is a narrow raised passage for those on foot, similar to that now in the Corso at Rome. At many of the places where two streets join, are

walls. The houses appear to have been very small and only of two stories; the parts of the walls remaining are about six to eight feet high, and their tops are covered with boards to preserve them: thus at first sight conveying to the beholder an impression of unfinished buildings, rather than ruins. Several buildings more spacious and elegant than the others, having a court surrounded with small apartments, are termed palaces.

The *Temple of Venus and Mars*. In this building the fresco paintings on the walls have been suffered to remain, and are yet in tolerable preservation. An *oil shop* is also seen, with the brick counter and earthen jars still remaining.

The remains of a gate, supposed to have been constructed by the priestess *Mammia*, are in tolerable preservation, with this inscription:

Mammia. P. F. Sacerdote. Publicæ.

Locus. Sepulturæ.

Datus. Decreto. Decurionum.

The remains of an inn stand near this gate: and outside of it a *temple* stands in what is termed the street of the Tombs.

A little villa, a small distance from the walls, contains several interesting paintings and an elegant portico; thin plates of alabaster serve as a substitute for glass windows. Some of the vessels which were used for wine still retain ashes of a reddish colour. Some have supposed this to have been the *Pompeia-*

*num* of Cicero, a charming residence of this orator, near Pompeii. Every one must regret that these ruins, unroofed when they were discovered, have not been since preserved from the effects of the weather. The houses here are generally small, and their materials offer indications of what *Vitruvius* calls the *Opus incertum*; they are mostly of brick, and rarely two stories high; all the windows have shutters and many of them glass. The walls are decorated, more or less, with bas-reliefs in stucco.

Many researches were made in 1811 and 1812, in order to trace the extent of the walls of *Pompeii*, and to judge of the circumference of the place, the course of the streets, etc. The walls were found to have been from eighteen to twenty feet in height, and twelve in breadth, fortified by square towers at distances, but no great height above the wall.

Upon the walls of a passage leading to the great theatre, the following inscription was very rudely traced, and is attributed to the licentiousness of some Roman soldier:—

Ad. XI. Decem. A. XV.

Epapra. Acutus. Auctus.

Ad Locum. Duxerunt.

Mulierem. Tychem. Et. Pretium.

In Singulos. A. VIII. (asses octo)

M. Messala. L. Lentulus Cos.

Some subsequent researches have brought to light a curious family monument; a pretty little rotunda, the perystile of which is formed of four small Doric columns, crowned with

a very elegant attic. The interior contained vacancies calculated for preserving the ashes of the dead, and several handsome Etruscan vases. This monument is kept locked, the key is in the possession of a conservator who resides at Naples. If the traveller is curious in his researches, the key ought to be applied for a day or two before the excursion is intended. It is easily obtained. The incrustation upon almost every object dug out of these ruins is of a chesnut colour, inclining to red, more or less pale, and filled with fragments of pumice stone and small white crystals in the shape of a pomegranate, most of which are glazed.

The *Tomb of the Gladiators at Pompeii*, discovered by the French in 1812. There are two bas-reliefs on the front of this tomb; the first represents the combats of the gladiators; and the second, another equally barbarous, to which the name of *Venatio*, or the chase, was given, as exhibited between men and beasts. The *Lanista*, or the person who had the direction of these performances, always pitted the combatants against each other according to their age, strength, and ability. Above each of these couples, inscriptions have been traced, of which there are many examples at *Pompeii* and *Naples*. The inscriptions of *Pompeii* are sometimes pencilled in black, and sometimes red; the present are in black. All the gladiators are on foot, with the exception of the first couple, who are mounted. This is the only known representation of gla-

diators fighting on horseback. The combatants at *Pompeii* used lances, and defended themselves with a small round shield or target, similar to those used by the cavalry, because it was lighter than the roman *Scutum*. The shields of the gladiators were generally constructed of leather, guarded with wood, and sometimes twice covered with hides. In the centre was a round piece of metal, with a rim of the same, to strengthen the extremities. The clothing of the gladiators was very light, consisting of a short tunic and a small *chlamys*. Their arms were covered with plates of metal, so disposed as not to hinder the free action of the limbs. The same sort of plates have been represented upon other monuments. The victory in the sculpture remaining at *Pompeii* is not decided, notwithstanding the impetuous vivacity of the gladiator, whose arm is lifted up, seems to assure him of it. He appears to be in the act of pursuing his adversary, whose attitude indicates his design to avoid his adversary by flight. Beneath each of these combatants are inscriptions; one of them, BEBRYX, JUL. XV. is supposed to signify Bebryx Frejulian or Frioulia has conquered fifteen times.

The next couple of combatants have their legs and bodies covered with plates of metal: they support themselves upon shields, hollowed in the form of the Roman *Scutum*; their magnitude is sufficient to cover the whole body when kneeling, which was sometimes the practice both of soldiers and gla-

diators. The former, in joining these shields together, formed a defence against the attacks of cavalry, and an excellent covering in the assault of towns and strong places: to this reunion of shields the Romans gave the name of the *tortoise*, in allusion to the impenetrable shell of that animal. The couple of gladiators preparing for combat at *Pompeii* survey the two others on horseback with surprise and astonishment.

A gladiator, in one of the groupes at *Pompeii*, is represented as having dropped his shield, which was always reckoned infamous: he seems endeavouring to escape, whilst his adversary, armed with a shield which diminishes towards its lower extremity, is following him in a menacing position. The inscriptions that appear beneath the representations of these groupes in sculpture, are given at length and decyphered with his usual accuracy by *M. L. Millin*, in his erudite description of the recent discoveries at *Pompeii*.

In March, 1813, five fresh monuments were discovered at *Pompeii*, equally as handsome and as interesting as that we have just described.

It is difficult to form an idea of the beauty of the highway at *Pompeii*, once decorated with these various monuments: how much superior then must the *Appian* way have been, each side of which could boast of a greater number of these edifices. Engravings of all the monuments at *Pompeii* have been long under the hands of *M. Mazois*, the com-



pletion of which must be a great desideratum to every lover of the fine arts.

*Portici*, about four miles from the Capitol, is one of those places in the environs, which few curious travellers should neglect to visit five or six times at least during their stay. The palace and the royal garden here; the *Favorita*; the cabinet of antiquities; the neighbourhood of *Herculaneum* and *Pompeii*, a little farther distant; and the charming coast of the gulph all the way to *Massa*, are so many motives for the frequent excursions made this way. The palace at *Portici* is spacious, and the apartments exhibit a number of paintings. One of the halls is hung with six immense allegorical pictures; but which require explanation. In another, a few giants are painted as large as life; and near these, the representations of a Turkish and Tunisian ambassador. The King's chamber is crowded with landscapes; and here are also very pretty images of the queen, made of party coloured wax in bas-relief. A beautiful flight of stairs is adorned with some statues from *Herculaneum*, that are admirable for the rich folds of their drapery. The portico contains the grand equestrian statues of the two *Balbi*, father and son, dug out of *Herculaneum*. The conceit of carrying the high road through the middle of the castle has been much censured. But it is said to add some liveliness to the place. Pretty country houses upon terraces, with their white fronts, add cheerfulness to the whole shore;

and near *Portici*, the neighbourhood is known by the name of *Pietra Bianca*. A little to the right is the grotto of his excellency the *archbishop* of *Tarento*, who has a good collection of antiquities and medals. On account of the power of custom in reconciling people to danger, it has been observed, that the king of Naples could sleep peaceably at *Portici*, under the smoke of *Vesuvius*, with the raging ocean at his feet, and nothing between him and *Herculaneum* but the bed of lava that swallowed up that ancient city.

The curious paintings and sculptures, which are not distributed about the palace here, are deposited in an adjacent building. By far the greater part of these were transported to Sicily upon the approach of the French in 1806, and have not since been restored ; but notwithstanding this, the Museum, which is called *Museum Herculanense*, still contains some articles worthy the attention of the traveller who is an admirer of the ancients. They consist principally of fresco, and other paintings taken from the walls of Pompeii and Herculaneum ; they are very numerous, and some of them very fine specimens of art.

Leda and the Swan, and Jupiter and Europa appear to have been favorite subjects with the ancients, from the number of them that appear in this Museum. In some landscapes a deficiency in the knowledge of perspective is evident, similar to those painted by the Chinese. The court contains several

statues of marble and bronze much mutilated, and some of them partly melted.

The garden consists of a small wood of ever-green oaks, with walks and rides cut through them. The leaves upon these oaks are so narrow, as to afford but little shade in summer. In the winter, on the contrary, this is very pleasant; for as scarcely a single leaf falls, and the ground remains green, it is much the same all the year round. The acorns scattered about are the only memorials of a change of season. Some large spaces near the palace are walled in, and contain many thousand orange trees glittering with their fruit. Here, in December, may be seen at the same time, blossoms and fruit on the trees; wall-flowers and pinks in pots, and narcissusses and jonquils in the open beds.

Persons who visit *Portici* ought to be cautioned against an impudent imposition, to which every stranger is subject, particularly in the royal garden. At every entrance and every hedge, he meets a different guide, who offers to show the department entrusted to his care. He has scarcely gone a hundred paces before he is delivered over to another guide, and so on as long as he stays. Gardeners, under-gardeners, and gardeners' boys play the stranger into one another's hands as fair game. One brings him a flower; another offers him some fruit; all expect a reward, and when it is given them, they are not satisfied.

*La Favorita*.—This is situated a little beyond *Portici*, and is a very agreeable royal country seat. The ground floor is arranged for balls and court festivals; but people descend to the hall for dancing by a beautiful flight of white marble steps. It is decorated with simple busts, and lighted by a large chandelier of mountain crystal, suspended between garlands of flowers; yet the floor is nothing but red bricks, used almost as generally in the houses of the rich as the poor! though in the former sometimes coated with a red oil varnish. A large airy terrace, that overlooks the sea from *La Favorita*, affords a pleasant recreation for the fatigued dancers. All the rooms here are provided with card-tables and rush-bottomed chairs.

The *Appartamento nobile*, as it is called, contains a rich variety of the works of art, that no stranger should omit seeing; the most distinguished of these are the fourteen harbours of the kingdom, painted by Hackert. Next to this is the rich marble floor of an oval saloon, dug out of Nero's palace in the island of *Capri*. The silk tapestry, containing a very lively embroidery, was manufactured at the king's factory at *Belvedere*. Some tables of petrified wood set in amethyst and lapis lazuli are also worthy of notice. In the king's closet is a time-piece, with its case turned and carved, its substance entirely of stags' horns; with a number of wild beasts of curious workmanship. Some pretty paint-

ings in fresco, and a chimney-piece of white marble, are worthy of admiration.

The *Mountain of Pausilippo* is a continuation of those that contribute to form the boundary of the bay of Naples. It well merits the name derived from the Greek of *παυσίς, τῆς λυπῆς* the cessation of sorrow. At present, strange as it may appear, this grotto serves as the passage from the *Chiaja* to Pozzuoli; the entrance into *Pausilippo* is near Virgil's tomb. If a person would form a just idea of this grotto, he must fancy a vast rock undermined from one end to the other, and a highway running through it, nearly as long and broad as the mall in St. James's Park. The entrance at both ends is higher than the middle parts. Towards the centre are two large funnels bored through the roof, to admit light and fresh air.

The *Tomb of Virgil*.—Opposite the grotto to the left, within a marble border, a very long Latin inscription appears: it expresses, that a small monument upon the summit of the mountain is the tomb of Virgil: people ascend to it from the Mergellina quarter by a kind of staircase, made of small pieces of indurated lava. At length, after having passed a small church, and stopping several times to enjoy the superb coup-d'œil, which Naples developes under a new aspect in all its beauty, we arrive at a private garden. A piece of money is the best key to open this door; after ascending and descending various ways in the

centre of a vineyard, a kitchen garden, and some little woods, we come to a rude staircase cut out of the rock. Passing a deep cavern to the right, by a kind of corridor cut through the tufo stone, we arrive at another recess in the rock, opposite the entrance of which is inscribed :—

Qui cineres? tumulo hæc vestigia: conditur olim  
Ille hic qui cecinit pascua, rura duces.

The inside of this supposed tomb of Virgil is square, and offers nothing particular, excepting two recesses in the wall for the reception of urns. Between these two was a larger, containing the ashes of the poet. The urns have disappeared, and the skeleton of the monument alone remains; this is constructed of brick; the basement consists of large stones, with net work continued upwards to the openings. The summit is covered with briar, forming an agreeable verdure.

About five miles from this grotto are the remains of Puteoli or *Pozzuoli* and *Baiæ*, in a soft air and delightful situation. The surrounding country, on account of its vast caverns and subterraneous fires, has been miserably torn in pieces by earthquakes, and the sea has overwhelmed some places, the remains of which may be sometimes seen in clear weather.

The *Lucrine* lake is but a puddle in comparison of what it was; its springs having been



sunk in an earthquake, or stopped up by mountains that have fallen upon them.

*Pozzuoli*, or Puteolanus, derived its name from a number of warm mineral springs frequented by the Romans : the town at present contains seven or eight thousand inhabitants, most of whom live by fishing ; others are land owners, and they have a little trade among themselves. Here the monks run from shop to shop to beg a dinner, or to kill time ; as the town contains nothing very remarkable, people go to the garden of the monastery of the *Camaldules*, to enjoy the prospect, this being the highest ground in the vicinity. The ancient part of the cathedral of *Pozzuoli* is constructed of large stones, connected without cement. It is conjectured to have been a temple dedicated to Augustus. Several of its ancient columns still remain. In one place the blood of St. Januarius is pointed out, and which it is said to be impracticable to efface by washing.

At a small distance to the north-west of *Pozzuoli*, are the remains of a temple dedicated to *Jupiter Serapis*, by some Egyptian merchants ; some magnificent columns surround an elevated circular pavement, on which it is said the altar was placed ; fastened in the pavement are two iron rings, considered to be for the purpose of tying the victims that were to be sacrificed. The whole is enclosed, by what appears to have constituted a quadrangle of small apartments, resembling

the cloisters of a convent. These are supposed to have been the dwellings of the priests, and baths for purification. Some curious vases discovered here, have been transferred to the palace at *Caserta*.

A fabric, said to have been a temple of Neptune, not far from *Pozzuoli*, built by the natives, who were great merchants, is partly to be seen, the existence of which is confirmed by Cicero; but many statues of the emperor Adrian being found here, it is supposed to have been the place of his interment. An amphitheatre in this vicinity is supposed to be more ancient than that of Vespasian at Rome; the staircases and corridors are still remaining, likewise the vaults, in which wild beasts were kept for the games. The Arena is filled up completely with lava, on which a bed of mould has been formed by time: a grove of trees now shade the spot, and the ground is cultivated as a garden. On the way between this and the *Solfatara*, about three years ago, a range of fine extensive vaulted chambers, in the best preservation, was discovered. They are imagined to have been reservoirs to contain water for the supply of *Puteolanus*, the modern *Pozzuoli*, and exactly resemble the *Piscina Mirabile*, near the promontory of Baulis. Here also is the prison in which it is said, that St. Januarius was confined before his exposure at this theatre.

The *Volcano*, or *Solfatara*, is about half a mile to the N. N. E. and is so called from the quantity of sulphur which it produces. It is

now a small circular plain, overspread with brushwood, extending over an area of about 1000 yards diameter, and is surrounded with hills. The surface occasionally trembles under the foot, and in some parts a stone weighing about fifty pounds, being thrown down with force, causes a concussion of the ground for several yards. Sulphur and alum are dug up here, and there are works on the spot for preparing them; when the crude mineral is first extracted from the ground, it feels very warm. Diodorus of Sicily says this was the place where Hercules defeated the giants. *Solfatara* is generally thought to have been the crater, which supplied the lava running from north to south, that destroyed so many of the monuments of antiquity about Pozzuoli. A sudatory is situated at the south east extremity of the lake, which is much resorted to for the cure of rheumatic, and other diseases.

The *Grotta del Cane*. — Descending from some ancient ruins near the lake *Solfatara*, we approach this place, situated at the foot of a hill, covered with shrubs and brambles, which give it a very picturesque appearance. It is very rudely hollowed out of a humid porous soil. It is from eight to ten feet long; about five feet broad, and at the entrance, about seven feet in height: the interior shape resembles a cone reversed. A vapour, which continually issues from this grotto, has all the qualities of carbonic acid. To inhale this but a few minutes is certain death, as was instanced in the fate of M. Tournon. Attempts

to fire a pistol within the circumference of this mephitic atmosphere have been made without effect.

The *Lake Agnano*, very near this grotto, partakes in some degree of its deadly qualities. It is a kind of circular basin, supposed to have been an extinguished crater, about three miles round, and half a mile in its diameter. The quantity of water appears to be always nearly the same. Though of a colour inclining to yellow, it is clear and fresh, and of no bad taste: reeds and rushes grow on its borders, and in some places it is sixty feet deep. Some tench and eels are caught here, which are said not to be pernicious, though in some part of the summer season, the vapours arising from this lake infect the air to such a degree, that the inhabitants of the flat country always remove to the hills till it has subsided.

People are still invited to the banks of the lake *Fusaro*, to taste the famous oysters of that place. Here is a ferry to a pretty little house, built by the present king Ferdinand of Naples for fishing and duck shooting. The oysters are very large; but many persons think they have something of a sweetness in their taste. This may probably have been the reason that the oysters of the Lucrine lake were more esteemed among the ancients than those of Fusaro are now.

*Excursion to Baiæ.*—This is very frequently made by water, for the purpose of enjoying the views on the delightful coast of the Mer-

gellina. Having passed the cape of Pausilippo, and traversed the small gulph of Mare Piano, we have in view the temple of Fortune, formerly the neighbourhood of Pollio, the friend of Virgil. Baïæ was the winter retreat of the old Romans, that being the proper season to enjoy the Baiani Soles, and the Mollis Lucrinus; as on the contrary, Tiber, Tusculum, Præneste, Anxur, and similar places, were their retirements during summer.

Proceeding by sea to *Baïæ*, on the left is the rocky promontory of Pausilippo, and the little island of Nisida, or Nesis. On the right are the steep precipices formed of lava; while at the extreme point of view, the castle of Baïæ appears, with the promontory of Misenò, and the peak of Ischia. The point of Pausilippo, naturally broken and diversified by little islands, caverns, and grottos, has so much the appearance of enchantment, that the Neapolitans still call it the *Scuola di Virgilio*, as if that great poet studied here those beautiful scenes which he has pourtrayed in his pages. On the road along the coast from Pozzuoli to the Lucrine lake, stood Cicero's villa called *Putoleanum* and *Academia*.

It is customary at Pozzuoli to hire a boat and cross the bay to the Lucrine lake, where there are the remains of a mole, called *Lanterna di Porto Giulio*, originally erected by Agrippa. The lake itself, as before observed, is at present little better than a muddy pool; but a path on its banks winding through a

vineyard, brings the traveller to the lake *Avernus*, a circular sheet of water of an immense depth, though not two miles in circumference. Here are none of the beauties about its banks painted by the ancient poets, or the shadowy abode of the Cimmerians. By admitting a communication with the sea in the reign of Augustus, this deadly lake began to lose its horrors. Birds fly over or hover about its surface, without dropping dead into its waters, and the fish live and increase. Most probably the ancients, and Lucretius in particular, were deceived in the qualities they ascribed to it. Upon the north east coast of *Avernus* are the ruins of the temple of Apollo, or that of Proserpine surrounded by a vineyard; though some writers ascribe it to Agrippa, and others suppose it to have been a bath. A vaulted rotunda about one hundred feet in diameter is still in good preservation here.

The *Sybil's Grotto*.—This is situated on the southern shore of *Avernus*. By the help of torches people still enter this dreary cavern, as far at least as the watery bottom will permit. There are other grottos or caves on each side of it, which formerly were supposed to have communicated with the ancient Cuma. These dreary caverns, and the volcanos in Italy and Sicily have most probably furnished the poets with those fanciful ideas which abound in the sixth book of Virgil's *Eneid*.

The first object that presents itself to the view from *Baiæ*, is the little hill in the form



of an amphitheatre, where the voluptuous Romans used to come to indulge themselves in autumn. This view will sufficiently account for the glowing panegyrics of the Roman poets upon the amenities of *Baia*, once the seat of imperial luxury and vice.

The bay of *Baia* is strewn with ruins, the remains of villas, and the baths of the Romans; and here the guides never omit to point out the *baths of Nero*; and though these antiques have been considerably mutilated by volcanos, and the devastation of ages, yet in their fallen grandeur, they still afford a lesson to the architect, who may be disposed to visit *Baia*.

Some people, who choose to see the hot springs, undress and descend with a guide, with the assistance of torches. Near the baths of Nero are the remains of the *Temple of Venus, Mercury and Diana*.

In fact, all along the promontory of *Baia*, the shore exhibits a succession of the remains of edifices, which might be looked upon as so many temples. One called *Il Truglio* stands in a vineyard; this is a large handsome rotunda, in good preservation, but is at present frequently inundated by the waves that surround it. Here is also a very remarkable echo; but so much has the sea gained on the coast of Italy, while it has been leaving Africa on the other side, that fishermen, throwing their nets under the ruins that still pro-

ject over the shores of Latium, often run the risk of being crushed by their fall.

From a small eminence here we behold the remains of the theatre of *Misenus*; on the south west we see the ancient *Acheron*, or the dead sea of the present day, and to the west, the Elysian fields: these meadows and groves are no more, but the climate is still the same. *Misenus*, destroyed by the Saracens in 890, is only known at present by some tombs that have survived the desolating hand of time. A small fort has replaced the tomb raised by Æneas for his friend upon this promontory; and here in a solitary hamlet, peasants may be seen lodged with their asses and cattle in corridors, which they have converted into huts and stables. Here too the guide will point out the remains of the villa of *Lucullus*, where *Tiberius* was strangled by order of his infamous nephew Caligula. At *Cuma*, once so famous, particularly after the unfortunate battle of Cannæ, nothing indicates what it has been, but the remains of a triumphal arch, and some other ruins overrun with briars and thorns. Some funeral monuments of great beauty have been lately dug up by *M. André*, canon of *Jorco*, representing the rewards of the virtuous in Elysium. It is from this country in particular, that all the poetic fictions transmitted from age to age, have been derived.

From the hill above the promontory of *Baulis*, the traveller is shown the *Piscina*

*Mirabile*, a subterraneous edifice, vaulted and divided by four rows of arcades. Most writers suppose it to have been a fish-pond, as its name imports.

*Liturnum*, beyond Cuma, was once the residence of *Scipio Africanus*, and the spot is supposed to have been that upon which the *Torre di Patria* now stands.

The environs of the *Piscina Mirabile* exhibit a number of ancient brick, or *tuffo* buildings, the most considerable of which is called *Cento Camerelle*, the hundred chambers. Some writers have supposed this had been a reservoir of water; others, a prison; and others again, that it was the lower stage of some large edifice.

Just below this is *Mare Morto*. It is pretended that dead bodies being formerly carried over this lake from Misenum to the Elysian Fields in the vicinity, gave rise to the fable of Charon. Modern travellers will find that the Charons, who now attend as ferry-men to Procida, etc. will not forget to insist upon their fare.

It may not be improper to observe, that the plain, dignified by the name of the *Elysian Fields*, and here gradually descending towards the sea, still contains a street, or double row of Columbaria, or hollows, for urns with the ashes of the dead, but which, in every other respect at present, is mostly a barren and unwholesome waste.

Travellers, who make excursions from Naples to *Pesto*, generally go in companies armed,

to resist the Algerins, whose parties sometimes land and commit depredations on this part of the coast. Nocera, on this route, is the first place after quitting L'Annunziata; besides the handsome barracks here, there is nothing remarkable, a rotunda, excepted, built in Trajan's time, and since converted into a church. Four miles farther Cava is situated; this was the residence of Filangieri, whose name is still so dear to the inhabitants, that they take pleasure in pointing out his house to travellers in general.

The monastery of S. Maria, upon an eminence above Cava, is always worth visiting; the church is beautiful, and the productions of art and nature are such as will repay the curiosity of the traveller.

*Pesto*, or the *Possidone* of the Greeks. In digging among the monuments, a complete suit of armour was very lately found, constructed of bronze; besides medals and Etruscan vases. The three temples will amply recompense the traveller for this excursion. If it be his intention to visit Greece, he may take *Pæstum* in the way to Tarentum, whence passages are procured either to the Ionian islands or to Greece itself.

It is fifty-five Italian miles from Naples to *Pesto*, or *Pæstum*. The first stage in winter and spring is at Salerno, where you sleep; but from June to October, the air of this country being unwholesome for strangers, they stop at *Vietri*. In autumn, the great fair at Salerno causes this route to be much frequented.

Near the entrance of the cathedral of Salerno, there is a fountain ornamented with an ancient vase of green granite, and in the porch several sarcophagi, ornamented with bas-reliefs.

From Naples to the isle of *Ischia* is about fourteen Italian miles. The baths called *stufra*, or rather the moist vapours that rise from the earth, are the causes of this island's being much resorted to by the diseased. From the heights of *Monte di Vico* and *Eopoeo*, the views are charming. The whole island has arisen from a volcano, and the English give a marked preference to the wine it produces. This island of Procida in the vicinity of *Ischia*, is, perhaps, the most populous place in the world for its extent; as, though not more than three Italian miles in circumference, it contains 14,000 inhabitants.

*Caserta*.—This royal palace, about fifteen miles from Naples, lies in the plain of Capua. The royal residence here is one of the finest and most regularly built in Italy; it is according to the designs of *Vanvitelli*. The stairs are the finest ever seen; every step is a piece of marble eighteen feet long. The walls are inlaid with the most costly marble, and the ceilings are finely painted. On the landing-place of the stairs lie two large lions of white marble, who appear to strike their paws on a crown and sceptre. The hall, which resembles an open octagon temple, has a cupola resting on twenty-four pillars. All the fine marble here are the native productions of

*Apulia, Sicily, and the country of Naples itself.*

The colossal statue of a hero crowned with victory, stands in the first hall, said to allude to the conquest of Flanders by *Alexander Farnese*. This hall also contains twelve bas-reliefs, representing achievements of the Romans, of which that country had been the theatre. In the second chamber are a few landscapes, representing the Prater at Vienna; in one of which Ferdinand is baiting foxes, and in another hunting wild swine. In the third chamber, wild swine are driven through the water, and the king is shooting at them. In another, is a similar chase with dogs; and lastly, the king is shooting ducks on the lake *Fusaro*.

The greatest splendour has been lavished on the chapel of this palace. The walls are distinguished by the grand *giallo antico*, supplied from the Temple of *Serapis*. Among the paintings, Mary in the Temple, by *Mengs*, is much praised. The theatre in the palace, is a miniature of that of San Carlo; but though abounding in marble and gold, it is not gaudy. The back ground of the stage can be opened into a field, when it is intended to represent battle pieces.

*Belvedere*, a pretty hunting seat, lies a few miles farther; lately a wing of this palace has been occupied as a considerable silk manufactory. The little park, though intended to resemble that of St. James's, is much inferior



to it; the camphor tree is here in a luxuriant state. A cataract on the outside of the park is much admired by the Neapolitans, but its natural effect is spoiled by a number of petty baubles and indifferent statues.

The aqueduct of *Caserta* is the result of a noble design. It is sometimes carried, in three stones, from mountain to mountain, and some persons give it an equal rank with the works of the Romans. Whether the durability will be equal to theirs, may be disputed. The waters of this conduit, after being carried nine miles, fall down a bed of vast artificial rocks at Belvedere, and form the cataract before mentioned. As the palace of *Caserta* was left unfinished by Charles III, and his successors, the late King *Joachim* caused contributions to be made for its completion; but passing through a number of hands, they were found inefficient, and the palace remains nearly as it was left by Ferdinand.

In fine weather a pleasant voyage may be made to the island of *Capri*, anciently *Capræ*, eighteen miles south of Naples, at the entrance of the gulph. Tiberius spent ten years here in the lowest debaucheries. Where the island is not rock, the soil is very rich, and every spot that will admit of it, is industriously tilled. From twelve to sixty thousand *quails* are annually caught here; and one year produced 160,000. The accommodations at the inn are bad; the island, however, unites such a variety of beauties, the

scenery is so charming, the climate so fine, the fruit so excellent, that it is well worth the attention of a traveller.

In the excursions from Naples to *Pozzuoli*, the expense going and returning may be at the most thirteen carlins, and six or seven for the guide. For a canoe to cross the gulph, twelve carlins: but for a cruise, from twenty-four to thirty. For visiting the Sybil's Grotto or any of the temples in the marshes, one carlin for each. For entering the baths of Nero, three; the temple of Venus, one carlin and a half, and half a carlin for the amphitheatre. For the guide to Solfatara and to the Alum and Sulphur works, two carlins. For the person who keeps the entrance to the *Grotta del Cane*, and for procuring a dog for experiments, two carlins. For a cabriolet to *Caserta*, fifteen to nineteen carlins; from *Caserta* to the aqueduct for another cabriolet, five carlins; to the persons showing the fountain and the statues, two carlins each. For the person who shows the apartments in the palace, one carlin; for seeing the theatre, the same. For the keeper of the museum at Portici, eight to ten carlins; for viewing the statues, etc. in the Palace Royal, two to four carlins. To the invalid who keeps the entrance of *Herculaneum*, and attends visitants with a light, one carlin for every hour. The old French louis of twenty-four livres is generally equal to fifty-six carlins. Persons intending to go to *Pozzuoli* should furnish themselves with provisions. The collection of Etruscan vases at *Nola*,

nine miles from Naples, belonging to the family of *Vivenzio*, is the most numerous in existence.

They who have sufficient time may extend their tour from *Pesto* to *Bari*, *Tarento*, *Brindisi*, and *Otranto*; and from thence may visit CALABRIA ULTRA, SICILY, and the Island of MALTA. Should this not be the case, the traveller may return to Rome, by one of the two previous routes, or by *sea*, when he will have an opportunity of inspecting the interesting line of coast from Naples to Ostia. Again arrived at the capital, we recommend him to remain here a short time, to take a slight retrospect of the various striking objects which he contemplated on his first visit to the city, and to observe any other curiosities which may have escaped his notice. From Rome he will proceed to *Florence*, a tour which we shall describe in our next chapter.



## BOOKS ON NAPLES AND ITS ENVIRONS.

1. *Le Guide des Étrangers à Naples.*
2. *Viaggio a Pompei a Pesto e di Ritorno ad Ercolano*, by Romanelli, 8vo. Napoli. 1811.
3. *Nicholas's* very classical and interesting work, entitled, *Memorie sui monumenti di Antichità e di belle Arti, ch' esistono en Miseno, in Baoli, in Baja, in Cuma, in Pozzuoli, in Napoli, in Capua antica, in Ercolano, in Pompei, ed in Pesto*, 4to. Napoli, 1812, (plates).
4. *Millin's* Memoir on the new Tombs discovered at Pompeii, before noticed;—Sir Wm. Hamilton's *Observations on Mount Vesuvius*. 8vo.;—Collection of Etruscan, Greek and Roman Antiquities, fol.

4 vol. ;—Engravings from Ancient Vases, fol. 3 vol. ;  
 —*Antichità di Ercolano*, fol. 9 vol. ;—*Pitture de'  
 Vasi Antichi*, fol. 4 vol. ;—Sir H. Davy on the  
 Colours used in Painting by the Ancients, *Philos.  
 Trans.* for 1815, Part I.

5. Swinburne's excellent Travels in the two Sicilies,  
 4 vol. 8vo. which contains a full account of Pesto,  
 Bri, Tarento, Brindisi, etc. etc.
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*General Aspect, Soil, and Agriculture of the Kingdom of Naples.*—The modern civilisation of Europe has penetrated slowly through this kingdom from the obstacles opposed to it by the Gothic institutions of the feudal times. We perceive in every thing the impressions of an epoch anterior to modern usages ; and, notwithstanding its richness, this land of the south exhibits a wild physiognomy, the result of a vigorous state of nature which human industry has not yet subdued ; a picture now rarely to be met with in Europe.

In the midst of these fertile tracts numerous families live in ruined huts. So great is the disorder and negligence around them that they seem to border on indigence. But this appearance of poverty, however repulsive, is more the result of long habits of indifference, favoured by the climate, than of real wretchedness. It is so easy to be clothed and to live in this fine climate, that indigence is never distressing, and seldom prevents the increase of families. A certain proof of this is the astonishing population of the kingdom ; which,

according to the last enumeration, amounts to 6,345,000 souls.

From the natural disposition of the Neapolitans, the result of their manners and government, it follows that *agriculture* must be almost the only art which they cultivate. Without vanity or ambition, they have no idea of parade nor even of that external appearance of comfort, by which people in other countries wish to excite envy. The liberal and even the mechanical arts are unknown to them. All the objects of luxury and most of those of the first necessity are supplied by strangers; who carry back in exchange the superfluous productions of this fertile soil.

Corn is cultivated in the plains and vallies and frequently gives 8 or 10 for 1. The ground, instead of being allowed to rest for a year, according to the custom of the ancient Romans, is ploughed directly in order to receive the seed of another crop; and these different crops grow in the volcanic ashes with unparalleled vigour. Thus every autumn and every spring renews the hopes of the labourer, and he is rarely disappointed. Frequently, after the harvest, they plough up the land and sow red or purple clover, which is indigenous in the south; round the fields grow mulberries and elms, cover them with their shade, and serve at the same time to support the vine, which, spreading over their branches, makes the same soil produce several crops at once.

The greatest part of the kingdom is moun-

tainous; some of the highest preserve the winter snows on their summits during the whole year. Pastures are found on their highest summits, where innumerable flocks feed during the summer, for their thick verdure is never destroyed by the heat. Below this region of herbage begin the forests of chesnuts which grow to an enormous size; and on the lower slopes of these mountains are woods of olive trees.

Round the villages they have fig-trees growing in the rubbish, lemon-trees in the gardens, and fruit-trees round the enclosures. We see orange-trees for the first time near Fundi.

In the neighbourhood of Naples the fields are often covered with elms, the branches supporting vines hanging in festoons between them; and under this shade are seen beans, Indian corn, or melons. The countrywomen here are not at all handsome; their physiognomy is harsh, and their complexion of an olive colour; nor is their costume elegant. The small farmers are very poor, and only farm as much land as they can cultivate with their families; that is four or five acres. They keep for themselves only a third of the crop, the remainder belonging to the landlord, to whom it is paid in kind through the hands of his *fattore*. They have no ploughs, and work only with the spade; but the earth being mixed with volcanic ashes is easily stirred, and the occasional showers of ashes from Vesuvius contribute much to fertilize it.

These farmers gather with care not only





the vines, the fruits and leaves from the same soil. This system of culture is almost entirely destined for the food of man, the sixth crop only, for which they are indebted to the climate, being reserved for the cattle. The variety of vegetables, skilfully intermixed in this rotation, keeps up the fertility of the soil with little manure; but, at the same time, nature, by giving it a volcano in its neighbourhood, has established an eternal source of fertility.

To be convinced of this, one need only remark that this volcanic ground will support a family of five persons with a third of the produce of five acres. These families certainly live very soberly and consume more vegetables and fruits than corn; but, in fine, they live. Such an instance of fertility and of great population can perhaps no where else be found but in India; for it amounts to 5000 souls in a square mile, in the circumference over which Vesuvius throws its ashes.

Beyond *Pompeia* we see no longer any traces of the disorder caused by Mount Vesuvius. The coast extends in almost insensible slopes, on which grow together olives and mulberries, vines and oranges. This favoured tract occupies all the space between *Sorrento* and *Salerno*, and is distinguished by the name of *Piave di Sorrento*.

The plain of *Sorrento* is almost the only part of the kingdom of Naples in which one can discern the action of an active and enlightened industry. It is in this fine region

also that the farmers have attempted, with great success, the cultivation of cotton; inso-much that, in the year 1812, they supplied the manufactures of Europe with 60,000 bales of that essential article.

With respect to their method of cultivating it, they merely dig up the ground in March and sow the cotton in rows at the distance of three feet. In these rows the plants are only two feet from each other. The ground is so rich, that it requires no manure, but only to be kept constantly clean.

The rotation of crops adopted in the volcanic country round Vesuvius, leaving no vacancy for the cultivation of cotton, it became necessary to change the course of crops, and to adopt another which is perhaps the most productive in the world.

The farmers not being able to subsist without the different crops established by the ancient economy of the country, still continue to begin their system of rotation by the Indian corn, for which they manure the ground. Corn succeeds, and then beans are sown immediately after the harvest. This plant being destined only for feeding the cattle during winter, is consumed early, and the soil can thus be prepared by the end of March, without any impediment, for receiving the cotton seed. After it is gathered, corn is sown again in the same autumn, to which immediately succeeds the red clover. After the clover come melons, and when they are ripe, vegetables oc-

cupy the ground till spring and terminate the rotation of which this is the formula :

First year.	Indian corn manured.
Second....	Corn, followed by beans.
Third.....	Cotton.
Fourth....	Corn, followed by clover.
Fifth.....	Melons, followed by vegetables.

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Five years. Eight crops.

This course therefore supplies eight crops in five years, two of which are corn, three legumes, one commercial, and two destined for the cattle. By this variety the soil is enabled to produce all that the earth can possibly afford to human industry.

The plain of Sorrento, which is a peninsula, ends at Salerno ; and a little way beyond that town, we again find the Maremma with the *mal' aria*. The kingdom of Naples is not entirely free from that scourge, which reappears in similar districts along the shores of the Mediterranean, but never on those of the Adriatic. The wild pastures of the Neapolitan Maremma have not even a *Casale* in the centre of the domain as in the Campagna of Rome, nor any still inhabited remains of ancient towns. The herdsmen and shepherds in the deserts have no other shelter than huts made of rushes, and the herds ruminate and repose in tranquillity and silence around them.

It is in one of these solitary spots that the astonished traveller discovers at a great distance the stupendous ruins of *Pæstum*, the most ancient and most imposing in all Italy.

## CHAP. VIII.

*Return to Rome.—From Rome to Florence and Description of that City.—Soil and Agriculture of Tuscany.*

The traveller is perhaps more struck with the appearance of Rome on his return from Naples than he was on his first entrance. Not to speak of the grandeur of the objects that meet his eye, even at the gate, and are certainly well calculated to make a strong impression, it has been justly observed that the bustle, the animation, the gaiety that pervade the streets of Naples, still fresh in his recollection, contrast singularly with the silence and solemnity which reign undisturbed over all the quarters of Rome. The effect of this contrast is increased by the different style of building, the solidity and magnitude of the Roman edifices, and the huge masses of ruin that rise occasionally to view. Rome is not like Naples, the seat of mirth and dissipation; of public amusement or even of private conviviality. The *severe majesty* that seems to preside as the genius of the place, proscribes frivolity, and inspires loftiness of thought and gravity of deportment.

To these recollections, which spring from the very soil itself, and are inseparably attached to its localities, we must superadd the antique statues that fill the cabinets both public and private. The capitol, in fact, was never so crowded with heroes and senators,

with consuls and dictators, as it is at present ; never were so many kings assembled in its halls, and never was it visited by so many emperors in succession, as are now united in one grand assembly under its roof.

The same may be said of the collections in the Vatican, where long galleries are lined with rows, frequently double, of busts and statues of all the great persons, real or imaginary, that have figured in the history and literature of the ancients, and have filled the world with their renown for so many ages.

*Ora ducum et vatum, sapientumque ora priorum.*

Private cabinets, some of which are almost as considerable as the two great repositories just mentioned, increase the prodigious stock, and give altogether a number of statues that equals the population of some cities : combining the most perfect specimens, not of Greek and Roman only, but of Etruscan and Egyptian art ; and expanding before us in the compass of one city, all the treasures of the ancient world. « We find here, » exclaimed the Abbé Barthelemy, « ancient Egypt, ancient Athens, ancient Rome. » And Montaigne, near three centuries ago, observed that Rome is a map of the world in relievo, presenting to the eye the united wonders of Asia, Egypt and Greece ; of the Roman, Macedonian, and Persian empires ; of the world ancient and modern.



No. 16. From ROME to FLORENCE, 193 English miles ; 23 posts ; 34 hours, 29 minutes.

TIME.			TIME.		
FROM	POSTS.	h. m.	FROM	POSTS.	h. m.
ROME to La Storta	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	1 30	Radicofani to Ri-		
Baccano. . . . .	1	1 28	corsi . . . . .	1	1 41
Monterosi. . . . .	1	2 4	La Podorina . . .	1	1 5
Ronciglione. . . .	1	1 40	Torrinieri. . . . .	2	1 2
Monte di Viterbo.	1	1 20	Buonconvento. . .	1	1 15
VITERBO . . . . .	1	1 15	Monteroni . . . .	1	1 15
MONTEFIASCONE.	1	1 10	SIENNA. . . . .	1	1 23
BOLSENA . . . . .	1	1 50	Castiglioncello . .	1	2 10
S. Lorenzo Nuovo	1	51	Poggilanzi . . . .	1	1 25
ACQUAPENDENTE.	1	1 3	Tavarnelle . . . .	1	1 40
Pontecentino. . . .	1	40	S. Cassiano. . . .	1	1 55
Radicofani . . . .	1	1 34	FLORENCE(Firenze)	1	2 15

*Baccano*, a solitary post-house, bearing the name of an ancient town, stands in a little valley, surrounded with hills, forming a verdant amphitheatre that wants nothing but trees to be extremely beautiful. About four miles on the right is the lake *Sabatinus*, now *Bracciano*. The view of Rome from it, particularly at a very early hour, is one of the finest that can be taken.

The road from Rome to *Ronciglione* has already been described, see page 197.

Between *Ronciglione* and the mountain of *Viterbo*, anciently *Mons Ciminus*, is the lake of *Vico*, a fine body of water, extending for three miles : it is encompassed by hills clothed with beautiful woods. The mountain is an accumulation of various volcanic substances, the richness of the soil of the mountain, is evident from the noble oaks, chesnuts and beech with which it is covered.

*Viterbo* is a pretty town, situated in a plain at the foot of the mountain; and several square lofty towers produce an agreeable effect at a distance. It is well built, the houses are in a good taste, there are some pretty fountains, and some fronts of churches in a good style of architecture. The streets are paved wholly with lava, in pieces from four to eight feet in length; and the population is estimated at 10,000. The churches best worth seeing are the cathedral, and those of Santa Rosa and San Francesco. Beyond Viterbo, to the left, is a lake of hot water with a sulphureous smell. The country to Montefiascone has a melancholy appearance.

*Montefiascone* stands on a very lofty eminence, commanding an immeasurable prospect, and appearing at a distance like a metropolis, as it was in fact in ancient times; but when approached, it appears but a mean town, which would scarcely be known, were it not for the muscat wines in its neighbourhood.

There are few spots in Italy which furnish more delicious and magnificent scenes than the environs of *Bolseno*, which stands on the ruins of the ancient *Volsinium*, one of the principal cities of Etruria; but is now no more than a contemptible village, in which nothing is to be seen but an antique sarcophagus in the church-yard. Near it is a fine lake, thirty miles in circumference, once the crater of a volcano; and opposite to this, close to the road, is a remarkable hill, covered

with regular prismatic basaltine columns, most of them standing obliquely, and a considerable length out of the ground: they are generally hexagonal, and flat at both ends.

A short distance from Bolsena is *Orvieto*, The cathedral is a very fine Gothic building; the front is beautiful and very rich in sculpture and mosaic; and it contains a great deal of sculpture and painting within. Of the latter, a chapel painted by Luca Signorelli with the Last Judgment, is most remarkable, particularly because Michael Angelo used to study it. Of the sculpture, a *Pietà* or dead Christ in the lap of the virgin, is most admirable. Here also should be visited the deep shafts cut in the *tufi*, large enough for a person to descend on horseback, by 150 steps, lighted by 100 little windows; and he can ascend again by another staircase on the opposite side. The wines of this place, called Montefiascone and Montepulciano, are in great esteem.

In the *tufi* hills near *San Lorenzo delle Grotte* there is a great number of artificial caverns; probably formed at first by digging *puzzolana*. Pius IV benevolently caused the old town to be demolished on account of the *mal' aria* which reigns there, and built *San Lorenzo Nuovo*, a very handsome town on the top of the hill.

*Acquapendente* takes its name from an inconsiderable stream tumbling down a rock; there are many ruins on every side of the town; and abundance of *tufi* and cinders.

The soil from Rome to this place is volcanic;

from hence to Sienna are mostly hills of marl. The mountain of *Radicoferani*, however, is an isolated volcanic rock, surrounded in the valley with marl, but no ashes or pozzolana: on the other side of this valley is another volcanic mountain, still higher, called *S. Fiore*; on the right is a castle. The town of *Radicoferani* is rather below the summit of the mountain; the environs abound with springs of fresh water. Hence to *S. Quirico* the road continues over marl hills; but near this place the hills consist of calcareous tufo, with sea shells enclosed in it. From San Quirico two roads lead to Pienza and Montepulciano. The latter celebrated for the excellence of its wine, as mentioned by Redi: *Montepulcian che d'ogni vino è il re*.

A few miles from *S. Quirico* a narrow road leads to *Chiusi* through the middle of desolated hills of clay and marl. *Chiusi* was anciently called *Clusium*, the metropolis of *Por-sena*, but is now a miserable town, containing about 1000 inhabitants. Not far on the right are the *Bagni di S. Filippo*, the waters of which deposit a fine calcareous tufo, which is precipitated on moulds from medals, bas-reliefs, etc. and makes most beautiful impressions.

From *S. Quirico* to Sienna there is a succession of marl hills, exhibiting rather a dreary prospect; there are, however, some wild and picturesque views.

*Siena*, in the midst of hills, of the most pleasing forms, excellently cultivated, is per-

haps the most desirable place in Italy for a stranger to pass some time in; the climate being healthy, living reasonable, and society good. It is also within a moderate distance both of Rome and Florence. The houses are built of brick, and the streets are paved with it. The population of Sienna formerly amounted to 100,000; it now contains about 16 or 17,000 in a circuit of five miles. Sienna is particularly agreeable in the hot season, on account of its lofty situation and salubrious air. It has produced many famous painters, architects, and poets; the higher circles are as distinguished as any in Italy, and have a *Casino*, or Assembly of both sexes. The *Duomo*, or cathedral, is a fine Gothic building of black and white marble. The great portal was begun in 1284, after the designs of Giovanni da Pisa, and finished in 1333 by Agostino and Agnolo, Siennese architects. The front is rather encumbered with ornaments. All the work of the inside is most highly finished, as the carving in wood of the choir; the sculpture in marble of the pulpit, and especially the historical engraving of the pavement, representing in chiaro-scuro the most remarkable histories of the Old and New Testament.

In the Chigi Chapel are two statues by Bernini, S. Jerom and the Magdalen; also eight columns of verde antico. The *Benitier*, is handsome; as is likewise the pulpit: and the bas-reliefs, especially of the staircase, are admirable. An ancient octagon marble pulpit, by Nic. and Giov. da Pisa, with basso-relievos,



in 1267. Baptistery under the choir: ceiling in fresco, by Ambrogio Lorenzetti: and before the entrance into the choir are four large frescos, by Ventura di Arcangiolo Salimbeni. In the chapel of S. John are several good statues, the best of which is S. John, by Donatello. In the left transept is a vaulted room, called the Library. There remain now no other books besides forty large folio volumes of church music in manuscript on vellum, finely illuminated, by a Benedictine Monk of Monte Cassino. On a pedestal, stands a group of the Graces in white marble; it is mutilated, and the middle Grace is without a head. This was once reckoned the finest antique in the world. The greatest curiosity in this library is a set of ten large pictures in fresco, in fine preservation and freshness of colouring, by Pinturicchio: the subject is the life of Pope Pius II. Raffaello, it is said, gave the designs for some of them, and even assisted Pinturicchio a little in the execution. Vasari says, he made either the sketches, or the cartoons, for them all.

The church of the *Augustines* is a very handsome modern building, by Vanvitelli.

The church of the *Dominicans* is remarkable for a very ancient picture in wood, representing the Virgin with the infant Jesus in her arms, by *Guido Sanese*: it is dated 1221, and is in the Venturini chapel. Though so ancient, it is still in good preservation.

The other churches worthy of observation are, *S. Quirico*, *S. Martino*, *S. Maria in*



*Provenzano, S. Francesco, San-Spirito, and Santa-Caterina, Il Carmine, S. Agostino, The Camaldules* out of the city.

Sienna has an *University*, with several learned professors. The library and museum are common to this, and the *Accademia Fisico-critica*, which has published its transactions, under the title of *Atti dell' Accademia di Sienna*. There are four or five other academies in this city.

In the hospital of *S. Maria della Scala*, in the chapel, is a fine large fresco of the pool of Bethesda, by Sebastian Conca. The *Palazzo Pubblico*, or Guildhall, is in a *place* or open area, in form of a shell. There are many ancient frescos in it. In the *Sala di Balìa*, the life of Pope Alexander III is painted in fresco by old masters. This life of Alexander III is extremely curious. It consists of sixteen pieces, four large and twelve smaller, arched at top; they are valuable, not only as specimens of the style of painting in Italy at a very early period, but because they give us the arms, weapons, ships, manner of fighting, and, in short, the whole *costume* of the age in which they were painted, more completely than they would be obtained from any thing else now existing in the world. It is not well understood who was the author of these pictures; from their style he was evidently of the school of Giotto. They are painted in *chiaro-scuro*, in imitation of *relievos*, and perhaps may be the *« storia di verde terra, »* which Vasari says Ambrogio Loren-

zetti painted in this palace, though he speaks of eight only; and here are sixteen. Pecci says that they were begun by Martino di Bartolomeo da Sienna, and finished afterwards by Spinello di Luca and his sons, painters of Arezzo, in 1407. In the *Sala del Consistorio*, the ceiling painted by Beccafumi, is well executed, and in good preservation. The subjects of these frescos are some Greek and Roman histories, with ornaments between them. The *Theatre* is a part of this palace; it was burnt down in 1742 and 1751, and was rebuilt in a handsome manner, with four rows of boxes, and twenty-one in each row. The College *Tolomei* is a fine edifice.

The Maremma of Sienna, formerly so fruitful and populous, now lies waste and unpeopled. The inhabitants of Sienna are affable, *spirituels*, and speak with sweetness the purest language of Tuscany. The women are handsome, and not deficient in grace. In the neighbouring mountains are mines, marble quarries, and mineral waters.

About three miles out of the road, before we reach Poggibonzi, is *Colle*, or a lofty hill, divided into the upper and lower town, with paper manufactories on the Elsa and Stella. The source of the former river is much resorted to by naturalists, on account of the fossils found there. From Colle there are two roads, one to *Massa* (1) and the other to *Vol-*

(1) From Massa an excursion may be made to *Piom-lino*, and thence to the Isle of ELBA, the once celebrated retreat of BONAPARTE.

*terra*. The last town contains many monuments of antiquity, and some curious walls. In the neighbourhood are quarries of very hard stone, coal, and white and coloured alabaster, of which the most beautiful vases are made, copies from the Etruscan. The finest collection of Etruscan vases and antiquities is in the Museum *Guarnacci*. Some grottos on the road to Leghorn from Volterra are worth seeing. *Poggibonzi* is a large populous town, at the foot of a hill; its inhabitants are industrious, and occupied in manufactures. Leaving this place, on the left is the road to Pisa, and just before we arrive at Tavarnelle, on the left is a small chateau, called Barberino de Valdelsa.

The whole road from Sienna to Florence is one of the most charming in Tuscany; the country being finely varied with hills, clothed with olive-trees, vines, cypresses, firs, oaks, beeches, etc. The great number of country houses, old castles, and villages, make it extremely picturesque. The road is all good, but continually ascending and descending, and paved all the way.

There is another road from Rome to Florence by PERUGIA. Umbria, the best cultivated part of the Apeninnes, is passed over, and the lake of Perugia will be seen. In taking this road, the traveller must return as far as Foligno, on the way by which he came from Bologna.

No. 17. From ROME to FLORENCE by PERUGIA;  
15 posts; 20 hours, 10 minutes.

(From Rome to Foligno, see p. 191.)

		TIME.			TIME.
FROM	POSTS.	h. m.	FROM	POSTS.	h. m.
FOLIGNO to Madon-			AREZZO to Leva-		
na degli Angeli.	17	1	ne . . . . .	2	3 10
PERUGIA (1). . . .	1½	1 50	L'Incisa . . . . .	2	3
Torricella. . . . .	2	3	FLORENCE ( <i>Firen-</i>		
Camuscia (2) . . . .	2	2 40	ze) . . . . .	2	3
AREZZO (3) . . . .	2	2 30			

*Madonna degli Angeli* is remarkable for a large church, dedicated to the Virgin, and a convent of Observantins. Near this place, but out of the route, is the pleasant town of *Assisi*, with a population of 4000 persons, once remarkable for the number of good pictures in its churches. The valley of Perugia is one of the most beautiful in Italy. The Tiber is next crossed over the bridge of Saint John.

*Perugia* is a large handsome town, with 10 or 12,000 inhabitants. Here are many fine churches and fountains. *San Pietro* is a beautiful structure, supported by marble pillars, with a fine choir. See also the Palazzo Publico and College del Cambio. In the square *Grimana*, is a gate, called the Arch of Augustus, and in the parish of St. Angelo, the ruins of a temple, with an ancient inscription.

*Torricella*, situated on the banks of the

INNS.—(1) L'Auberge Ercolani. (2) The Post. (3) The Post.

lake of Perugia, anciently *Thrasymene*, and famous for the defeat of the Consul Flaminius, by Hannibal, is above thirty miles in circumference, abounds with excellent fish, and has three islands in it; on a peninsula, is a town called *Castiglione*, in which it is said there is a handsome palace, and some good paintings. Above Camoccia, on a hill planted with vines and fruit-trees, is *Cortona* (*Corytum*) a town remarkable for its antiquity, and Etruscan academy, founded in 1726: the semicircular plain at the bottom is one of the finest in Italy. The walls are built of large pieces of stone, without any cement. Here are the ruins of a temple of Bacchus, and some ancient baths. There are a fine library and museum attached to the academy: the latter is rich in antiquities, medals, and objects of natural history; and some good private libraries, museums, and collections of pictures. From the church of the Observantins, the view embraces the whole valley of Chiana, appearing like an immense garden.

The environs of Cortona are covered with vines and olives; there are also some quarries of excellent marble.

*Arezzo* is remarkable for its antiquity, well built, and agreeably situated at the foot of a hill, with a population of 7000 persons. In the square is a superb building, called *La Loggia*, built from the designs of Vasari, and containing a custom-house, theatre, and a portico 400 feet in length. In the churches are some good pictures, and in that belonging

to Monte Cassino is the famous perspective cupola, painted by Del Pozzo. The cathedral is a vast gothic edifice, built in the year 1300: at the *Olivetans*, are the ruins of a Roman amphitheatre. The church of Pieve is a curious old building. Wool and pins are the only manufactures at Arezzo. Petrarch was born here in 1304.

Between this place and Levane, are three sanctuaries or retreats of religious, in very lofty situations, and at some distance from each other; *L'Alvernia*, 30 miles from Arezzo; that of the *Camaldules*, 25 miles N. E. of Vallombrosa, where is a good classical library; and that of *Vallombrosa*, about 20 miles from Florence. From Levane to Incisa, the road follows the banks of the Arno over a fertile and agreeable plain, taking its name from this celebrated river, and thence called *Val d'Arno*.

## FLORENCE.

*Florence* is situated at the foot of the Apennines, in a vale intersected by the *Arno*, graced by numberless hills, and bordered at no great distance by mountains of various forms rising gradually towards the great Apennine chain. The whole vale is one continued grove and garden, where the beauty of the country is enlivened by the animation of the town, and the fertility of the soil is redoubled by the industry of its cultivators. White villas gleam through the orchards on every side, and large populous hamlets border



the roads and almost line the banks of the river.

The city itself spreads along the side of the river which forms one of its greatest ornaments, and contributes not a little to its fame. The streets are well paved, or rather flagged, wider than usual in southern climates, and the houses in general are solid and rather stately. There are several squares and many churches and palaces; so that its appearance is airy and clean, and sometimes rising towards grandeur. Florence has been called the Athens of Italy, and is certainly one of the finest cities in that country.

#### DIRECTIONS FOR VISITING FLORENCE.

There are many excellent inns at Florence: *Schneider's Hotel* on the north-east; *Lungo l' Arno*, near the bridge *alla Carraia*; but no one ought to go there, who does not travel in his own carriage or at least with a servant. At this hotel there is no *table d'hôte* at present. The charges for eating are about the same as those already stated at Genoa. Lodgings are charged 20 to 24 pauls and upwards per night; there are also other unavoidable expenses that are seldom met with elsewhere. Even in England this would be considered an expensive inn. The proprietor himself speaks several languages, which may be a convenience to some.

The other inns are, the *Hotel de Yorck*, the *Quatre Nations* on the *Lungo l' Arno*, opposite *Schneider's*, and near the bridge

*Santa Trinita*. Another second rate hotel of the same name. The *Aquila Nera*, also a secondary inn, and where there is a *table d' hote*, but an inferior one. The *Scudo di Francia* (Crown of France) although not of the first rank is very tolerable; bed rooms may be had at these last mentioned houses at four pauls and upwards per night. The best *restaurateur* is a French one, and called *La Vignes*, situated in a street that branches from the *Piazza di Santa Trinita*, near the bridge of the same name. There is a regular *carte*, or bill of fare, with the prices marked, as in Paris. One person may dine well, including wine, from six to eight pauls. There are many other Italian *restaurateurs* or *trattorias*, most of them inferior; and a stranger, who is not tolerably acquainted with the language, will find himself awkward in them. The best coffee rooms are the *Bottegone*, near the *Duomo*, or cathedral, and the *Nuovo*, in the *Via Larga*; refreshments are much more moderate in these houses, than in similar ones in Paris. There is also a very good *caff * attached to the *Scudo di Francia*, where a tolerable English breakfast may be had from two to three pauls. The coffee in all parts of Italy is inferior to that in France, the tea better, and the chocolate excellent.

Those who purpose remaining some time can procure private furnished lodgings, consisting of three to four rooms, from 10 to 12 crowns per month (each crown eight pauls)

and he can then arrange for either the partial or entire attendance of a servant, purchase the requisites for breakfast and a supply of wine, and contract at the nearest trattoria, to have his dinner sent, which will be done on water plates with covers, and, by proper management, very moderate, and even lower than by going to dine there. The mutton, and especially the lamb of Tuscany, is delicious. Its wine was formerly excellent, but little of a good quality can now be had at Florence. Good lodgings may be had at a *Hotel Garni*, kept by Madame Dubois, a French woman, on the same *Longo* on which Schneider's hotel is situated. As good a bed room may be had there for three to four pauls per week, as Schneider charges 20 for. There are several suites of rooms at various prices in this house. The landlady of which will sometimes engage to go to market and prepare a dinner.

The great *rendezvous* of the Vetturini, who carry travellers to Turin; Leghorn, Rome, etc. is at the *Pollastvi*, young fowl, near the *Scudo di Francia*.

There are several reading rooms and respectable book shops in and near the *Piazza del Duomo*; also one in the *Archibusserio*, near the *Ponte Vecchio*, where the French papers may be met with. We recommend the one kept by Messrs. Mollini.

#### MANNER OF SEEING FLORENCE.

*First day.*—Visit the Duomo, the church

of St. Lorenzo, and the chapel of the Medici there; the churches of the Annunziata, Spirito Santo, and S. Croce.

*Second day.*—The gallery with the cabinets and museums.

*Third day.*—Early in the morning visit the Museum; afterwards proceed by the Via Larga, and take a walk in the Orto Ferdinando, and the Prata, on the banks of the Arno.

*Fourth day.*—Visit the palace of Pitti, and the Boboli Gardens.

*Fifth day.* The school of the fine arts. A subsequent period of a week or two may be occupied in seeing the other palaces and churches, excursions in the vicinity, and repeated visits to the gallery, its museum, and cabinets.

*Florence* is nearly six miles in circumference, but its population, about 60,000 in number, is small in proportion to its size. It is curtailed by hills, more or less elevated, which running from the *Apennines*, form a kind of girdle, though the wall that surrounds it, following the inequality of the ground, is calculated for nothing less than defence. The same may be said of the five bastions beyond the *Arno*, towards the north, and of the little fort of *Belvedere*, a small distance above *Boboli*. Several gates lead to the interior, as the *Prato*, *Pinti*, *S. Croce*, *S. Vincole*, *S. Miniato*, *S. Giorgio*, *S. Pietro*, *Guattolini*, *S. Fridiano*, and *S. Gailo*, leading to *Bologna*: the latter is very wretchedly decorated, though

before we arrive at it we pass under a triumphal arch, erected in honour of *Francis I.*, who made his entrance into Florence, with his spouse, *Maria Teresa*, this way, when elected Grand Duke of Tuscany in 1739. The river *Arno*, descending from Mount *Falterona*, traverses and divides the city into two unequal parts, the largest of these to the north-east and the smallest to the south-east. This river, which falls into the sea a little below *Pisa*, contributes scarcely any thing to the commerce of Florence. Its bed is fordable in various places in the warm season; and during that time, the provisions brought by water are barely sufficient for its consumption.

The banks near the city being high, the quays here are called *Lungo l' Arno*. They are very straight, and have several fine houses and palaces near them, are a very great promenade in winter, because the situation is favourable for enjoying the sun, being very warm here when the winds do not blow strongly. If these quays are continued on the same plan, they will rival the finest in Europe. The communication between the different parts of Florence is made by means of bridges, namely, the *Rubicone*, the *Vecchio*, the *Trinita*, and the bridge *alla Carraia*. The *Trinity* bridge is the handsomest, and joins the extremity of the *Maggio* street, which leads to the palace of *Pitti*. At each extremity of this bridge, are the statues of the four seasons. This bridge is a bold construction of three arches, the centre of which is the



lowest. It is altogether a masterpiece of elegance. The bridges at Florence are pretty near each other, and are all free, excepting the old bridge, which has also three arches, and may also be considered as a kind of street, from the number of low houses and shops upon it; most of the latter are occupied by gold and silversmiths.

## STREETS.

W

The *streets* of Florence, notwithstanding the projecting gutters from the roofs, are kept very clean, and are not only lighted by the lamps of the *Madonnas*, but with numerous reverberators, placed at small distances. Among the best streets are *Via Larga*, *La Scalata*, *Il Borgo Ognisanti*. Many of the others have such obliquities in their direction, and branch off in so strange a manner, that a person walking by himself, and not understanding the *Florentine* dialect, may easily be embarrassed. The streets are ornamented here and there with fine palaces and other edifices, which give them an air of majesty. Crosses are painted on all the walls, to deter the men from defiling them.

Every traveller who arrives for the first time in Tuscany, and has only seen the common pavements of the northern towns of Europe, is struck with astonishment mingled with admiration at the sight of those of Florence. It is one of the magnificent features of this city, and even the most striking though the least mentioned. Most people would be



afraid to go on horseback on these flat smooth slabs, but the postillions generally drive a brisk trot, and even sometimes gallop, to the no little surprise and even alarm of the traveller.

The beauty of the pavement, with the architecture of the palaces, both grand and rustic, gives Florence a peculiar and characteristic physiognomy. It is not the modern elegance of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, nor the Gothic decoration of the fourteenth and fifteenth; but the noble and severe architecture of the interval which separated or rather connected these two epochs, and was itself the era of the revival of taste.

Florence is larger and more populous than Bologna, and incomparably more handsome. The austere style of its palaces has something more noble than those of Genoa, and more agreeable than most of those at Rome.

In order to relish the architecture of Florence, one must begin, however, by getting accustomed to that serious and heavy style of building which makes a palace like a fortress; every thing here has been sacrificed to solidity. The windows are large but so wide from each other, and the stories so high that the apartments want light. You find rooms where you can only read at midday by standing at the window. Nor are the apartments very commodious, the internal distribution being generally bad, from its having been sacrificed to the external appearance. The inside is sometimes so confused as to be like a labyrinth;

and even the palace of the Grand Duke, the finest of all, is not free from this defect.

## SQUARES.

The *squares* at Florence are sufficiently spacious, but indifferently ornamented. In several of these, pillars have been erected in consequence of some miracle, and these are frequently decorated with Saints. Others having been erected to perpetuate the remembrance of some victories, are really handsome; for instance, that near the palace *Strozzi*, on account of a victory over the city of *Sienna* in 1554. The pillar here, taken from the baths of Antoninus at Rome, was a present from Pope Pius V. A bronze figure upon its summit represents Justice holding a balance.

The square of *S. Lorenzo* is decorated with a square monument, having upon one of its faces a pretty bas-relief by Bandinelli. The statue of John Medicis was to have been placed on this pedestal, which is still in the old palace. The principal ornament of the square of *Santo Spirito* is the church of that name. The square of the *Annunziata* is spacious and elegant, on account of the arcades that support a number of Corinthian columns on each side of it. An equestrian statue of Duke Ferdinand I decorates the centre of this square: a fountain on each side with Tritons has a pretty effect. The finest square, as to extent, is that of the Grand Duke; it contains within its precinct, the Old Palace, the offices, and the edifice called *La Loggia*; but several of

the houses are very ordinary, and among these is the Post Office. A fountain, erected by Cosmo I, has a very large marble basin of an octagon form. In the centre is a colossal figure of Neptune, standing erect in a shell, drawn by four horses, encircled by about a dozen figures, representing Nymphs and Tritons; and the figure of Neptune is out of all proportion to the size of the horses. An equestrian statue of Cosmo I, a monument of filial piety, was cast by John of Bologna in 1594. The square of the *Mercato Nuovo* is rather small, and has nothing to distinguish it from a market place, excepting a fine column of granite, crowned with a statue of Plenty. The *Mercato Vecchio*, or the Old Market Square, has a fountain, decorated by a boar in bronze, in the ancient manner, and well worthy of attention for the truth of its execution. The square of *S. Maria Novella* is noted for the horse races, resembling those in the Corso at Rome. That of *St. Mark*, very near, is where the combats of the beasts are exhibited; there is besides these, the square of *S. Croce*, etc.

On going over the town, one meets with several handsome porticos, some fixed to an edifice of which they form a part, and supported by a single row of columns, others insulated like a piazza and composed of several rows of columns. In proceeding from the palace of *Strozzi* to that of *Corsini* we see on the place of the Trinity, a fine pillar of granite surmounted by a statue of Justice. On the

façade of the church of the Trinity, is a bas-relief, which I have never seen mentioned in any description, but which I do not hesitate to point out as a very fine piece of sculpture. It represents a dead Christ in the arms of the Eternal Father.

## PALACES.

The old palace is situated in one of the angles of the square of the Grand Duke. This massive and melancholy edifice was erected in the thirteenth century, and intended as the centre of republican dignity. At the entrance is David triumphing over Goliath, by some ascribed to Michael Angelo, and Hercules with Cacus, by *Vincenzo Rossi*, scarcely inferior to that of his master, *Bandinelli*, which is in the square. This palace at present suffers under great neglect and disorder, having more of the resemblance of a prison than a royal residence. However, the interior of the court forms a strong contrast with the exterior: here is a portico ornamented with columns in stucco, upon a gilt ground: the roofs covered with arabesques of the school of *Raffaello*; and a beautiful fountain plays in the centre. The grand staircase is also ornamented with arabesques; this leads to different halls, one of them of an immense magnitude; but the richest ornaments of this palace were mostly removed by the French, who converted the apartments into lodgings for the municipality, and tribunals for the different pleaders.

The palace *Pitti* was built in 1440, from the designs of *Filippo Brunelleschi*. It is very spacious; the style of the architecture, though grand, is rather gloomy. The exterior has a huge prison-like appearance, and resembles three stone terraces retiring and rising beyond and above each other. It has also a considerable vacant space of ground in the front, not even sloped or levelled. But almost everywhere on the continent this deficiency is observed with respect to public buildings. The lower apartments are here the grandest, both in the gilding, the statues, the paintings, crystals, etc. and these are only exceeded by the grand Imperial saloon. There is a communication by a long covered passage all the way to the Old Palace; and through a passage under ground, it is even possible to reach the fortress of *Boboli*. The finest front of the Palace of *Pitti* presents itself towards that fortress. The garden is the most beautiful of any in Florence, being agreeably laid out, and watered with fountains and *jets d'eau*. This palace was partly built by *Strozzi*, an opulent merchant, who, when he got to the first story, had so far ruined himself that he could not proceed: the Medici, however, relieved him from ruin and embarrassment, by purchasing the building of him. The court is so large, that it has been said that another palace might dance in it. Two of the wings of this palace lead to a terrace, to which there is an entrance on the first story and a way into the garden. Under this terrace, opposite the

principal gate, is a massy grotto, crowned with a cascade, which supplies a basin stored with fish. In the summer apartments, there is a pretty assemblage of statues, busts, and bas-reliefs. The Venus of Canova will be also seen in this palace, and its truly exquisite situation much admired. It resembles a beautiful temple, and the divinity seems as if claiming homage from those who approach her sacred shrine.

There are several other palaces, which though not of the immense size of the *Pitti*, are not less beautiful. The style of their building is much the same: they have all square courts, with an open gallery running round each story, and these courts are very often embellished with a fountain. Some of them have the appearance of grandeur, particularly that of *Riccardi*, in *Via Larga*; this was the residence of the first of the *Medicis*; the first asylum of the Muses at Florence. It was built in 1430, under Cosmo, then Gonfalonier of the republic. Charles V, Louis XII, Francis I, Leo X, and Clement VII, have had their residence here. At present this palace is in a state of complete desertion, in consequence of the owner's embarrassments.

Next to this palace are those of *Corsini*, *Strozzi*, *Salviati*, *Marucelli*, *Gherardesca*, and *Gondi*. The walls of these buildings are mostly of such a construction as to defy cannon-shot, which was of great utility in the



stormy times of the Florentine republic. Upon the walls are large iron rings, which was a character of distinction to the owner; but, notwithstanding all this display of strength and magnificence, the interior convenience of these palaces is exceeded even by decent private houses of the present day.

Among the palaces best decorated, they reckon *Capponi*, *Salviati*, *Ruccellai*, *Niccolini*, *Brunaccini*, *Viviani*, *Mozzi*, and others. That of *Strozzi*, the eternal enemy of the *Medicis*, is of the Tuscan order; but the surcharge of embossed work, its massy entablature, and unornamented façade, render it disgusting to every person who comes from Rome. As for the addition of a garden to these palaces, this is a kind of enjoyment which never entered into the conception of a Florentine. The general good taste which presides over the architecture of this city, owes its origin to *Michel Angelo* and his school; but, if this sublime genius has not always imitated the lightness and elegance of the ancients at Florence, as *Palladio* has done at *Venice* and *Vicenza*, it must be attributed to the causes before mentioned, when the solidity and imposing attitude of these buildings, was necessary for the personal safety of their proprietors.

The house or palace in which *Michel Angelo Buonaroti* resided, is an object of some curiosity to such as have a pleasure in contemplating the localities attached to extraor-

dinary persons. Here are some paintings representing the principal actions of his life; and some pieces said to be by his own hand.

## CHURCHES.

Most of these, the cathedral excepted, have a very mean shabby external appearance: that of St. Lorenzo is not better, and rather resembles a barn, than a sacred edifice. The cathedral, situated nearly in the centre of the city, was begun in 1296, from the designs of *Arnolfo di Lapo*. It is a vast edifice, 426 feet long, and 303 in breadth. The superb cupola, finished by *Philippo Brunelleschi*, is an octagon, 140 feet from one angle to the other, the interior of which was painted by Frederic Zuccheri. The exterior of the church is a mixture of black and white marble of a very singular appearance. The *Campanile*, or bell-fry, detached like that of *Pisa* from the church, is about 280 feet high, cased with marble of different colours, and ornamented with statues. It is a light, airy, and graceful tower; and was so much admired by *Charles-Quint*, that he said it should be kept in a case and only shown on festivals. From the top is an excellent view of Florence and the environs. The ascent is by 406 steps.

Many of the most distinguished personages in the early times of the republic, have curious monuments in the cathedral; and here the equestrian figure of Sir John Hawkwood, an Englishman, is painted on the wall of the church. He is called *Johannes Acutus*. Zac-

chioroli calls him *Jean Acut*, an Englishman who signalized himself much in arms in the service of the Florentines, and died in 1393.

Opposite to the cathedral is the baptistery, of an octagon figure, cased with marble. It has three bronze doors, the bas-reliefs of which are admirable; the most ancient is by Andrew Ugolini of Pisa, and the others by Lorenzo Ghiberti. The interior contains several statues by eminent sculptors, and sixteen pillars of granite. The roof is covered with mosaic; and several monuments here attract the attention of the amateurs of the arts. The bronze doors were so much admired by *Michael Angelo*, as to be styled by him « the gates of Paradise. »

People are in the habit of resting and taking refreshments upon the marble steps between this baptistery and the cathedral. Here they point out the *Sasso di Dante*, a favourite stone upon which the poet used to sit.

The cathedral, called as usual in Italy *Il Duomo*, is an edifice of great strength and magnificence, and ranks among the first of the kind in Europe. It is, in fact, if we consider magnitude and materials, boldness and skill, the second. Not only its walls are incrustated with black and white marble, but it is paved with variegated marble, disposed, at least in part, by *Michael Angelo*. It is adorned both within and without by marble statues, most of which are the works of the most eminent sculptors; and its paintings are in general masterpieces of the art. But its principal

distinction and greatest glory is its *dome*, prior to that of St. Peter's in time, and little inferior to it in magnitude.

In opposition to the fretted, frittered surfaces of the Gothic, here is the most marked simplicity and strength. Instead of columns, the exterior decoration consists of three kinds of marbles composed into pannels, and the interior in pillars and round arches.

Brunelleschi raised here the first double cupola, and, I believe, the widest in Europe. No columns assist as latent buttresses to shore it up. The same coloured marbles that face the walls continue their decoration round the dome. Though this cupola is polygonal it may fairly be considered as the prototype of St. Peter's.

Under it is the choir, corresponding in plan with the great polygon above; but its Ionic elevation, though fine, is at variance with the fabric, and seems a beauty foreign to this grand cathedral. A choir thus enclosed is necessarily darker than the nave. Here is just that « dim religious light » which pleases poetical and devout minds; a light which heightens the effect of the lamps and candles, of the gold, silver, and brocade of Catholic worship, while it shades the mediocrity of the paintings and sculpture.

In general, the interior of the church is naked and unornamented; nor does it appear so large as one would expect considering the external extent of the edifice. In other churches we admire or reckon the number of

pillars that support the roof, but in this cathedral it is the small quantity of them that is surprising. There are only four on each side, which occasions immense arcades that have a much more majestic effect than numerous pillars.

*S. Lorenzo* is divided into three naves, by two rows of columns supporting a frieze and cornices, with very good effect. There is here a chapel containing some beautiful statues and sculpture, also the famous chapel of the Medici, although, as yet, it is only about two-thirds finished, still the beauty and richness of its materials, with their high polish and finishing, are almost beyond imagination. It is of an octagon form, lined with different species of the richest marbles. Each side of the octagon is intended to be supported by fine marble columns of the Corinthian order, their pedestals inlaid with the arms of the different cities that are subject to the Grand Duke. These are admirably executed in their proper colours with all kinds of brilliant stones, consisting of porphyry, jasper, onyx, etc. the motifs done with *lapis lazuli*. One of these, a black horse, is much admired. Each compartment of the octagon is occupied by a sarcophagus of oriental granite of vast size. Over these, in niches, are colossal figures in bronze of different members of the Medici family.

*Santa Maria Nuova*, a Dominican church, high in the estimation of Michael Angelo, is covered with black and white marble, within

and without; the paintings are by some of the first Italian masters. Some of this kind are to be seen in the church of the Carmelites, by *Massaccio*, but the cupola painted by *Le Giordano* is peculiarly admired.

The Dominican church of *San Marco*, contains the works of John of Bologna; Fra. Bartolomeo; the monument of Picus Mirandula; Politian, the restorer of the Greek and Latin languages; and that of Savonarola, whose portrait and cell are still shown to strangers. The church of *Santo Spirito*, very lofty and well lighted, is much esteemed for the handsome style of its architecture, and its numerous columns of *Pietra serena*. Here is also a canopy supported by columns of very precious marble, and a tabernacle delicately wrought in hard stone. There are many pictures here by the old masters. A church with tapestry hangings is a rarity: but whoever has a mind to see this, let him visit the Dominican church, very whimsically hung with yellow and red striped silk. The monks of the convent belonging to it have an excellent apothecary's shop; and much good is done by the cheapness of their medicines, notwithstanding they also contribute to feed female vanity by the manufacture of all sorts of washes, pomatums, perfumes, etc.; but whoever travels to Rome ought to provide himself here with an excellent vinegar, which will be found very serviceable in the pestiferous Campagna di Roma.

The church, called the *Annunziata*, con-



tains the remains of John of Bologna, who died in Florence, 1608. They are deposited in a chapel decorated after his designs, and at his own expense, as an epitaph expresses it. Adjoining to the chapel which contains this treasure, is an oratory fitted up by the last of the *Medici* line, the daughter of Cosmo III, who married the elector of Bavaria. This church contains Bandinelli's dead Christ in marble, whom God the Father holds on his knee. In the porch before the church, Andrea Del Sarto has procured himself a monument by having painted the whole portico in fresco, and also by placing several of his master-pieces within the church.

The church of *S. Croce*, the Pantheon of the *Florentines*, is not very magnificent, the rough bricks of which it is constructed, being disagreeable; it was built at the end of the thirteenth century, from the designs of Arnolfo. One of the finest monuments in it, is that to the memory of Alfieri, the poet. It is entirely of white marble; and exhibits a sarcophagus, with a *mascaron* at each of the four corners. A female figure crowned with flowers is represented weeping. A garland of flowers surrounds the base, which is oval, and on the top, there is a lyre between two crowns, and an appropriate inscription underneath. Another monument here to the memory of *Machiavelli*, is simple, but very elegant. It exhibits a figure of Justice with this inscription:—

Tanto homini nullum par elogium.

Nicolaus Machiavelli.

Obiit ann. A.P.CMDCXXVII.

Nardini, the celebrated musician; Fantonia, mathematician; Peter Aretino; and the illustrious Galileo, have also their monuments here. Lastly is a plain monument of Michael Angelo, exhibiting his bust, sculptured by himself, with three crowns, and which has for exergue *tergeminis tollit honoribus*. Beneath is a sarcophagus, and, at its base, three figures representing painting, sculpture, and architecture, deploring the loss they have sustained. Another decoration is a picture, painted by himself, of Jesus Christ and the Holy Woman.

It was not till the year 1737, that *Viviani's* executors could obtain leave to erect the memorial in this place, and to remove Galileo's bones into it. The dialogue, containing the matter urged as his principal crime, still continues proscribed in the *index expurgatorius*, revised by Benedict XIV, in 1758, along with the works of Bacon, Copernicus, Kepler, Descartes, and Foscarini.

The chapel of *Nicolini* belonging to this church, ought to be noticed on account of the mausoleums, statues, paintings, and frescos, with which it is decorated. The choir, the sacristy, and the convent of S. Croce, exhibit some of the best paintings which distinguished the restoration of the art, by Giotto, Cimabue, and Margheritoni; the library, the no-

viciate, and the chapel *Pazzi di Brunellesco*, are worth seeing.

The churches of Florence possess one charm in a manner peculiar to themselves, and that is an intimate connexion with the memory of the great men who flourished in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, and from Florence diffused the light of literature over the western world. There are few churches in this city which are not ennobled by the tombs of some or other of these personages; scarce one that does not present to the eye, inscribed on marble or bronze, some illustrious and well known name.

#### MUSEUM.

This is to the right of the palace *Pitti*. Admittance here is free from eight till twelve o'clock twice a week, but it is difficult to get in after eight, although egress is permitted at any time; this regulation is to prevent students being too much annoyed with crowds of the idle and curious. The public are indebted to the Grand Duke, Leopold, for this establishment, who purchased from the *Torrigiani* family a great number of the objects contained here; this has been preserved in all its original integrity. This cabinet has been enriched by *Fontana*, a celebrated physician of Florence. The staircase, ornamented with the portraits of several learned men, leads to the apartments which contain every thing relative to science. Several curiosities, particularly the anatomical figures in wax,

are executed to the highest degree of perfection. Sixteen halls, and two galleries, are nearly filled with the most complete models of anatomy, of both sexes. These are deposited in glass cases, upright and recumbent in proportion with the human figure, but some parts of them are properly veiled from the public eye. The muscles, the blood vessels, and the nerves, are exhibited with an accuracy nearly approaching nature.

Wax was first used in imitating anatomy by Zumbo, a Sicilian of a melancholy, mysterious cast, some of whose works are preserved here. "Three of these (says a modern traveller) bear the gloomy character of the artist, who has exhibited the horrible details of the plague, and the charnel house, including the decomposition of bodies through every stage of putrefaction; the blackening, the swelling, the bursting of the trunk; the worm, the rat, and the tarantula at work; and the mushroom springing fresh in the midst of corruption." A small model of this description, is to be seen in this Museum; it deserves notice, being executed with great skill. It represents a church yard, wherein are observed, widows, parents, and children weeping over the tombs of their relatives, the expression of their countenances are finely executed, the disgusting remains of those whom they bewail, are perceived by one side of these sepulchres, being left open; the contrast points out a useful lesson, shows the inutility of grief, and the hideous objects, that the almost frantic sur-

vivors are seen lamenting over these tombs, which they appear almost anxious to remove, and again embrace the horrid remains which they contain.

The objects of natural history likewise constitute a gallery. Even the birds preserved here are represented sitting upon branches with their names and their nests underneath; however these birds, as well as some other articles, are going rapidly to decay for want of funds. Besides the proper arrangement of stones, as bezoars, natural and artificial, dried fish are classed under *apodes jugulares*, *thoracici*, and *abdominales*; and various apartments are assigned for serpents, lizards, dragons, adders, stellios, etc. ranged in order, and preserved in spirits of wine; and, in fact, to every curiosity in the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms; a handsome library of thirteen thousand volumes is added, arranged as follows: I. Astronomy, Simple Mathematics. II. Physics, General Philosophy. III. Natural History. IV. Medicine, Surgery, and Anatomy. V. Chemistry. VI. Dictionaries, Encyclopedias, Various Arts. VII. Acts of the Academy, and Periodical Works. VIII. Geography, Voyages, Chronology. IX. Various Manuscripts. At the bottom of this library is the portrait of *Galileo*. For the professors of Zoology and Botany there is a separate apartment; the plants in the botanical garden are arranged according to the classification of *Linnæus*. The plants are cultivated by *Piccioli* under the direction of a

professor. The Georgophilian, or Agricultural Society, also holds its sittings at this museum. Among the minerals in this collection is to be observed a piece of *lapis lazuli*, on which a complete landscape may be distinctly traced, representing a cottage in winter, a boat frozen up in a river, some trees, and two human figures. Several specimens of Derbyshire spar also appear in this collection.

The museum of Florence is not only an exhibition, but a place of instruction. Several professors' chairs are established here: lectures are delivered on Mineralogy on Monday; on Chemistry on Wednesday, and so on through the week. To complete this establishment, a *Specola*, or observatory, has been erected, and furnished with instruments made by the late Mr. Ramsden of London.

#### LIBRARIES.

The Laurentian library received its name from the church Saint Lorenzo, to which it was formerly joined. It was founded by the Medicis, to deposit the manuscripts which they had collected in the Hebrew, Chaldean, the Syriac, Sclavonian, Greek, and Latin languages. A catalogue of these, six thousand in number, has been published at Florence, in eight volumes folio, by M. Bandini. M. del Furia, the librarian, resides in some of the apartments. Several curious works have been removed from this library, from time to time, of which no account can be given at present.

The Marucellian Library was founded in



the last century by M. Marucelli, a Florentine, and prelate of Rome. It is situated in the *Via Larga*, and is rich in classics; historical works; the first editions of the fifteenth century, and a number of manuscripts left by the illustrious *Salvini*. It is open on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, in the forenoon.

The Magliabecchian Library is in the building called the Offices. Magliabecchi at his death left his own books, and other support, towards this institution. This is expressed in an inscription placed under his bust in white marble. The face of this bust, like that of its original, is by no means flattering. Here are a great number of early printed books, exclusive of a number of manuscripts from the Strozzi library. The binding of the books here, as every where else in Italy, is mostly in parchment. Since the suppression of some of the convents here, there are some other apartments furnished with the books they possessed, and these are open every morning.

The Riccardian Library, is a private property, and one of the finest and richest in Florence. It is under the direction of the learned *Abbate Fontana*. It is, in fact, a part of the palace *Riccardi*, as there is a way to it from thence through three halls furnished with ancient busts. In another part of this building there are five apartments, furnished with paintings by the best masters. The library is properly a long slip, with the roof painted in fresco, containing a great number of apart-

ments, filled with books of all descriptions. But, in 1812, even this excellent establishment was upon the point of being shut up, in consequence of the embarrassments under which the proprietor laboured. Near the entrance is a chapel erected by Leo X, who was of the family of the Medicis. The altar, richly decorated, is encircled with human skeletons, covered with gilt stuff; but these are the bones of saints collected by the piety of his ancestors.

Another institution in Florence is called *Ecole Pie*. This house once belonged to the Jesuits; but is, at present, under the direction of regular ecclesiastics, equally as learned as their predecessors, and who now fill the different chairs. The superiors are *MM. de Ricco* and *Cononi*. Writing and elementary geography, rhetoric, morals and the mathematics, are taught here. This college has a good library, with an observatory supplied with astronomical instruments from the funds assigned to it by the Abbé Leonardo Ximenes. Here is also a medical jury, which confers the title of officer of health.

In the hall of the Magliabecchian Library, the Florentine academy holds its sittings; this at present includes all the ancient academies that have been suppressed, with *La Crusca* and *L'Apatisca*. The schools and the academies of the fine arts at Florence have produced some eminent artists. Raffaello Morghen, a pupil of the celebrated Volpato, teaches engraving on copper, with great credit, and

has a very good pupil of his own in Francesco Rainaldi. Engraving upon stone and mosaic work are annexed to these professions.

#### THEATRES.

There are two principal theatres in Florence, La Pergola and Le Cocomero. La Pergola stands in the street of this name, and was built in 1755.

The inside of the theatre La Pergola is spacious and handsome, having five tiers of boxes, but it is so badly lighted, that he who buys a book of the songs of an opera, will find that he must carry it home before he can read it. There is a singular species of vanity and jealousy among the Italian singers and dancers. When several lay claim to equal distinction, the managers, to avoid giving offence, are obliged to have their names printed in a circle or a cross, so that no one may appear to stand first, and a notice is subjoined of *perfetta vicenda* (perfectly equal). On the play-bills, not only all the members of the orchestra; not only the scene-painters and mechanics, but the stage-tailors and mantua makers must be named! Though the Italian theatres are very cheap for persons who sit in the pit, they are extremely expensive to those who possess the boxes. In the first place, the rent of the box itself is very high; but when this is paid, they have not yet the right of entering, but merely of possessing the key, which is of no use without a ticket of admission. And in many places (as at Rome for instance) they

must also pay a servant to stand outside the box-door: when admitted, the chairs are so hard, that those who consult their comfort, or wish to accommodate a lady, must hire cushions of the box-keepers, who keep them for that purpose. Hence, after you have called for ices and refreshments, the expense is commonly 2*l.* 10*s.* 6*d.* sterling, only for the evening's amusement; and, on the first and second nights of the season, the amount is still higher.

The Cocomero is in the heart of the city, and is very much frequented; here they play small pieces, particularly prose comedies, but without singing or dancing. The decorations of the house are very pretty; but there is always a distinction in the quality of the dresses worn by first-rate actors and their inferiors. These obtain a living by playing in different places at different seasons; but the underlings, who play occasionally at Florence, are made up of tradesmen or others, who, having a passion for the stage, are contented to exert their talents in the evening for a very small recompense. These people have no stimulus to arrive at excellence, because they are convinced, that the professed players will always have the preference. During the carnival, six theatres are opened, and the prices of all, that of La Pergola excepted, are considerably lowered. Fencing, by way of interlude, in which the poniard is used as well as the sword, is very much admired here: this is called *abbattimenti*. Among other popular divertise-

ments, the chariot races on St. John's eve in the square of S. Maria Nuova; the Festa delle Berucolone; the same of Calcio, or foot-ball; the *Signores*, the *Casinos*, and the *Conversazioni* are the principal.

*Fountains.*—The fountains that embellish the squares, as well as those in other parts of the city, are supplied with water from the reservoir a little beyond *Boboli*. That in the square of *S. Croce*, is supplied by an aqueduct which conveys the water from Arcetti.

*Promenades.* — Two promenades are the most fashionable here: *Boboli*, which belongs to the palace of Pitti, and the *Poggio Imperiale*, near the Roman gate. At the entrance of this walk are two pillars, one supporting the figure of a lion, and the other that of a she-wolf, emblematical of Tuscany and Siena. Further on, are the statues of Homer, Virgil, Dante, and Petrarch. Here a long avenue commences with narrower alleys on each side, beautifully shaded with the oak and the vine. This walk terminates in a piece of ground enclosed by a balustrade, ornamented with statues. Leopold the Good used frequently to walk here without guards, attended by a few friends.

*Boboli*, a mixture of the English and old formal French style. One part of it is dedicated to botanical purposes; this garden joins the south wing of the palace Pitti, and as the ground is extremely unequal, it is not very pleasant walking either in summer or winter. Besides it is commanded by a small fort called

the Belvedere Fort; there is a most extensive prospect, which, even in winter, presents a landscape that may be considered truly Italian. As most of the trees are evergreens, they are so cut and trimmed as to form long and well shaded walks; but the fountains never play, unless some person of distinction is present.

The *Isola* is a charming place, having in its centre a large basin of granite more than twenty feet in diameter, and decorated with a colossal statue of Neptune, with three rivers at his feet, the Ganges, the Nile, and the Euphrates, pouring their tribute into the ocean. Some of the grottos in this garden are adorned with grotesque figures not very delicate.

The most fashionable promenade is that of the carriages, which, setting out from the gate of S. Gallo, traverse the whole city as far as the Roman gate, and sometimes proceed as far as Poggio Imperiale, where they take some refreshment till about the time the theatre opens. Still the promenade most frequented of all is along the banks of the *Arno*, or rather upon the quays; here, from noon till three o'clock, good company is always to be found, particularly in winter, on account of its being completely sheltered from the north wind. This place is uncommonly crowded in carnival time; because here the masks of all descriptions may be seen defiling from the square of S. Croce.

Another promenade for the purpose of creating an appetite, commences at the gate of



*del Prato*, and continuing along the side of the *Arno*, leads to a plantation of large trees in the midst of delightful meadows. The garden, known by the name of *Vaga loggia*, is divided by a canal from the *Arno*; this is much frequented in spring and summer, particularly in the evening, when the shade of the elms and the mulberry trees is most agreeable, and the water most refreshing. The cassinos at the end of this place, are surrounded with groves and rivulets. What was formerly the stables of the Grand Duke are now converted into cow-houses, affording in summer the refreshment of milk. etc. Following the course of the walls within the city, from the *Porta del Prato* to the street *Val Fonda*, opposite the entrance to the fortress, many tennis players may be seen; besides this is a rendezvous for the gayest of the females in humble life, who, with others, come there to display their attractions.

*The Gallery.*—This is situated above the colonade of the *Via Finzi*, which opens into the *Piazza del Gran Duca*. It is free, and open every day, Fridays and Sundays excepted, and is the most valuable treasure that Florence possesses. It is an immense building on the side of the *Arno*, near the old palace. The apartments on the ground floor were lately occupied as public offices. Florence is indebted to the family of the Medici for this foundation, the different branches of which, for many centuries vied with each other in enlarging and beautifying it. Lorenzo di

Medici was the patron of Michael Angelo, and founded an academy for painters and statuary, which gave birth to the famous Florentine school. Cosmo the First had the celebrated building erected by Vasari in the sixteenth century, which the stranger still passes through with admiration. The great archduke Leopold, generously separating the interest of his family from that of the state, declared this gallery the property of the nation. In 1800, the Florentines had the precaution to convey their most valuable statues and pictures to Sicily, from whence they have since been returned. In the front hall stand the busts of the princes, who have enriched this gallery.

Besides halls and chambers, the gallery consists of three passages filled with the works of art. The ceilings represent the history of the arts, as the pictures in the shortest of these passages do the Tuscan history in general. M. Lorenzo Caponi, who supported four thousand men during a famine, stands in one part; America Vespucci, who gave his name to a quarter of the world, in another; the philosopher Machiavelli in a third; and Galileo in a fourth. Among the poets are Dante and Petrarch; and among the statuary, Michael Angelo and Bandinelli. The list of painters contains Leonardo da Vinci and Andrea del Sarto. Eminent writers on agriculture are justly esteemed worthy of this honourable situation. Close underneath this ceiling is a beautiful series of five hundred

prints of famous men, in chronological order, among whom are the names of several cardinals and theologians.

Among the busts here is that of Otho, with his bare head, the hair of which was so short and thin, that his murderers could not lay hold of him by it. The jolly face of Vitellius, who spent in less than a year, nine millions of sesterces for suppers, is pleasant enough to look at. Three busts of the good Marcus Aurelius represent him as a youth and as a man. A fine bust of Caracalla is called by connoisseurs « the last sigh of the art. » Here is also the head of Aquilia, a vestal, compelled to marry *Heliogabalus*. The bust of Alexander Severus is very rare; this was lately dug up at Otricoli; and there is only one more in the museum at Rome. Here is also the head of *Tranquilla* or *Tranquillina*, the emperor Gordian's spouse, which indicates that she bore her name with great propriety. Among the statues, a satyr or Pan, teaching a youth to blow a flute, is so fine, that many believe it to be one of the satyrs of which Pliny makes such honourable mention. That of a supposed vestal is noticed for its perfect condition; a veil conceals her hair. The Venus of Belvedere is ascribed to Phidias. Bacchus, starting at a young faun, is extremely pretty. A flute with ten reeds, leaning against a tree near him, is an addition to be seen nowhere else. A pretty female figure, with a goose, is only noticeable on account of being frequently met with in this and other galleries. Ve-

nus Anadyomene rising out of the water, as in the famous picture of Apelles, mentioned by Pliny, is a charming woman; while a flayed Marsias, in reddish marble, looks like raw flesh. The famous Laocoon, is only a copy of that which was removed to Paris, and is now at Rome, executed by Bandinelli in the sixteenth century.

A fine octagon hall, denominated the Tribune, contains some of the statues supposed to be the most valuable. In the centre the Medicean Venus appears in a superior situation, to that she occupied in the Museum of Napoleon. The famous Apollino, or the Grinder, as he is called, the Wrestlers, and the Fauns by Praxiteles, stand in a circle. In the body of the hall, the groupe of Niobe is placed. Among the pictures is a collection of old paintings, and with these the monk *Schwartz*, sitting in his laboratory, and inventing gunpowder. In the mortar used by him, these words are to be read: *Pulvis excogitatus, 1334, Daniel Bartoldo Schwartz*. A representation of the primitive ages affords a ludicrous example of the author's ideas of innocence: children are standing and making water in the river. A Judith cutting off the head of Holofernes is done by a lady. Lucretia, the wife of Andrea del Sarto, is a pleasing object, when known to be the performance of a tender husband. A Christ at the tomb is finely drawn by Michael Wohlgemuth, the master of the great Albert Durer. The waterfall of Tivoli is painted by Wutky. A fine painting

of the Crucifixion, by Octavian Semini, a Genoese.

Among the portraits of Vandyke, that of his aged mother is the greatest honour which filial love could devise. Here is also a Madonna suckling her child, by Leonardo da Vinci; another by Tasso Ferrato; a scene from *Ariosto*, by Guido Reni; the Marchioness de Sévigné and her daughter; the Theseus, by Poussin; the sacrifice of Iphigenia, by Le Brun; the poet Rousseau, by Cargittiere; several pictures by Durer, Rubens, and Holbein. Luther and his wife, by Lodovico Caracci; Rembrandt's black pictures; others by Raffaello; Albano's groupe of children, Titian's Venus, etc. etc.

This gallery is no less rich in portraits and drawings; as, however, none but connoisseurs can duly appreciate these, the only manifest proof of the changes and improvements, are the *pentimenti*, or touches, which some great masters have made in their own drawings. The Etruscan vases and the antique bronzes are equally curious. Among a number of little household gods, here is a Roman eagle that once served as a banner to the twenty-fourth legion; an open hand (*manipulus*) which served the same purpose for a cohort; a mural crown, with helmets, spurs, bucklers, rings, necklaces, mirrors of metal, innumerable lamps of every form, household utensils, tripods, locks, keys, etc. Here is also an old manuscript in wax, containing the expenses of Philip the Fair in one day's journey.

The statue of an orator in bronze is a charming Etruscan antique. The famous Mercury of John of Bologna is represented as soaring aloft in the air on the breath of a zephyr. To extract the most remarkable inscriptions in Latin and Greek, and those from the Egyptian monuments, would be almost endless. The same may be said of the cameos, the intaglios, etc. the catalogue of which alone occupies volumes. By a bill at the entrance to this gallery, strangers are requested to give nothing to the attendants, who, from the highest to the lowest, are strictly prohibited from the acceptance of any *douceur* whatsoever. In one of the wings behind the principal gallery, are a range of smaller apartments called *Studiolos*, and each one is respectively named after the country of the artist whose paintings are there preserved; thus, there are the Flemish, German, French, Genoese, Roman, Neapolitan, and other *Studiolos*.

Many of the halls belonging to this gallery may be deemed *museums* themselves: they contain numbers of curiosities: a superb *torso* of the finest oriental alabaster, supporting an infant Nero; a magnificent vase of yellow amber, through which the genealogy of the house of Brandenburg is reflected; a cabinet in lapis lazuli; a fine table with fruits and flowers composed of precious stones; twelve statues of amber sculptured in a masterly manner; a beautiful table, exhibiting a hundred and twenty-five different specimens of



marble. The repertories, which preserve these curiosities, are generally called Studiolo; but lastly, here is the Gabinetto dell Gemmai, or Hall of Jewels, in which are several chests, filled with vases of agate or jasper; a dish of granite, of surprising volume; heads and other curious and rich engravings in *aigue marine*, *turquoise*, chrysolites, and topaz. Here is also a table of *lapis lazuli*, in equal parts, representing the city of Leghorn, as it appeared in 1540, one of the finest pieces of incrustation of the sort that Florence ever produced: it is said to have cost 40,000 crowns. In a word, every apartment affords something of this nature, rendering any written description extremely difficult and defective. See the Catalogue published at Florence, entitled *La Galerie Impériale de Florence*, 8vo. pp. 187.

A gallery, or *Loggia*, as it is called, is a portico connected with the offices here, and adorned with the Perseus of Benvenuto Cellini, a Judith of Donatello, the rape of the Sabines by John of Bologna. On one of the walls we read, that till the middle of the preceding century, the Florentines began their year on the twenty-fifth of March. Three of the arcades of this building look towards the old palace. This edifice was begun in 1355, and besides being an ornament to the gallery, serves as a place of shelter for the people in hot or rainy weather. Underneath the Judith of Donatello, we read

*Publicæ Salutis Exemplum. Civ. Pos.*

A piece of advice offered by the Republican government of Florence, to persons disposed to seize upon the supreme authority. The pedestals of all these figures in this portico are ornamented with bas-reliefs in bronze, which have some connection with the history of Cosmo.

*The School of the Fine Arts, Intaglios, etc.* The School of the Fine Arts is a noble establishment: it is held in a *ci-devant* religious house. Here a suite of rooms exhibit plaisters of all sorts, busts, pictures, and designs, which are given to young students to copy on the spot. M. Benvenuti, an able painter himself, is the director of this institution; and a gallery of the best pictures, from the suppressed churches, has lately been formed. M. Giovanni Alessandria is the President of this school. Masters of every kind have also been appointed, and a Professor of mythological history; and there is a separate hall for the naked figures. The scholastic year commences on the 2d of November, and concludes at the end of September following.

The school for the works *en pierre de rapport*, or *Intaglios*, is under the management of MM. Siriez, father and son. It was instituted during the reign of Cosmo I, and is now brought to the highest degree of perfection. Here, as a prodigy, is to be seen a square of *lapis lazuli*, six feet by three; the centre exhibits a military trophy, with a crown at each of the extremities; the whole bordered by Etruscan. A gallery for the display of all

the curiosities here, has been lately opened.

#### SOCIETY AND MANNERS.

The manners of the people of Florence are so nearly allied to the mildness of the climate, that travellers, satiated with the pleasures of Venice, the majestic beauties of Rome, and the pleasing prospects of Naples, come to Florence, to enjoy the sweets of a free communication, the principal charm of society. In this, the citizen copies the court, and without culpability or restraint. With respect to urbanity of manners, next to Parma, there is no place to be compared with Florence. The Florentine, though by no means a flatterer in his manner of receiving strangers, loves to communicate with them.

The great at Florence are pleasant, and without *hauteur*; and the people more polished than other places in Italy, are by no means deficient in respect to those above them. But what is most to their praise, this deference to their superiors is not grounded upon any return of interest. They take considerable pleasure in their public spectacles, particularly in the *abbattimenti*, a kind of dance, with an exhibition of the sword or poniard. They are not averse to games of exercise, particularly *calcio*, or foot-ball. The great prefer the chariot-races. The fair-sex are attached to parties at the casino, or conversazioni, where they give free scope to all the gaiety of their character. The female fashions here are neither French nor English,

but often a mixture of both. However, the amiability of the Florentine ladies is very attractive to the stranger.

On *Easter Eve*, all the farmer's round Florence collect in the cathedral, to watch the motions of an artificial dove ; which, just as the priests begin *Gloria in Excelsis*, bursts away from the choir, glides along the nave on a rope, sets fire to a combustible car in the street, and then flies back to its port. The eyes of every peasant are wistfully rivetted on the sacred puppet, and express a deep interest in its flight ; for all their hopes of a future harvest depend on its safe return to the altar. "*Quando va bene la colombina, va bene il Fiorentino,*" is an old adage, common in this part of Tuscany.

IMPROVISATORI.—Extemporaneous poetry is brought to considerable perfection at Florence, and has long been such a custom in private circles, as at length to become an object of speculation ; so that the Italian bards now pace the streets, and address strangers newly arrived at the inns, to hear a sonnet, etc. which will be more or less brilliant according to the reward given. The *Improvisatori* of Florence possess various degrees of merit ; and among those who are most distinguished at present, are Signora Mazzai, wife of the advocate Landi, who delivers Latin verse, and Signora Fantastici. These extemporaneous poetical effusions, which derive a great share of their felicity from the abundance of vowels in the Italian language,

so favourable to their rhymes, are, among the higher circles, mostly accompanied with music, by which they are considerably assisted; while the auditors of the lower classes are compelled to content themselves with the harmony of the verse, and the total absence of other sweet sounds. The celebrated original of Madame de Staël's *Corinna* is still living in Italy.

#### COMMERCE, MANUFACTURES, etc.

Very excellent satins and silks are manufactured at Florence, particularly the plain sorts: the same may be said of woollens of every species. Dyeing is in great perfection, especially black. The manufacture of carriages here is very elegant; and the musical instruments are excellent in their kind, particularly the piano forte; mathematical instruments, etc. In a word, Florence abounds with industrious and ingenious mechanics. There is a kind of mock Mosaic here, an admirable imitation. The *Mortadelles*, or sausages of Florence, are also famous in Italy, Germany, and France; as are the candied fruits, the essences, and sweet-scented waters made here. The wine in the vicinity of Florence is excellent, and much of it is exported.

#### ENVIRONS OF FLORENCE.

Proceeding through the gate of St. Gallo, among the royal residences worth attention, is the Carreggia, famous for the Platonic assemblage of learned men under Lorenzo the

Magnificent. At Castello, three miles from the gate of *Prato*, there is a house delightfully situated at the foot of Mount Murello, ornamented with statues and paintings. *La Petraia*, a trifling distance from thence, contains several paintings from Volterrano. *Poggi*, a small distance from the Roman gate, used to contain, among others, the statue of Adonis, the *chef-d'œuvre* of Michael Angelo. The road to Pisa, along the Arno, is through a rich and fertile champaign country. Upon a height, to the left, is the church and monastery of the Olivetans. About five miles on the same road, and on the left, is *Castel Pulci*, the villa of Riccardi; and two miles further, the Abbey of S. Salvatore a Settimo.

On both sides of Signa, there is a continuance of fine houses. At Signa we pass the Arno, and enter upon the road to Pistoja. At L'Imbrogiana there is another royal house.

Empoli is a rich and well peopled place. It is situated in the midst of a fertile plain. Here, and at *Montelupo*, are several earthenware manufactures, and another very famous for hats. The *Osteria Bianca* is near the cross-road to *Sienna*, through *Poggibonzi*.

Fiesole, about two miles distant, is most conspicuous and attractive; for, as the ground rises all the way between this place and the city, the traveller has an opportunity of seeing a number of country houses, and the churches of St. Dominic, St. Bartholomew, and the suppressed Abbey of St. Jerome. In consequence of the wars that raged



several centuries successively, *Fiesole* was destroyed; and a considerable number of its inhabitants carried off by the conquerors to Florence. However, the cathedral remained, and the ruins of the ancient castle, with the church of Saint Alexander, now reduced to a cemetery. Fiesole, though thus divested of every thing but its lofty situation, offers a complete view of Florence and Arno's flowery vale; the delightful purlieus of the Abbey of Vallombrosa, etc. prospects which realize the poet's picture of the Apennines.

Monti superbi, la cui fronte Alpina  
Fa di se contro i venti argine e sponda!  
Valli beate, per cui d'onda in onda  
L'Arno con passo signoril cammina!

Strangers should not neglect visiting the church and monastery of the Chartreuse, upon the road to Sienna, where the works of several celebrated painters are still to be seen. From the church of St. Francis of the Mount, there is an excellent prospect of the whole town of S. Miniato, remarkable for its antiquity, and for its manufacture of the porcelain of Ginori.

The environs of Florence in general present a very beautiful perspective, which, so far as diversity of prospect is concerned, are equal to any city in Italy. Whoever walks over the Apennines to visit the city will be greatly entertained by the rising and falling gradations of the earth. You first wander slowly upwards through vine mountains, with which chesnut woods, at a certain height, combine;

and, where these terminate, the oaks commence. Here, as you approach nearer Florence, some of the productions of the warmer climates appear; and, among them, the pale olive; but let the traveller beware of tasting: the fruit, however well coloured it may be, is horribly bitter, and the taste will not go out of the mouth the whole day after; nothing but smoking tobacco will remove it.

If we do not know beforehand that we have passed the Tuscan frontiers, we soon discover it by the industry, cleanliness, cheerfulness, and beauty, which pervade this country. The peasant girls, in their round hats, adorned with flowers, look charmingly. The view of Florence, with the surrounding hills and houses dispersed on them, is also fine and handsome, and the country all round this Tuscan capital at once delights and animates the spectator.

Pratolino, about six miles from Florence, is the site of one of the most celebrated of the late Grand Duke's palaces. It was built about the middle of the sixteenth century. In its architecture there is nothing remarkable; but its gardens enclose a colossal statue of the *Apennine*, whose interior is hollowed into caverns, and watered by perpetual springs and fountains. At some distance farther on, is an ancient convent on the summit of Monte Senario.

Mr. Addison remarks that, in the descriptions which the Latin poets have given us of the Apennines (which the traveller begins to

ascend a little beyond *Pelago*) we may observe in them all the qualities of this prodigious length of mountains that run from one extremity of Italy to the other, and give rise to an incredible variety of rivers that water this delightful country.

In pomp the shady Apennines arise  
 And lift th' aspiring nation to the skies;  
 No land like Italy attracts the sight  
 By such a vast ascent, or swells to such a height;  
 Her num'rous states the tow'ring hills divide,  
 And see the billows rise on either side;  
 At Pisa here the range of mountains ends:  
 And here to high Ancona's shore extends:  
 In their dark womb a thousand rivers lie  
 That with continued streams the double sea supply.

ADDISON.

Florence itself is supposed to have received its name from *Flora*, on account of the favourable smiles of this goddess during the season of flowers. All that can be depended upon as to the origin of this city, is, that the Romans, during the times of their kings, used to send their noble youth to Florence to learn the science of angury; returning from which, they were admitted into the college of the *Aruspices*. About sixty years previous to the Christian era, the Romans established a colony here, which impressed the Etruscan character with a degree of martial genius, to which it had before been a stranger. By right of conquest, Florence at length passed under the Roman yoke, and soon after had its arena, its hippodrome, an amphitheatre, and its highways. When Rome ceased to be under the Imperial diadem, Florence was the first

city in the empire which assumed a republican form of government. The Goths attacked and razed the city: it rose again under Charlemagne. Restored to itself, it elected consuls to govern it; and from thence grown powerful by commerce, it made war upon Pisa, Lucca, and Sienna. It even carried its arms against Rome, Venice, and Milan; and, if sometimes overwhelmed by the number of its enemies, it never was more powerful than when it contended with them one by one.

Long it did not enjoy the sweets of victory, when it was torn by factions; the blacks and the whites, the Guelphs and the Ghibellines alternately carried death and mourning into all the principal families. These were succeeded by other factions when the house of Medici was born to re-establish the happiness of the country. Florence owed much to this family; and, if the memory of the female branches ought to sink into oblivion, the males will and must partake of immortality, at least as long as any memory of the arts can be preserved. Florence, and Tuscany at large, are indebted to the mild and amiable Leopold for that happiness and prosperity which was only interrupted by the late war.

*Soil and Agriculture of Tuscany.*—Tuscany comprises three regions entirely distinct. The Arno, flowing through its smiling valley, forms in the midst of the mountains a hollow of which Florence occupies the centre, and which extends south as far as Cortona, and west to Pisa. Near the sea, this hollow,

which is frequently very narrow, opens into a vast smooth plain that has been left by the waters.

The right bank of the Arno is bordered by the high chain of the Apennines; the left bank extends to the sea and to the frontiers of the States of the Church. It presents an unequal irregular surface, the soil of which has little fertility, and the air generally unwholesome; with eminences crowned by ruins of all ages.

The Apennine region comprises the two-sixths of the whole extent of Tuscany; the rich valley of the Arno only one-sixth; the three other sixths occupy the region known by the name of the *Maremma*; which we have already described, and of which *Sienna* may be considered the capital.

Thus the fertile and cultivated part of Tuscany, which we have now to describe, is confined to one-sixth of its extent. We have already exhibited to the traveller a sketch of the character and physiognomy of the Apennines, in which nothing appears to the eye but vallies ravaged by torrents, heaps of ruins, woody declivities, and wild pastures.—The same features recur in the Apennines of Tuscany, though somewhat milder; the summits of the hills being less elevated, the declivities not so steep, with fresher pastures and vallies better inhabited. But, like all the rest of the Apennines, the population is poor, fed on chesnuts, and supported by the profits of the work which they procure by emigrating

to Florence, to Leghorn, the *Val d'Arno*, and the mines in the Isle of Elba.

The course of the Arno above Florence traverses the *Val de Chiana*; this valley resembles in every respect the *Val d'Arno* which extends from Florence to the sea. . It will be sufficient therefore to describe the latter, in order to make the reader acquainted with the whole valley watered by that river.

In following the road to *Pistoia* and *Lucca* as far as Pisa, we continue on the right bank of the Arno, and follow the foot of the Apennines. Forests of olive-trees cover the foot of these mountains, and their foliage conceals an infinite number of little farm-houses, which people all the base of these mountains. On the upper slope grow chesnuts, whose vigorous verdure contrasts with the pale tint of the olive, and forms a noble crown to this magnificent amphitheatre.

The road is bordered on each side by cottages scarce a hundred steps from each other; thought built of brick, they have a justness of proportion and an elegance of form unknown in our climates. They consist only of a single pavilion, which has frequently only one door and two windows in front. These houses are always placed at some distance from the road, and are separated from it by a wall breast-high, and a terrace a few feet in breadth. On the wall are commonly vases of antique form, from which rise aloes, flowers, or young orange trees. The house itself is entirely covered with vines, and in front are



swarms of young girls dressed in white linen, with silk corsets, and straw hats ornamented with flowers, and put sideways on their head. They are incessantly occupied in preparing the fine straw which is the treasure of this valley, and of which the Leghorn hats are made.

This manufacture is the source of the prosperity of the *Val d'Arno*; it brings three millions of livres annually, which are divided solely among the women of this country, for the men do not meddle with this work in the least. Each girl purchases for a few sous the straw that she wants, tries to plait it as fine as possible, and sells the hats she makes herself and for her own profit; which in length of time forms her marriage portion. The father of the family has a right however to exact from the women of his house a certain quantity of work in his farm, which is performed by women from the mountains, who are paid by the girls of the plain from the produce of their hats, to do the work in their place. In fact, they gain from 30 to 40 sous a day by plaiting their straw, while they can get a poor workwoman from the Apennines for 8 or 10. They also assert that any rough labour would harden their fingers, and deprive them of the agility necessary for the fineness of their work.

These are the peasant girls of the *Val d'Arno* so much celebrated by travellers for their beauty, and whom Alfieri used to go and visit to study their language; they may

truly be called Arcadian shepherdesses, for in fact they are not peasants, being never exposed to heat, toil or fatigue, and consequently always preserve their native charms.

It is said that two acres of ground are sufficient to supply all the straw used for the manufacture of hats in Tuscany. This straw is procured from a kind of unbearded wheat, cut before it is quite ripe, and which has been bleached by the sterility of the soil. The spot is chosen among the calcareous hills; it is never manured, and the seed is sown very thick.

These numerous habitations, so near each other, sufficiently show that the farms themselves are very limited, and that property is prodigiously divided in these vallies. Their extent, in fact, is from three to ten acres, they are situated round the house, and are divided into compartments by small canals and rows of trees. These are sometimes mulberry, but almost always poplar, the leaves of which serve as food for animals. Each bears a vine-plant, the branches of which are twisted by the farmer in a thousand different directions.

These compartments, arranged in long squares, are spacious enough to be ploughed with a plough without wheels, and two oxen. Ten or twelve farmers have a pair of these animals among them; and they employ them successively to plough all the farms. These oxen come from the Roman State and from the Maremmas; they are of the Hungarian

breed, are extremely well kept, and are covered with pieces of white linen, ornamented with a great deal of embroidery and red fringe.

Almost every farm keeps a neat elegant horse, which is harnessed to a little cart with two wheels, neatly made and painted red; it serves for carrying every thing about the farm, and especially to take the farmer's daughters to mass and to balls. On holidays all the roads are covered with hundreds of these little cars, flying in all directions, and conveying young women adorned with flowers and ribands.

The farms in the Val d'Arno have not forage enough to keep cows; and therefore they only rear heifers, which they buy at three months old, and keep till they are eighteen, when they sell them to the butchers, and replace them with younger ones. The drivers bring these heifers to the fairs of the Val d'Arno from the pastures of the Marmemmas.

This custom arises from the rotation of crops adopted in these vallies. There being no natural meadow, the leaves of trees, the remains of vegetables, and a little clover is the only food provided for the cattle. The rotation of crops is not irrevocably fixed, but is most commonly as follows:

- |             |   |
|-------------|---|
| First year. | Indian corn, haricos, peas or other legumes, manured. |
| Second....  | The same; corn.                                       |
| Third.....  | Winter beans,   |

Fourth.... Same; corn.

Fifth..... Same; clover, sown after the corn, cut in the spring and followed by *sorgo*.

That is to say, six crops in five years, of which only one is for cattle.

The *sorgo* is a sort of large parsnip which affords a coarse flower of which a bad soup and polenta are made.

These different crops, though only once manured in five years, are nevertheless very fine. This is to be attributed to the nature of the soil, which is alluvial, deep and fertile; to its being cultivated with the most minute care; to the crops being happily intercalated with each other, and finally to the extreme vicinity of the habitations; which furnish them that chemical manure, the action of which escapes our senses, but which experience forces us to admit.

Thus this immense population lives on the produce of this soil so subdivided; but they live with severe economy, and never gather enough to lay up any thing in reserve, or to provide against a bad year; they are then assisted by the port of Leghorn and the markets of the Romagna; and they find exchanges in the produce of their vines, their oil, and their straw hats. But neither the natural fertility of this soil, nor its abundant productions constitute the happiness of its inhabitants; for the number of individuals among whom this total produce is to be divided allows but a very small portion for the enjoyment of each.

In fact, we have hitherto described a charming country, well-watered, fertile, and covered with perpetual vegetation; we have shown it divided into millions of enclosures, which, like so many squares in a garden, give birth to a thousand varied productions; while in front of all these enclosures are elegant dwellings mantled with vines and decorated with flowers. But on entering the houses, we find a total absence of all the conveniencies of life, a table more than frugal, and a destitute appearance. None of these families are proprietors of the house they inhabit; but are farmers, who pay the proprietor the half of all the crops in kind.

The proprietors are fixed in the numerous towns of the fertile vallies of Tuscany; several of them possess as many as 100 farms; and a very great number have ten, twenty, and thirty. The population is thus divided into two classes, who never mix with each other; the city-proprietors, and the peasants who are not proprietors. To them must be added the merchants and artisans, also inhabitants of the towns, and this will explain the number and population of those towns.

It is astonishing to think of the capital that must have been distributed through this Val d' Arno in order to divide property to such a degree, to build the innumerable farm-houses, and to stock them with all that was wanting; and this astonishment will increase when we examine besides the general system which it became necessary to establish in order to pro-

tect the vallies from the ravages of inundations.

Placed between two chains of mountains, one of which is very high, the valley of the Arno was periodically devastated by a number of torrents which rushed from the mountains loaded with stones and earth. It was necessary therefore at one and the same time to master these waters, to restrain their ravages, and nevertheless to derive benefit from their irrigation and from the earth which they brought down with them.

To accomplish this they hit on the expedient of confining the course of all these torrents with strong walls, and thus converting them into so many canals. They received a strait direction, in order that the violence of the waters might not overturn any angle, and that they might deposit their stones in the very bed which they run over. At certain distances, openings were contrived at the mean level of the current, that the waters might escape laterally and rest upon the ground in order to deposit the slime they bring along with them. A multitude of successive canals divide the principal current, and while they temper its violence, benefit the land around by the irrigation of their waters. These canals are so prodigiously subdivided that there is not a square of land that is not surrounded by them. They are all lined with walls of brick cut at right angles.

Each torrent has to itself a complete system of defense and subdivision, so that the totality



of the vallies is as it were enveloped by a network of little currents which distribute water and freshness throughout. This system requires a multitude of large and small bridges to connect this crowd of little islands, and maintain all the communications between them. The capital employed in the whole concern must have been immense.

But what demanded a much more considerable capital still, was the construction of the great number of cities and towns spread along the course of the Arno. These towns have a character of splendour, which in other countries only belongs to the greatest cities. Their temples, their fountains, their public walks, all their buildings unite with the most perfect elegance an imposing grandeur and majesty. All the capital of Tuscany would not be sufficient at present to build the churches on its soil, with their ornaments, their marble and their porphyry.

This luxury of architecture and this profusion of monuments is particularly striking at *Pistoja*. One might suppose it was a town built as a model and only inhabited by chance; for there are now only 8000, and there were formerly 40,000. The population of all these towns has diminished nearly in the same proportion; and nevertheless the mass is still prodigious. In times of prosperity it must have exceeded all known proportions. These vast constructions deprived of inhabitants now give all these towns an appearance of solitude, which, in the midst

of their palaces, recalls ideas of past splendour.

Beyond Pistoja, the country becomes still more smiling and fertile, the alluvions having made deeper deposits, and because the valley, as it enlarges, removes from the mountains and enjoys a milder climate. The verdure becomes thicker, the crops more plentiful, and the horizon more open.

Near *Pescia*, the road approaches the foot of the Apennines: this pretty town stands against the declivities of a valley covered with olives. One hill, detached from the Apennines, advances alone towards the mouths of the Arno, and separates its valley from the plain of Lucca. The basin of Lucca is much more fertile still than the Val d' Arno. The cultivation is similar but the products are much more abundant. But we do not find here either the same elegance in the cottages, nor the same care in the formation of the canals: every thing is more wild, more neglected, less finished. The women are ill drest, nor has their language or countenance the same charms.

The ancient town of Lucca is in the midst of this plain, and near the course of the *Serchio*. I know not how it happens that this town has not a single Italian feature. Its crooked streets and pointed roofs, with the irregularity of its construction, make it resemble a Flemish town. It would be interesting to have an explanation of this singularity, which I could procure no where, and could not even form a conjecture about it.

To go from Lucca to Pisa, we follow a new road, which traverses along with the Serchio, by a cut in the hill which separates those two towns; and with it we open on the vast plain of Pisa and Leghorn.

On approaching Pisa and the sea, we no longer behold that kitchen-garden cultivation which animates the environs of Florence; trees become scarce, the houses are scattered, and the ploughs go at large in vast fields; there are no longer here those innumerable families of petty farmers; the country is divided into some great farms, which are in the neighbourhood of the *mal' aria*, and on the confines of the pastoral cultivation.

This charming Vale of the Arno is perhaps the most delicious country on the earth. In no country is property more divided, in none has man added so much to nature. He has not left a single brook, but he has constructed thousands of canals: there is not a single green turf, not one of those natural meadows, in which the farmer in mowing them seems to receive a generous gift of the creation: there is not a single clump of wood, not a tree of which nature sowed the seed or directed the antique roots. All is planted and fashioned by man, his presence is felt every where, and he has multiplied his works to infinity. In the horizon alone we perceive that chain of mountains which he has abandoned as it were to providence, and where he has neglected to extend his empire.

This artificial cultivation, by covering all the country with regular plantations, and in-

termixing with them the tendrils of the vine, has proscribed all that native vegetation, all those picturesque forms, and those shaded tints which give so much variety and harmony to nature. Here the tints are uniform and lively, the forms all similar to each other; and the landscape always appears to be seen from a *camera oscura*. This high state of human industry, appears to have been established, or at least to have attained its highest term, about that stormy period when the Tuscan republic flourished; a frightful epoch in history, but magnificent however in those results which still exist.

Between Pisa and the sea, from the mouths of the Serchio to those of the Arno, the waters have left a plain more than a square league in extent, of which the soil mixed with sea-sand is too sterile to be cultivated. It is covered with a fine turf and a forest of ilex. This spot is remarkable for containing a herd of camels, which have been established there ever since the time of the crusades, and were brought over to this place by a Grand-Prior of Pisa, of the order of St. John. These animals are made to perform all the agricultural labours of this district. They furnish individuals also for all the showers of wild beasts in Europe, who can buy a camel here for the moderate sum of six or seven guineas.

## CHAP. IX.

*From Florence to Leghorn by Pisa, and return by Lucca and Pistoja — Journey to Bologna, and thence to Venice.*

No. 18. From FLORENCE to LEGHORN, 65 English miles; 8 posts; 10 hours.

	TIME.	
	POSTS.	h. m.
FLORENCE to La Lastra....	1	1
L'Imbrogiana (1).....	1	1 30
La Scala (2).....	1	1 15
Castel del Bosco.....	1	1 15
Fornacette.....	1	1 30
PISA (3).....	1	1 30
LEGHORN (4).....	2	2

Those who prefer an excursion on the *water*, may go to Pisa, by following the navigation of the Arno, which offers many picturesque and agreeable scenes. However the passage is rather tedious; the traveller also must sleep at a bad inn at Calcinaja.

The road from Florence to Pisa continues along the banks of the Arno, as far as Pisa, amid a rich and fertile country, in a succession of hill and dale. On this route, especially on the approach to Pisa, the traveller will remark the civility of the peasantry, their decent appearance, and good looks; the fine figures and florid complexions of the

INNS.—(1) The Post. (2) The Post. (3) Le Tre Donzelle Hussar. (4) The Golden Cross; l'Auberge Royale; and the Cross of Malta. The Titiano near the Luogo de L'Arno, or quays of the river. The most respectable Caffé is also near the same place.

females, their small black beaver hats and feathers. The neat, clean, and handsome aspect of the Tuscan villas and country seats will also attract attention, being kept in good repair ; they have by no means that air of disorder, neglect, and decay which is so often observed in similar buildings in France, and in the Roman and Neapolitan States. These Tuscan villas are however furnished with only small formal flower gardens and shrubberies. There is no such thing as a lawn to be seen, much less a park. Land here is too valuable for such improvements ; to this, and not to deficiency of taste, must be ascribed the absence of such ornaments as adorn the seats of our English gentlemen. The inhabitants of Signa are remarkable for their manufacture of straw hats, in which the women are chiefly employed. Empoli is a rich and populous town, with several potteries, and a celebrated manufactory of beaver hats. Near La Scala is the small village of S. Miniato. Here lived the ancestors of the family of Bonaparte. We next pass the villages of Pontadera, Fornacette, and Cascina, and arrive at Pisa.

Pisa is an ancient and beautiful town ; it is divided, like Florence, by the Arno, over which it has three bridges, and is situated in a fine open country. One of its bridges, said to be of marble, is by many very much overrated, it being only the exterior of the arches that are edged with that material. A magnificent broad quay on each side the river, the cathedral, baptistery, leaning tower,



churches, etc. give an air of grandeur to Pisa, in spite of its poverty.

It appears to great advantage at some distance, and stands in a fertile plain bounded by the neighbouring Apennines on the north, and on the south open to the Tyrrhenian sea. Fancy loves to trace the origin of Pisa back to the storied period that followed the Trojan war, to connect its history with the fate of the Grecian chiefs, and particularly with the wanderings of the venerable Nestor. This commencement, which appears like a classic tale framed merely to amuse the imagination, rests on the authority of Strabo.

Pisa covers an enclosure of near seven miles in circumference; the river intersects and divides it into two parts nearly equal. As the stream bends a little in its course, it gives a slight curve to the streets that border it, which adds to the effect and beauty of the perspective. Some travellers prefer the *Lung' Arno* of Pisa to that of Florence. The streets are wide, and particularly well paved, with raised flags for foot passengers, and the houses are lofty and handsome. There are several palaces.

Among its churches the traveller cannot fail to observe a singular edifice on the banks of the Arno, called *Santa Maria della Spina* from a thorn of our Saviour's crown said to be preserved there. It is supposed to have been erected in the year 1230, and is nearly square, very low, and of a grotesque rather than a beautiful appearance. It is cased with black and white marble. Two great

doors with round arches form its entrance, and over each portal is a pediment : the other end is surmounted by three obelisks crowned with statues ; the angles, the gable ends, and even the side walls are decorated with pinnacles consisting each of four little marble pillars supporting as many pointed arches with their angular gables, and forming a canopy to a statue standing in the middle of the pillars ; they all terminate in little obelisks adorned with fretwork. This singular building is a specimen of that species of architecture which the Italians call *Gotico Moresco*. A more improved species they call *Gotico Tedesco*, or German Gothic.

Though a large city, Pisa has now only about 15,000 inhabitants ; and no commerce or manufactories. It is interesting however to a stranger, on account of the many learned men, and the good society which he will find here. The markets are well supplied with provisions and fruit at reasonable rates ; and house-rent is extremely cheap. It is to be preferred as a *winter residence* to most cities in Italy, on account of the mildness of the air ; but it is almost deserted in summer, in consequence of the *mal' aria*. There are some remarkable buildings in Pisa : but the finest group of this description perhaps in the world is that which Pisa presents in her cathedral and its attendant edifices, the baptistery, the *campanile*, or belfrey, and the cemetery. These fabrics are totally detached, occupy a very considerable space, and derive from their in-

sulated site an additional magnificence. They are all of the same materials, that is of marble, all nearly of the same era, and excepting the cloister of the cemetery, in the same style of architecture. The architect of the Cathedral was Buscetto, a Greek, who began it, according to some accounts, in 1046, and to others in 1063. It has many fine columns of porphyry, granite, jasper, verde antico, etc., taken from ancient buildings. The bronze gates are extremely curious, and were made by Bonanno; those by Giovanni Bologna shut the two smaller entrances at the west end.

The *Baptistery*, in front of the Cathedral, is a rotunda, built after the designs of Diotisalvi, in the middle of the twelfth century. Within, it has eight columns of Sardinian granite; with another row over them supporting a cupola; in the middle stands a large octagon marble font. The Campanile, or leaning tower, was finished in 1174. It is about 150 feet high, is ascended by 230 steps, has several galleries outside, and is open in the interior. It is 14 feet out of the perpendicular outside, and the inside. Its curious effect appears most striking when it is viewed from the angular corner of the Duomo adjoining it. The vulgar report of its having been built in this singular manner is ridiculous; and its erroneousness fully proved by other buildings in the town having moved from their perpendicular, owing to the sinking of the ground on which they were built. This tower was intended for a belfry to the Duomo. Many

cathedrals in Italy, as Florence, etc. have these detached buildings belonging to them. There is a fine view from this tower towards Leghorn, Lucca, and Florence.

The *Campo Santo*, or burial place, is a court, surrounded by a portico of sixty arches, of a very light gothic, begun in 1278 from the designs of Giovanni Pisano. This portico has, however, a mean, unfinished, and shed-like appearance, owing to its ceiling not being covered, or even plastered; the bare sloping beams which support the roof, intrude their uncouth appearance on the sight.

The legend respecting the mould in the interior of the quadrangle is, that it was originally brought from the Holy Land, from whence the place derives its name of *Campo Santo* (Holy field.) The quality ascribed to this mould is, that it completely consumes a body which is deposited in it, in the space of 24 hours after interment!!! The walls of the cloister are painted in fresco with sacred histories, by the first restorers of painting: the works of the older masters, especially Orgagna's, seem to have been much hurt by repainting. All these very curious frescos have been engraved in a work published in Florence, in 1812, by Carlo Lasinio, and entitled *Pitture a fresco del Campo Santo*.

There are some good pictures in the churches, and in some of the palaces.

The Sapienza, or University, has an Observatory (*torre della specola*) furnished with good English instruments; a Botanic garden,

rich in foreign plants; and a small museum of birds, fishes, shells, corals, and fossils; among others, those of Gualtieri. See also the Public Library, great Hospital, Observatory, and *Seminario, la loggia dei mercanti*, and the palaces of Lanfreducci and Lanfranchi, on the Arno, and that of the Archbishop. The country of Pisa is celebrated for its oil.

The hot baths of St. Julian are about four miles from Pisa: they are handsome and commodious, and are esteemed very beneficial in gout and diseases of the liver.

The traveller should not forget to view the Chartreuse of *Calci*, about an hour's walk from Pisa.

*Leghorn* (Livorno) is a free port, defended by a mole and excellent fortifications. The town is about two miles in circuit, and contains 60,000 inhabitants, 10,000 of whom are Jews. The general form of Leghorn is square: part of it has the convenience of canals, one of which is five miles in length, and joining the Arno, merchandise and passengers are thus conveyed to Pisa. The streets are straight; the principal one very broad; the squares spacious and handsome, but not regular: the great church magnificent. In the quarter called *Nuova Venezia*, intersected by canals, the merchandise is brought to the doors of the warehouses.

Cosmo and his two sons fortified this city, drained the marshes, established the freedom of the port, and formed two most commo-

dious harbours, which, however, have not depth of water sufficient for men of war. The principal objects of remark are the mole, three lazarettos, a coral manufactory, and statue of Ferdinand I, with the four slaves chained to the pedestal; the first by Giovanni dell' Opera, the slaves by Pietro Tacca Carrarese; —also the Public Library, Greek Church, Synagogue, new Theatre, large Magazine for Oil, holding 25,000 barrels, and the English Burying Ground. All religions are tolerated at Leghorn, but the Catholic is the predominant.

No. 19. From LEGHORN to FLORENCE, by Lucca and Pistoja; 70 English miles;  $10\frac{1}{2}$  posts; 11 hours 50 minutes.

TIME.			TIME.		
FROM	POSTS.	h. m.	FROM	POSTS.	h. m.
LEGHORN to Pi-			Borgo Buggiano to		
SA.....	2	2 30	• PISTOJA (2).....	$1\frac{1}{2}$	1 50
LUCCA (1).....	2	2 25	Prato (3).....	$1\frac{1}{2}$	1 45
Borgo Buggiano..	2	1 40	FLORENCE.....	$2\frac{1}{2}$	1 40

From Leghorn to Pisa, see the preceding route. From Pisa to Lucca, the road passes by the *Baths*, becomes narrower, and then traverses a plain covered with poplars and vines, about nine miles in length. The ancient town of *Lucca* is situated in a plain, washed by the *Serchio* and the *Ozzori*, and in the circuit of three miles, contains 25,000 inhabitants. The buildings are not grand, but

INNS.—(1) The Panther, and the Cross of Malta.  
(2, 3) The Post, and the Pelicano.



convenient, and the streets are paved with large stones. There is a pleasant walk on the *boulevards*, by which the tour of the town may be made in about an hour. They are agreeably shaded with trees, command extensive and fine prospects. However, not a single piece of ordnance now remains on these once formidable fortifications. In the cathedral and other churches are some good pictures: the prince's palace is the most remarkable building in Lucca: the Theatre is small, but elegant. Here are some ruins of an ancient amphitheatre. Napoleon's sister commenced a handsome new street terminated by a colonnade crescent opening on one of the gates. The Lucchese are active and industrious, and have covered their barren mountains with chesnut trees, vines, and olives. The country seats in the environs of Lucca, are that of Garzoni at Collodi, of Santini at Carnigliano, of Mansi at Sagrorningo, and the seats called Masilia, Succerini, the celebrated *villa bassa*, Saltosfio, etc. About ten miles from Lucca are the *baths*, celebrated all over Italy for their salubrious qualities.

On leaving Lucca, a double post is charged to Buggiano: before we enter this place, we pass the small episcopal town of Pescia; about a mile from the former place is Bellavista, the celebrated country seat of the Marquis Feroni. A short distance from Buggiano, out of the great road, are the baths of Montecatini. As we approach Pistoja, the country appears a perfect garden. Pistoja is situated

in a rich and fertile plain, at the foot of the Apennine, near the river Ombrono, and the streets are broad and regular; it has some magnificent palaces, but the population is small. The most remarkable churches are the cathedral and the *Umiltà*, by Vasari: there are some fresco paintings in St. Francis and St. Dominic. The town-hall and la Sapienza are handsome buildings: in the latter is the public library, and another, rich in MSS., is at the Philippines. See also the College and the Seminario, fine modern buildings. Excellent *organs* are made at Pistoja: there is also an iron manufactory, which employs a number of people. Prato has an industrious population of 10,000 persons, many of whom are employed in the manufacture of copper utensils and of woollen cloths. The cathedral is a fine building, and the College Giognini, convenient and well arranged. The bread of Prato is the best in Tuscany. Hence to Florence, if the traveller take the road of Sesto, he can visit the celebrated porcelain manufactory of Gori, called *la Doccia*, and the royal seat of Castello.

The road from Florence to Bologna, nine posts and a half, or seventy English miles; crosses the Apennine in its greatest breadth. There is much ascending and descending: the country is barren, and there is nothing to be seen in the whole route but the perpetual flames issuing from the ground at Pietra Mala, near Covigliaio. There is a fine view from the inn *alle Maschere*. From Cassagiolo to

Covigliaio is a continued ascent; and the two succeeding posts, till we arrive in the vale of Lombardy, a continual descent.

No. 20. From BOLOGNA to VENICE, by Ferrara, Rovigo, and Padua; 104 English miles;  $13\frac{1}{2}$  posts; 16 hours, 55 minutes.

FROM	POSTS.	h.	m.
BOLOGNA to Capodargine.....	1	1	45
Malalbergo.....	1	1	30
FERRARA (1).....	$1\frac{1}{2}$	1	15
Ponti di Lagoscuro, } .....	2		
La Polesella, } .....			
Canal Bianco, } .....			
Arqua } .....	$1\frac{1}{2}$	2	30
ROVIGO (2) } .....			
Montelice .....	2	2	20
PADUA (3).....	$1\frac{1}{2}$	2	30
Stra....	$1\frac{1}{2}$	1	45
Mira.....	$1\frac{1}{2}$	1	20
VENICE (4).....	1		
By water five miles.			

Those who prefer a water excursion, may go from Bologna to Ferrara by water, and a *Procaccio* makes this voyage twice a week. At the last place also a covered barge may be hired, and the route may be continued on the water to VENICE; passing by Chiozza and Palestрина, and entering the Lagunes by the haven of Malamocco.

Formerly, the road to Ferrara passed through *Cento*, a small town which gave birth to the famous *Guercino*; at present the new

INNS.—(1) Three Moors. (2) The Post. (3) Golden Eagle. (4) White Lion, Three Kings, La Scala, La Reine d'Angleterre, Ecu de France.

post road, which can be travelled at all seasons, runs through Capodargine and Malalbergo. About a mile from the latter place we ferry over the Reno.

*Ferrara* was once a magnificent and flourishing city, and the people among the happiest in Italy. After its annexation to the Ecclesiastical State, in 1597, it rapidly fell into decay; it is now but thinly inhabited, and its celebrated manufacture of sword blades is almost annihilated. The *tomb* of ARIOSTO, formerly in the church of the Theatins, is now at the Lycée. The remarkable buildings are the Cathedral; Chateau of the ancient Dukes; the palaces Villa and Bevilacqua; the Theatre; the Chartreuse and the University. At the latter is a fine library, occupying three large rooms, containing also inscriptions, medals, etc. Here are also a chair and writing desk of Ariosto.

The traveller should also see the Botanical Garden, and Hospital of St. Anne, where Tasso was confined as a madman, by the Duke Alphonzo. About six miles from Ferrara we cross the Po, and at the same distance from Rovigo, the *Canal Bianco*, in boats. The road is flat, narrow, and in winter, or after rain, very bad: it passes through cultivated grounds, meadows, and marshes. Abundance of hemp is grown here. Three miles on the other side of Rovigo, the Adige is passed: the road is narrow and but indifferent: the country well cultivated.

*Padovà* is far from populous, considering its

extent; not amounting at most to more than 40,000. The principal objects of curiosity at Padua are the churches of S. Antonio and S. Giustina. Il Salone, the buildings of the University by Palladio, the Botanic and OEconomical Gardens, the Museum, the *Prato della Valle*; and in the neighbourhood, the baths of Abano, Petrarch's villa and monument at Arqua, etc. The gates, the church of S. Gaetano, by Scamozzi: palazzo del Podestà, and palazzo del Capitano, merit observation. The Theatre is handsome and commodious. And in some of the other churches, as the Cathedral, Santa Croce, S. Eremitani, the convent of la Maddelena, the Seminario, etc. are some good pictures; as also in some Scuole, the public library, palazzo del Podestà, etc.

The church of *S. Antonio* is a large gothic building, begun in 1255, by Nicola Pisano, and finished in 1307: it has six domes or cupolas, of which the two largest compose the nave: it is extremely rich, and much ornamented. There are four immense organs in it; and, even on common days, forty performers are employed in the service. Before the church is an equestrian statue of General Gattamelata, by Donatello. The *Scuola* near this church is all painted in fresco, with the life and miracles of S. Antonio, by Tiziano and others.

The church of *S. Giustina* was built by Andrea Ricci, a Paduan architect, after the designs of Palladio. It is handsome, luminous, and esteemed by many artists one of the finest

works in Italy. The *Chapter* possesses a fine library, in which are many scarce, early printed books: and several good pictures.

The hall of audience, or town house, called *il Salone*, was begun in 1172, by Pietro Cozzo, but not finished till 1306. It is about 300 feet long, and near 100 wide. Giotto's paintings were restored in 1762, by Zannoni.

The *University*, with the public schools, museum, etc. is one of the first objects of curiosity. It has a chemical laboratory, a collection of minerals, and an anatomical theatre which will hold a great number of spectators in a small compass; but it is small and dark. The *Museum* of natural curiosities was collected by Antonio Vallisnieri. The *Botanic Garden* is a very good one, and is arranged according to the system of Tournefort. The *Œconomical Garden*, instituted for experiments in husbandry, is ably conducted.

Padua can boast many men of learning and eminence. It was the birth-place of *Livy*; *Petrarch* was a canon of the cathedral; and *Galileo* lived here.

The *Theatre* is approached by two magnificent staircases. It has five rows of boxes, twenty-nine in each, with sliding shutters: the pit has one hundred and fifty seats, which are turned up and padlocked. Between the grand staircase and the theatre, there is a room for play, called *Camera di Ridotto*. There is a serious opera in this theatre during the fair of St. Antony, in the month of June: at that time Padua is very gay, and full of



company from Venice and the neighbouring towns. There is a cloth manufactory in the city, for home consumption; but the number of beggars with which the place swarms, is a strong indication that trade and manufactures are by no means in a flourishing condition.

In the environs of Padua, the Euganean mountains will attract the notice of the naturalist: they are extinct volcanos. A very interesting excursion also may be made to the hot baths of Abano, four or five miles from Padua; and to Petrarch's villa and monument at Arquà.

About eight miles from Padua, at Sala, is a fine villa, decorated with granite columns and the finest marbles, there is also a magnificent botanic garden, rich in the scarcest plants.

From Padua you may go to Venice, either by the post to Fusina; and from thence in a gondola, which will cost sixteen livres: or else leave your carriage at Padua, and hire a *burchiello*, or covered boat; for which you will pay five sequins; and for drink money to the men, putting your baggage on board, etc. about sixteen pauls more. In eight hours you will fall down the Brenta, cross the Lagunes, and land in the great canal of Venice.

Following the route by land, we travel continually by the side of the *Brenta*. The multitude of boats and gondolas, going up and down the canal; the number of people on its banks, belonging to the different villages; and

the prospect of a fertile country, render this route particularly pleasing. From Padua to Stra, and from Mira to Fusina, the road is continually lined with populous villages, and magnificent palaces, many of them from the designs of Palladio. From Fusina to Venice, a distance of five miles, is passed in a gondola. On entering a *gondola*, travellers should be careful not to jump upon it with too much violence, for fear of falling through; nor should they venture their heads and hands out of the windows, on account of the danger of coming in contact with any other passing vessel. The mud or slime which the water leaves upon the steps of the houses, etc. is extremely slippery, of course much precaution should be used in descending from the gondolas to avoid falling, which otherwise is very common.

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## CHAP. X.

### DESCRIPTION OF VENICE.

Rives de la Brenta, paysage enchanteur,  
 Sejour où cent palais annoncent la splendeur,  
 L'œil suit dans les detours de votre onde limpide  
 Les jardins, les bosquets et le luxe d'Armide.

L'ITALIE.

THE entrance into Venice, or rather the embarkation for that city from the main land, forms a picturesque scene of which no person, who has never been there, can form any thing like an adequate conception. The mouth of the principal *Lagune* opens into the river

*Brenta*, which falls into the Gulf of Venice. Here gondolas, or other boats, are always taken to navigate the *Lagune* to *Venice*; and here they are hailed by the custom-house boats to see whether they have any thing contraband on board; but these visitors are easily got rid of for the consideration of a few pence. The stranger then enters into an immense extent of water which seems to have the appearance of a dead sea: but yet so full of banks and shoals, that the navigation would be dangerous in the extreme, if it were not for the piles driven here and there, as guides to the boatmen.

Venice, as it will appear, is perforated on all sides by the canals that communicate with the *Lagunes* and the sea; but, besides these, there are pathways all along the shores of the canals, by which the whole city may be traversed on foot. The communication between different quarters is further assisted by upwards of four hundred small bridges, though most of these are not furnished with parapet walls.

This city and territory, which is included in the province called the *Dogado*, was long the capital of a republic, a patriarchate, and a university. It is about seven miles in circumference, and stands on 72 little islands, five miles from the main land, in a kind of lagune, lake, or small inner gulf, separated from the large one, properly called the Gulf of Venice, by some islands. The number of inhabitants before 1797, the period of the

French invasion, was 150,000. The houses are built on piles; the streets in general are narrow, as are also the canals, the great ones excepted. The bridge, called the *Rialto*, consists of a single arch of marble, 90 feet wide, and 24 feet high; but the beauty of it is much impaired by two rows of booths or shops, which divide its upper surface into three narrow streets. At the first sight of Venice, the traveller will, no doubt, be ready to exclaim with a modern tourist: « At Venice all is novelty, grandeur, and singularity: a fine city rising out of the waters; streets converted into canals; carriages into gondolas; blue coats into scarlet cloaks; black dominos with masked visages; and pretty women *habillées en homme*, arrest most forcibly the attention and curiosity of every English traveller. »

In the notes to Canto IV of Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, we are informed, by Lord Byron, that « the commerce and the official employments which used to be the unexhausted source of Venetian grandeur have both expired. Most of the patrician mansions are deserted, and would gradually disappear, had not the government, alarmed by the demolition of seventy-two during the last two years, expressly forbidden this sad resource of poverty. Many remnants of the Venetian nobility are now scattered and confounded with the wealthier Jews on the banks of the Brenta, whose palladian palaces have sunk, or are sinking in the general decay. Of the « *gentiluomo Veneto*, » the name is still known,

and that is all; he is but the shadow of his former self, but he is polite and kind. The present race cannot be thought to regret the loss of their aristocratical forms and too despotic government; they think only on their vanished independence. Venice may be said, in the words of Scripture, « to die daily, » and so general and so apparent is the decline as to become painful to a stranger not reconciled to the sight of a whole nation expiring as it were before his eyes. »

Lord Byron, it is to be feared, has in many instances too truly, and beyond a doubt, most pathetically described Venice, at the commencement of last year, and the probable consequences of its present condition in his first stanza of the Fourth Canto of *Childe Harold*.

I stood in Venice on the Bridge of Sighs,  
A palace and a prison on each hand;  
I saw from out the wave her structures rise  
As from the stroke of the enchanter's wand:  
A thousand years their cloudy wings expand  
Around me, and a dying glory smiles  
O'er the far times, when many a subject land  
Look'd to the winged Lion's marble piles,  
Where Venice sate in state, thron'd on her hundred  
    isles.

In Venice Tasso's echoes are no more,  
And silent rows the songless gondolier;  
Her palaces are crumbling to the shore,  
And music meets not always now the ear.

This is partly the effect of poetical licence, as in the notes to the poem his Lordship allows there is yet much music upon the Venetian canals!

Travellers, as before observed, enter Venice by the canals or shallows, called *Lagunes*, that border the whole coast, and extend nearly round *Venice*; their depth between the city and the main land, is from three to six feet in general. The surface of course is seldom ruffled: people generally touch at the island of *St. George* half way, being about two miles from the main land on one side, and two from Venice on the other; then entering the city they row up the grand canal more than three hundred feet wide. This canal, in the form of an S, intersects the city nearly in the middle. The famous bridge, called the *Rialto*, crosses it, and is one of its most conspicuous ornaments. The general appearance of Venice is not unworthy of its glorious destinies. Its churches, palaces, and public buildings of every description, and, sometimes, even its private edifices have in their size, materials and decorations, a certain air of magnificence truly Roman. The style of architecture is not always either pure or pleasing, but conformable to the taste that prevailed in the different ages when each edifice was erected. Hence the attentive observer may discover the history of architecture in the streets of Venice; and may trace its gradation from the solid masses and the round arches, the only remains of the ancient grand style in the 6th, 7th, 8th and 9th centuries, through the fanciful forms and grotesque embellishment of the middle ages, to its revival and re-establishment in these latter times.



## SQUARES AND STREETS.

The square of *St. Mark*, is generally the first spot to which the stranger is introduced upon *Terra Ferma*. It is a kind of irregular quadrangle, formed by a number of buildings, all singular in their kind: namely, the ducal palace; the churches of *St. Mark* and *St. Gemiano*; the old and new *Procuraties*; a noble range of buildings, containing the museum, the public library, etc.

This palace is considered as the centre of life and motion in this great town; but that part of it generally exhibited in prints, is only the lesser square, open to the sea, with the two magnificent columns of granite, which easily distinguish it at a distance as we approach the town. On the right of this, is the Doge's Palace; on the left the public library. At its extremity appears a corner of *St. Mark's* church. The large square, placed at a right angle of the other, is surrounded with an arcade, under which are most of the coffee-houses, all of them quite open to the street. In the centre of the square, is held the fair of *St. Mark*, in a temporary oval building, consisting of shops and coffee-houses.

All these places, though of the most elegant architecture, and exhibiting every sign of opulence and splendour, are generally most disgustingly dirty. Even under the colonnade of the public library, a variety of mean and offensive articles are sold; and the

stale fish of the market adjoining, is trodden under foot, all over this grand square.

The *Piazza di San Marco*, is the evening promenade of those who wait for the opening of the theatre. Here the beautiful Lais's, with a veil covering a part of the face and falling carelessly over the shoulders, throw their amorous glances without reserve, upon those whom they think may answer their purpose. Here too the walking comedians open their performances in the front of the coffee-houses; but they mostly give the preference to the *Phoenix*: the orchestra and the theatre are now formed in a few minutes. One of the performers has only to describe a circle with his fiddlestick, and he is promptly obeyed by the yielding crowd. The overture is always made with one bass, two violins, and a clarionet.

As soon after as convenient, an actor appears, who singing a kind of love song, another comes forward and replies to him, and then a third: thus a chorus is formed; but whilst they are warmly engaged in their parts, one of the handsomest females is employed to collect money of the spectators. The *coffee-houses*, in general, are pretty well cleared by the time the regular theatre opens.

All the porticos in this grand square are occupied by persons engaged in mercantile concerns. The coffee-houses are excellently lighted by a variety of lamps. It is true that no handsome females are kept at the bar as in France; but there are always a number of

them at the tables; and they are as often alone taking their *sorbet*. *Improvisatori*, musicians, and singers of both sexes, are generally to be found here; yet upon all these agreeable varieties, thieves and beggars are a considerable drawback; of the former the police sometimes takes cognizance, but the latter keep the « *noisy tenour* of their way, » without any interruption.

Among the *Piazze* or squares, next to that of St. Mark, is the *Rialto*, the houses upon which are built upon a double row of pillars. As for those places which have no ornament, excepting a cistern or a cross, they cannot be ranked with squares. Those of *St. John* and *St. Stephen*, however, are exceptions; the latter is the Covent Garden of Venice, and contains the beautiful church of *S. Maria Zobenigo*. The square of *St. Germain* used to be the scene of the bull fights; in that of *St. Paul*, is the equestrian statue of *Colleone* of *Bergamo*, general of the Venetian troops, who died in 1475. A canal runs on one side of this square, to which there is a descent by about a dozen steps. Most of these squares contain leaden cisterns, put there to collect rain water for the use of the common people. Many of the better sort, purchase the water brought from *Terra Firma* every morning. All these squares, as well as the streets, are paved with a kind of grey stone which has the appearance of basalt.

#### PROMENADES.

The view from this place is very agreeable,

particularly towards *La Giudeca*, and the island of *St. George*. From the *Piazzetta*, the sea appears at a distance, extended like a sheet of azure as far as the extremity of the horizon. Here are to be seen people of all nations, from the *Levant*, from *Greece*, *Turkey*, etc. not excepting ecclesiastics and idlers of every description. Here also, a kind of peripatetic orators attend; but as they recite or declaim in the Venetian dialect, they are always unintelligible to strangers, unless when they repeat from *Ariosto*, *Tasso*, or other Italian poets. The *Piazzetta* is generally a very pleasant promenade towards evening, and appears particularly so to new comers. It is also a promenade for the gentlemen of the law, and the clergy, whose reduced circumstances were pretty evident from their habiliments, after the *French* became masters of Venice. The *Greeks* here wear the beard long. Some of the *Levanters* have their heads shaved and wear red caps, and are also great smokers. Here, towards the sea, or rather at the opening next the *Lagunes*, two large and lofty columns of granite used to stand; and between these, criminals condemned to die were executed. These pillars were brought from Greece in the time of *Ziani*. Upon the summit of one of them was the figure of a winged lion looking towards the sea, which was removed from its station to ornament the green of the Invalids at *Paris*. The other column is crowned by a *St. Theodore* treading upon a crocodile, and holding

a lance in his left hand, with a buckler in his right, to indicate the pacific disposition of the republic, which, meditating no attack, thought only of defence. The lion, returned to this city, has lost nothing by his journey to Paris, but the gospel which supported the paw; that is now on a level with the other foot.

*St. Mark's Fair* is an exhibition of a very variegated and entertaining kind: the shops around it are stocked with all kinds of elegant toys, trinkets, and refreshments, and the whole set off to the greatest advantage by illuminations. This fair is generally crowded with genteel company, many of them in dominoes, but few masked. Here women appear among the spectators in long camlet cloaks and cocked hats. In the afternoon and evening, the coffee-houses are as much crowded as the *Rotunda*, in which the fair is kept, without any music or particular diversions to attract company. In the day time, the *Improvisatori*, or extemporary poets, spout their verses to the people, and *punch* lends his assistance to the general amusement; while, before the great clock of the square, even the *Holy Virgin* has her levee, being devoutly adored by metal figures of the *Magi*, who, during this season, come forward and bow to her image. Crowds of people wait to see this mummary, not half so diverting as that of *punch*. The images appointed to pay their devoirs to that of the Virgin on this occasion, being moved by springs, come out of one door and enter in at another. Higher still are two

figures representing *Moors*, who announce the hour of the day by striking a bell with a hammer in the manner of those at St. Dunstan's, in Fleet Street, London.

The *Campanile*, or belfry here, is said to be higher than those of *Bologna*, *Vienna*, or *Strasbourg*. It was begun in 888, but not completed till 1148. The summit has a gallery crowned with a pyramid, ornamented on each side with sculpture. The prospect from this gallery is enchanting. On one side the city with all its canals, domes, and edifices, appears beneath, with the sea at a small distance. On the others, the mountains of *Dalmatia*, *Istria*, and the *Tyrol* are seen, with the plains of *Padua* and *Lombardy*. The unfortunate *Galileo*, is said to have used this tower as an observatory. An angel at the summit serves as a weathercock. The stairs up to the belfrey are so capacious as to admit of a person riding on horseback.

The *Logetta* at the foot of this tower, has a marble front with large and small columns, and niches, containing bronze statues of the Heathen divinities. A balustrade runs round the first story, the second, resembling a terrace, is ornamented with five bas-reliefs. The interior is decorated with paintings. And here, it is said, during the time the grand council was convoked, one of the procurators used to attend with the armed force of the arsenal. At present this place is used for drawing the lottery.

Opposite St. Mark's church, on a pedestal



- in bronze, well sculptured in demi-relief, three long poles, on certain days, are made to bear the emblems of the Venetian power, when *Loredano* was Doge, in 1505; namely, the arms of the three kingdoms of *Cyprus*, *Candia*, and *Negropont*, displayed upon silken standards.

#### PALACES.

The *Palaces* stand on grand Etruscan substructions, which, from the necessity of the element, must be simple and uniform. Above the water-floor they are as various as their architects. Some display the light elegance of Sansovino, others the exuberant ornament of Longhena, and a few the correct beauty of Palladio. In general they affect too many orders in front; each order has, absurdly enough, its full entablature: the lower cornices are as prominent as the upper, and appear in profile so many separate roofs. In fact the Grecian orders being foreign to the manners and wants of a city built upon water, will never enter into its accommodations but at the expense of half their beauty and all their consistency.

Most of the palaces have two gates, some three, in the middle of their fronts. On each side are two ranges of equal windows in the basement alone. Over the gates is a stately and decorated superstructure of balconies, arcades, and gigantic windows, in studied opposition to the general style of the front, which this wide vertical breach divides into

two. The windows are generally arched. In modern palaces the arch is circular; in some of the ancient it forms arabesque curves of contrary flexion, which finely contrast with the flat mass of wall. In a Cornaro and a Grimani palace, both on the grand canal, I remarked the Gothic church-window, and that not in its most elegant intersections. The chimnies figure on these palaces more conspicuously than so sordid an object should do, in imitation of obelisks, bells, and candelabras reversed.

The palace of St. Mark, or the *Ducal Palace*, is very spacious. Besides the apartments of the Doge, there are also halls and chambers for the senate, and all the different councils and tribunals. The principal entrance is by the giant's staircase, so called from the colossal statues of Mars and Neptune, placed at the top, and intended to represent the naval and military power of the state; they are of marble and the work of *Sansovino*. Under the portico, to which this staircase leads, are the small openings to represent lion's mouths, placed to receive letters, information of treasonable practices, and the accusations of magistrates for abuses in office. From this palace a covered bridge communicates with the state prison on the other side of the canal. Prisoners pass to and from the courts over this bridge, which has on this account been called *Ponte dei Sospiri*.

This palace is said to contain a small arsenal which communicates with the hall of the

great council; here, it is said, a great number of muskets used to be kept ready charged, in order that the nobles might arm themselves in any sudden case of emergency. The ground about this palace has been so much raised since its erection, that the bases of the lower range of columns are quite buried. The windows have an uncouth appearance, and are out of all proportion. Strangers are at first shown the apartments inhabited by the Doge, which have neither paintings nor any thing else remarkable. The state rooms, however, although not in a very modern or accurate taste, have an air of much magnificence, and are furnished with some of the choicest productions of the Venetian school. Here is a ceiling by *Tintoretto*, in which justice is presenting a sword to the Doge, *Priuli*. In the hall of the *Anti-Collegio*, commonly called *Sala delle Quattro Porte*, the architraves of the four doors, by *Palladio*, are in a very good taste. The hall of the *Pregadi*, is a superb room, furnished with benches, and ornamented with excellent paintings.

The vast hall of the great council was likewise filled with a profusion of noble pictures, by *Paul Veronese*, *Tintoretto*, and other celebrated masters of the Venetian school. To the left of this palace is a chapel dedicated to *Saint Nicolas*, where there are several frescos by *Titian*. At a small distance from the grand staircase is another, which leads to the college. Quitting the first of these, we arrive at the hall of the Four Posts, ornamented with

columns by *Palladio*, and figures by *Moro*. All the paintings are emblematic; though little now remains but the building. Soon after the establishment of the French power in the north of Italy, and the change in the Venetian government, the halls of this Grand Ducal Palace, were occupied by their municipal officers, and by the merchants as an exchange. The lower gallery or portico, under the palace, is called the *Broglio*. In this the noble Venetians used to walk and converse, as it was only there and at the council that they chose to meet. They used seldom to visit openly, and secret meetings might have given umbrage to the state inquisitors. People of inferior rank never remained in the *Broglio* when any of the nobility made their appearance.

*Private Palaces* are numerous at Venice, and, being massy in the extreme, they resemble those of Padua, those built by *Palladio*, *San Micheli*, and *Sansovino* excepted. Many of these palaces, enriched with columns of every order, possess fronts richer than those of Rome, or other places, where the entrance, the windows, or the cornices are the principal ornaments. The staircases also are very handsome; but what is most to be regretted, many of them are in an unfinished state. The finest palaces at *Venice* are on the banks of the grand canal, as those of *Cornaro*, *Palladio*, and *Mocenigo*, with that of *Pisani*, formerly rich in paintings, and where a good library was open to the public

three times a week. At present this palace has more of the appearance of a prison, than the residence of a family that has boasted of several Doges and great generals.

The palace of *Grimaldi* was remarkable for the numerous paintings, by *John d'Udine*, and a chamber with four pilasters imitating some painted in the Vatican. The palace of *Scala* is still handsome. In that of *Grassi*, its paintings constituted its principal riches. The palace of *Barberigo*, it is said, was the residence of *Titian*, as the palace *Rezzonico*, was that of *Clement XIII*: this and the palace of *Manfrini*, still abound with such excellent paintings, that no lover of the arts should forget to see them; the latter in particular. The cabinet of *M. Manfrini*, also contains a very fine collection of natural history, principally petrifications, and a lock of most exquisite workmanship, not only on account of the raised figures upon it, but for the singular manner in which the key is made.

The palace belonging to *M. Abrisi*, of the Jewish nation, near the grand canal, contains the *Ebe* of *Canova*. Here is also the death of *Socrates*, by the same artist. The magnitude of the apartments in this palace is surprising: the halls are decorated with pillars and statues in marble, and the walls painted in fresco. The floors are variegated with much effect. All the windows open to the north and the west, for the sake of fresh air from these quarters. Still there is a degree of melancholy pervading all this magnifi-

cence, as the masters of these superb edifices generally quit them to seek their recreation in the Casinos.

## PUBLIC BUILDINGS.

*The Arsenal.*—This building, situated on the east of Venice, seems like a separate fortress; it occupies the whole of a small islet, about three miles in circumference; and is enclosed within high walls, with small towers, occupied by sentinels in the night, to give the alarm in cases of accident or fire. There is also a tower in the centre of the building, where a sentinel is placed to see that the others do their duty; and, for greater security, row-boats go round the islet from night fall to sun-rise. It is a part of their charge, not only to keep away disaffected persons, but to prevent desertion from the arsenal. It has two entrances, one by sea, and the other on the side next the land, towards a small open place, between which and the arsenal, a bridge of marble leads to the principal gate. Over this gate, the emblem of Venetian power is exhibited in the winged lion; this is said to have been the same sent to Venice by *Mauroceno* from *Port Pirée*, in 1686. Above this is *St. Justin*, a figure as large as life: on one side, upon a pedestal, the figure of a lion of an enormous size in white marble, sent from Athens by *Mauroceno*; and, near this, two others of lionesses, taken at Corinth, during the Peloponesian wars.

Having passed the principal gate, we see to  
f f f.



the left some buildings used as offices; a marble staircase leads to a large hall appropriated to the use of the governor, the inspectors, the captain of the port, and other superior officers. Farther on, another great gate opens into the interior of the arsenal: this is decorated with a Madonna of very fine marble, by *Sansovino*. Here is the armoury exhibiting pyramids of cannon balls, brass cannon, mortars, etc. of all sizes and descriptions. The walls of this armoury are garnished with small arms of every kind, sufficient for eighty thousand men, kept very bright and arranged in different figures. Here, upon blocks representing the human form, we see the different armour worn by several illustrious warriors. In a chest, kept locked, is that dreadful collar, the inside of which is furnished with poisoned points used by *Francis Carrara*, Prince of Padua, when he wished to get rid of persons who had offended him; here is also the bow with which he privately shot at whom he pleased; and the *luchetto*, or lock of virginity, which he compelled his dear moiety to wear in his absence: the armour, a present from the Grand Seigneur to the Doge *Naziani*, when he was in Turkey, is also here, with a marble bust of *Bonaparte*, in the centre of a trophy of arms, executed by *Cardelli*, in 1805: the armour presented to the Venetians by Henry IV of France, in gratitude for the information conveyed to him relative to an intended assassination: the helmet of *Attila* the Goth, and the vizor of his

horse, both of an enormous weight : the equestrian armour of *Guattamelata* : and the *strangling machine* lately used by the senate, called the *Guadiana*. The body of the sufferer being half-way immersed in the ground, the upper part compressed by this machine effected a dreadful death. Here is also the culverine made by the son of one of the Doges, and with which the erection of the bridge of the *Rialto* was connected. Hemp is spun, and sail cloth is still manufactured in this arsenal. Nearly three thousand labourers enter and depart from this place every morning and evening; a number of women who spin, are under an inspector of their own sex, and are not allowed to hold any communication with any other department. The Bucentaur, with other vessels, were long laid up near this arsenal; and an interval of fifteen years took place before the conclusion of the late war, since the ceremony of the marriage between the Doge and the Sea was performed. But no public edifice does so much credit to the state, or is more deserving of a visit from the traveller, than the noble rampart erected on the *Lido di Palestrina*, to protect the city and the port against the swell of the storms of the Adriatic. This vast pile, formed of blocks of Istrian stone, resembling marble, runs along the shore for the space of nineteen miles, connects various little islands and towns with each other, and if completed would excel in utility, solidity, extent, and perhaps in beauty, the Piræus of Athens, the mole of Antium

and Ancona, and all other similar works of either Greeks or Romans. At one end is this inscription: *Ausu Romano Ære Veneto.*

The *Prisons* are situated in a street on one side of the ducal palace, from which a bridge is made for the prisoners to pass over; the low roof being a mass of lead, the sufferings of the confined in hot weather must be extreme. Other prisons in the ducal palace, are equally prejudicial on account of their humidity, their darkness, and the want of fresh air. Happily the late senate moved the persons detained from the old to the new prisons. The windows of these are alternately round and square. A range of columns before this building, makes this place look very unlike a prison.

*Hospitals* at Venice are worse attended than any where else. One of the most ancient is that of *St. Peter and Paul*, for the purpose of receiving pilgrims and sick strangers of all nations. Another is called that of the *Catechumns*, where infidels who wish to be instructed in the principals of religion, are provided for. It was founded in the sixteenth century. But the civil hospital contains the greatest number of patients; this is upon the bank of the great canal opposite the *Giudeca*. Here the rooms are so badly laid out, that an ill scent is the constant concomitant of the want of a proper circulation of the air. The patients, besides this inconvenience, do not appear to be well taken care of. This is not the case at the military hospital lately formed

out of two religious houses adjoining each other. The cells and the sleeping rooms, during the late war, were converted into corridors and good rooms, extremely convenient, and the situation looking towards the sea, very healthy. One of the halls occupied by officers only, had a ceiling of the cedar of Lebanon, very ingeniously carved and partly gilt.

The *Religious Houses*, where the poor are relieved, are much better managed than the hospitals, particularly that of the *Pieta*, a philanthropic institution, which originated with *Petruccio D'Assisi* of the order of *Minims*. It was intended as a kind of foundling. The walls of the church by *Palladio*, are enriched by very fine marbles. It contains five altars, the largest of which has a tabernacle wrought in precious stones. The music in this church, is performed behind a railing which conceals the female musicians and singers from the view; and it is scarcely necessary to say, that their execution is excellent. The children remain in this house till they are provided for; but they are not permitted to engage at any theatre.

Another establishment of this kind was begun by the *Mendicanti*, at the commencement of the seventeenth century; but the expenditure on the façade of the church was enormous. Here the orchestra was composed of young women instructed in vocal and instrumental music. The *Ospidaletto* was managed much in the same way, and oratorios

were performed at both places on certain days; but it is much to be regretted that these and other foundations have been materially injured or totally ruined by the late revolutions.

The *Custom House* is a fine building almost opposite the place of St. Mark, from which it is separated by the great canal: it is upon a neck of ground that terminates the isle. The front exhibits a peristyle, formed of columns alternately round and square. The building is crowned by a square tower, surmounted by a globe of gilt copper; upon this globe, made to represent the whole world, a figure is placed representing Fortune, which turns about with every wind. In making the tour of this custom house, towards the side that fronts the *Giudeca*, we come to the church of the Benedictines.

*Library of St. Mark.*—This is a very elegant structure opposite the palace of the doge, built after the designs of *Sansovino*. The vestibule contains the statues of Bacchus and a young man; a fine bust of Adrian; Leda and the Swans, a small groupe of great meaning. One room contains printed books; another manuscripts, and very rare editions only. Here were lately two manuscripts of the Septuagint of the eighth or ninth century; a commentary on *Homer*; *Father Paul's* original manuscript of his history of the Council of Trent: *Guarini's Pastor Fido*, with many corrections and alterations; the Conquest of Spain by Charlemagne, an old historical

French poem, with coarse illumination; a manuscript History of the Moguls in French, or rather Portraits of the Moguls, with their manner of riding, etc. and many parts of their history elegantly painted in India, accompanied by explanations in French, done about 130 years ago.

The *Zecca*; or the Mint.—This is a very solid building near the library. It was designed by *Sansovino*. Its principal front is towards the great canal. The whole edifice, in rustic, is composed of three orders, and possesses a just proportion in its parts. Round an inner court there are twenty-five forges for melting metal. Over an octangular well, in the centre of this court, is a statue of Apollo, holding in his hand some rods of gold, to indicate that gold is drawn from the bowels of the earth by the aid of the sun, which the ancients represented under the figure of this god. This mint derived its name from the coin, called *Zecchino*, used when Dandolo was Doge, in the year 1284.

#### CHURCHES.

Of the churches in Venice, it may be observed in general, that, as some of them were built by Palladio, and many raised on models designed by him, they are of a better style of architecture; and, moreover, from the wealth and the religious temper of the Republic are adorned with more magnificence than those of any other town in Italy, if we except the matchless splendours of Rome. The



talents of the first Venetian artists were exerted to adorn them with sculptures and paintings. Of these churches that *Della Salute*, that *Del Redentore*, (two votive temples erected by the Republic on the cessation of two dreadful pestilences), and that of *S. Giorgio Maggiore*, are very noble; the latter, in particular, an exquisite work of Palladio, with some few defects, has numberless beauties. The church of the Dominican friars *SS. Giovanni e Paolo* is Gothic, and remarkable for a chapel of the Virgin, lined with marble, divided into two pannels, containing each a piece of Gospel history, represented in a beautiful bas-relief. But the peculiar and characteristic ornaments of this church are the statues erected by the Senate to many of its worthies, and the superb mausoleums of several heroes and Doges. The materials are all of the finest marble, and the ornaments frequently in the best taste. The descriptions, pompous as the tombs themselves, carry us back to the heroic ages of the republic.

*St. Mark's*, at Venice, is one of the richest in materials, and the worst in style throughout Italy. The whole of its uncouth front, rather Saracenic than Gothic, resembles a forest of columns of porphyry of different sizes and proportions, with a few of *verde antico*; the latter spoiled by the action of the air. Its roof is a vast assemblage of domes which seem in danger of crushing the whole edifice. Whatever may be thought of the five domes which cover this church, they cer-

tainly give the whole a much more striking resemblance to a Turkish mosque than a Christian sanctuary, which is not altogether astonishing if the church of *Santa Sofia* at Constantinople was the model of St. Mark's.

Over the portico, opposite the *Piazza*, the four famous horses, brought from *Constantinople*, long atoned for all the tawdry mosaics about them: these the Venetians made prizes of when they took and plundered that city in the year 1206. Afterwards taken by the French from the Venetians and carried to Paris, they were escorted by 3000 Austrian troops on their way back again to Venice, where they had stood nearly 600 years.

These brazen steeds were originally brought from Corinth by a Roman general, and graced Rome till the seat of the empire was removed to the East. The interior of *St. Mark's* Church offers innumerable objects of striking curiosity. The font is a broad shallow basin of the hard green *Brescia*; the floor of the church is composed of small inlaid work, of an infinite diversity of patterns of porphyry, marbles, and other stones. In some parts, animals, and other figures are represented; but, probably from a variation in the marshy soil, this floor is extremely uneven, being swelled in some places and depressed in others, to the extent of ten or twelve inches. The walls, in different parts, are either cased with *mosaic*, devoid of taste, or with slabs of marble. In one piece of *Carrara* marble, on the left of the church, the veins obscurely

represent the figure of a man. Behind the altar, are some most precious columns of transparent alabaster. The domes are decorated with *mosaics* on a gold ground, very magnificent, but hard and stiff. However, to appreciate the various beauties of this church in any reasonable degree, a good light is wanting,

But above all others, the *treasury* of this church is said to contain a number of objects *proper* for administering food for faith *viz.* some remains of the columns of Solomon's Temple; some locks of hair belonging to the Virgin Mary; a small phial filled with her milk; the knife used by our Saviour at his last supper; and another vessel containing the blood of an image that was crucified by the Jews, in the year 675; a part of the true cross, and some nails used in the crucifixion: one thorn out of the crown of thorns, etc. all of which are exposed to the view of the faithful on the grand festival days.

Here is still to be seen the Gospel of Saint Mark, written in his own hand; a missal containing miniatures of *Clovio*, a disciple of *Julius* the Roman; diamonds, sapphires of all kinds; the crowns of *Cyprus* and *Candia*; and the ducal bonnet, worn by the doge at the time of his election.

Among the rest of the churches which merit the attention of the traveller, that of *S. Salvador* is celebrated not only for its architecture, but for the painting of the Master Altar by *Titian*, and another of the Annun-

ciation by the same Master. *St. Theodore*, the first patron of Venice, was interred here; and here is likewise the mausoleum of the unfortunate *Cornelia*, Queen of Cyprus, and those of several Doges and personages of distinction.

The churches of *St. John* and *St. Paul*, formerly belonging to the Jesuits, have a marble altar, richly decorated; the tabernacle is placed under an arch, supported by ten large pillars. Here are two angels, each of them carrying a small box, containing the relics of saints. The Martyrdom of *St. Peter*, by *Titian*, here, is one of his best paintings. A chapel here is also distinguished by about a dozen bas-reliefs, of most exquisite execution, by *Bonnazza* and *Tagliapetro*. Every admirer of sculpture should by all means visit this church, to examine the performances of this kind in wood, stone, and metal: nor should they leave the chapel of *Rosary* without contemplating the pictures of *Tintoretto*. The mausoleum of this able painter is over the sacristy, where his bust is also preserved. The church abounds with the monuments of Doges, and illustrious persons who have borne arms under the Venetians.

The *Church of S. Frati*, served by Cordeliers, is one of the largest in Venice. Here are several altars, decorated with sculptures and paintings of the greatest masters. The Chapel of *St. Anthony of Padua* is of the finest marble. Among the numerous relics which these good fathers offered to the public,

was some of the real blood of the Saviour, brought from *Constantinople* by *Melchior de Trevisa*, and presented to this church in 1480. It is exposed every fifth Sunday in lent to public adoration. Above all, this is the resting place of *Titian*, and here, upon a small square stone, is inscribed,

Qui giace il gran Tiziano di Vercelli  
Emulator de Zeuzi e di gl' Apelli.

His picture of the *Assumption* at the Grand Altar, though covered with a curtain, has felt the injuries of time. His picture of the *Salutation* is at the Church of *La Giudeca*, opposite the place of St. Mark; the sea already washes its steps. This is a most magnificent building, payed with marble, and the interior is decorated with the pencils of *Salvati*, *Tintoretto*, *Titian*, *Giordano*, and others.

The Church of the *Ridentore*, built by *Paladio*, is also at *La Giudeca*, upon the border of the sea. It was, like the former, built by the Senate, in consequence of a vow. This occurred in 1576, when Venice was visited by the plague. The arcade is pure marble, ornamented with columns, Corinthian pilasters, and statues. The portico to which there is an ascent of fifteen steps, is covered with copper, and the dome is crowned with a statue of the Saviour. The altar is surmounted with a fine crucifix in bronze, as are also the two statues of *St. Mark* and *St. Francis*, placed on the sides. In many niches in the walls, the figures of the Evangelists, the Pro-

phets, and Doctors of the Church, are to be seen in *chiaro-scuro*. The bas-reliefs of the altars are beautiful in the highest degree; and this church is sometimes decorated with flowers from the top to the bottom.

The Church of *S. Giorgio Maggiore* stands upon a little island that bears his name; it was built by *Palladio* about the year 1556. Its marble front is seen with great effect from the place of St. Mark, being decorated with the grand Composite and the small Corinthian order, with a fine entablature above, and handsome pedestals beneath; it is also decorated with seven marble statues. Here are the monuments of *Mammo* and *Ziani*, Doges in 1173, elevated upon pedestals. The Master Altar exhibits the four Evangelists, bearing a globe, upon which is the Eternal Father, the whole executed in bronze. The *Marriage of Cana*, by *Paul Veronese*, is in the Refectory of these Religious, where he is painted playing upon a viol: the second figure with a violin is *Titian*, and the fourth with a flute is *Le Bassano*.

*St. Luke's* is the next to this church for painting and sculpture; here *Aretin*, the famous cynical writer, is interred.

The patriarchal church of *St. Peter* is built upon a double plan. It is paved with marble; the grand altar is ornamented with statues, some of which supported the shrine of *S. Lorenzo Giustiniani*, the first patriarch of Venice.

*S. Jago dell' Ori*, as a parish church, me-



rits attention for the *chefs-d'œuvres* of Paul Veronese, of Bassano, Tintoretto, Palma, and other great masters. The pulpit, of fine marble, is of an octagon form, and a column of *verde antico* is much admired.

The Church of the *Jesuits* contains the mausoleum of the Doge, *Cicogna*, who so largely contributed to the embellishment of Venice. This church is very beautiful, and is not encumbered with ornaments. The pulpit always invites repeated inspection. The *verde antico*, judiciously mixed with white marble, produces a fine effect: the portico of this church is grand, but much disfigured by an inferior erection close to it.

This church, a little to the north-east of the town, from whence there is a noble view of the sea, with the mountains of *Carinthia* and *Carniola*, is a striking specimen of the fine taste and magnificence of that celebrated order of men, and in a style peculiar to itself. The pannels and intercolumniations are inlaid with flowers of *verde antico*, upon a ground of white or Carrara marble, so as to represent damask; for the diversity of greens in the former, produces the effect of shades in silk or velvet. About the altar are some large twisted columns of *verde antico*, and the steps are so formed of that precious marble, inlaid with yellow, as to seem spread with a green and gold damask carpet.

*S. Pantaleone* has nothing in it very remarkable, excepting a curious old painting of saints, bishops, and other good company, done by

*Cristoforo di Ferrara* in 1444, remarkable for the odd expression in some of the faces, in which the artist, in attempting character, has fallen into the most ludicrous burlesque.

The Church of *S. Miracoli*, near that of the Jesuits, possesses two fragments of sculpture, brought from *Ravenna* and generally ascribed to *Praxiteles*. They are bas-reliefs in white marble, placed under the organ, and represent two little boys playing or wrestling together. Though very much battered, they are evidently of Grecian sculpture, and worthy of any artist whatever.

The Church of *S. Stefano* is only remarkable for the great profusion of red Verona marble in the interior.

*S. Cassiano* has several pictures, some of which may be good, but they are so dirty that they can scarcely be seen. The pulpit stands on two pillars of *verde antico*. The little sacristy here is very rich in marbles and hard stones, and contains a good painting by *Balestra*.

*S. Francesco della Vigna*, famous for its architecture, which, like that of many other churches, was designed by *Palladio*, has little worthy of observation besides. The façade is in the favourite style of this great artist, with four Composite columns supporting a pediment, and lateral abutments with lesser columns. The whole mass is well proportioned and finely formed.

The Church of *S. Giustina* affords a specimen of a practice peculiar to *Venice*, which

is to place some distinguished mausoleum over the doors of their churches on the outside, which has no bad effect when the proportions and style of the monument agree with that of the building. Here are three of these memorials of the family who built this church. The tabernacle of its altar is very rich in precious stones of the second order, and in columns of red jasper.

Next to the churches we may rank the *Scuole*, or the chapels and halls of certain confraternities, such as that of St. Roch, St. Mark, and that of the *Mercatanti*; all of noble proportions and rich furniture, and adorned with paintings, relative to their respective denominations by the best masters.

#### THEATRES.

There used to be no less than seven at Venice; two of them commonly appropriated to the serious opera, two to comic operas, and the other three to plays. It is only during the Carnival that they are all open; this begins on St. Stephen's day, and continues till Lent; the houses are then full every night. In autumn, the houses are first opened for the comic opera and plays; and at the Ascension, the serious opera commences. A trifle is paid at the door for admittance, which entitles a person to go into the pit, where he may look about and determine what part of the house he will sit in. There are rows of chairs towards the front, the seats of which fold back, and are locked; those who take these

pay a trifle more to the door-keeper for unlocking them. Very decent people occupy these chairs; but the back part of the pit is filled with servants and gondoliers. The nobility and gentry engage boxes by the year; however, there is always a sufficient number for strangers.

It is the custom to go masked here during the Carnival, and also at the festival of the Ascension : with a mask and a silk cloak, a person is sufficiently dressed for any assembly in Venice. Masks in character are used only three or four weeks before Lent. During the Carnival there is a sort of dramatic performance, most singular of its kind, resembling nothing so much as the Masquerades formerly given at Vauxhall or Ranelagh. The theatre where it is carried on, continues open day and night, and a succession of spectators and performers, who pour out a profusion of coarse jests and low humour, keep up a continual play or entertainment, being a sort of extempore pantomime, where *Harlequin*, *Pantaloon* and *Coviello* (a sharper), play off their tricks, to the infinite amusement of the spectators, who are generally of the lowest class.

And there are dresses splendid but fantastical,  
Masks of all times and nations, Turks and Jews,  
And harlequins and clowns, with feasts gymnastical.  
Greeks, Romans, Yankee-doodles, and Hindoos;  
All kinds of dress, except the ecclesiastical.  
All people, as their fancies hit, may choose;  
But no one in these parts may quiz the Clergy;  
Therefore take heed, ye Freethinkers, I charge ye.

But the principal theatres at Venice have lately declined very much; not more than two have remained constantly open through the season since the French were there, and these were restricted to playing three times in the week: the first of these, is the theatre of *St. Moses*, so called from the name of the parish; the other is the *Phoenix*, where operas are performed. The theatre of *St. Moses* is very small, and is situated at the bottom of a narrow, dirty street. The *Phoenix*, a pretty modern building, was begun in 1791, at the expense of a company, and cost to 1,300,000 florins.

The *Ridotto* here is a place appropriated to play, where every body is permitted to go and lose their money all the year round, and even at the time when the playhouses are shut. It is a spacious building, and so constructed as to resist fire in case of accident.

#### SOCIETY, MANNERS, CUSTOMS, etc.

The influence of government upon the manners was never more deeply impressed upon any people than the Venetians. From the constant apprehension of accusation, they seemed to live under perpetual restraint, never giving vent to any opinion except in private. If any open conversation was held, it always turned upon subjects quite indifferent to the Council of Ten. There was also the dread of false witnesses availing themselves of the least pretext for the gratification of private resentment. But though this order of things was

in a great measure done away by the intervention of the French, the spirit of it still remained; so that considering what has since happened, secrecy and reserve, under the present *Austrian* government, may be as necessary as ever at Venice.

Business, but mostly trifles, are of course the topics in the coffee-houses and the wine-houses at *Murano*, the theatre, etc. The Venetians are nevertheless of that sociable turn, that one or two interviews with a stranger will be sufficient to make him a party in some of their pleasures. The females, generally speaking, are handsome, and have what is called a good skin; they are particularly careful in preserving their teeth. In their dress, they are divided between the Greek and the French mode: not deficient in the language of the eyes, they know also how to conceal or discover their small feet; or, by throwing aside their veils, to display a fine white neck. Yet at Venice it is only the women of the lowest and middling classes that show themselves in the streets. Ladies of rank scarcely ever appear at the windows: they are only to be seen at the theatre, at church, or in parties in their gondolas. Letters of recommendation will certainly introduce a stranger into the houses of the great; but they would rather meet him at the theatre, as visits of ceremony are always made after the play is over. At this time of night, in consequence of so many gondolas being put in motion, the streets resound with



the cries of *gia* (avast) *stali* (larboard) *primi* (starboard.) The gondolas then lighted within and without, exhibit a singular spectacle upon the dark canals, upon which they are generally engaged till five or six o'clock in the morning, when people of rank usually go to rest. Nor is their repose disturbed by the noise of the shuttle, hammer, or the anvil, as the business of this kind is done in quarters of the town distant from great houses.

There are, notwithstanding, a few philosophical societies, where every kind of mental freedom is enjoyed, and to which strangers may be admitted. Though the purest Italian is spoken in these clubs, they frequently make use of the Venetian dialect, on account of its *naiveté*, an idea of which may be formed by reading *Goldoni's* comedy of *I Rustigni*, the Rustics. The Carnival always infuses a new vigour into the pleasures of society; the women then, even the genteelest, being masked, parade the streets alone, or in company, indulging themselves in all kind of remarks: they also go in and out of the theatres to vary their attacks. There are some private families at Venice, who make no difficulty in receiving strangers; and this affords a tolerable speculation, provided these persons are not sufficiently guarded against the parties at play, which are the principal objects in these houses.

The Venetians make few invitations to dinner, etc. not on account of parsimony, but from their habitual abstemiousness: they

however willingly invite to balls; but on a visit paid them, they are never visible; therefore it is not deemed impolite to send in your card by a gondolier. Jealous husbands are very rare in Venice, so that any person not sparing of his purse may find company enough among the ladies to attend him to the play, to the garden of the *Princess Savorgnano*, or to the wine-houses of *Murano*, *Castello*, or *Guidica*.

The apartments, neatly fitted up by the nobles and the wealthy, but without magnificence, where they may receive a few friends in a more easy manner than they do at their palaces, are called their *Casinos*, where, instead of going home to a formal supper, they order refreshments, and amuse themselves with cards. That these *Casinos* may be occasionally used for the purposes of intrigue, is not improbable, but that this is the general purpose of them is certainly false.

The state of society in Venice seems, however, to be on a more enlarged scale than formerly; the *casinos* indeed continue still to be the place of resort, of card-parties and suppers; but various houses are open to strangers; and balls and concerts, and club dinners are given frequently: to all of which introduction is not difficult. The carnival is distinguished by plays in the day and by masked balls in the night; the illumination of the theatres on such nights is very beautiful. One species of theatrical amusement at this season is very singular. It is a regular farce

carried on at all hours; so that the idle part of the community may, if they please, pass all the 24 hours in the theatre, fall asleep and awake, go out and come in, and still find the play going on with its usual spirit. In such pieces, the actors seem to be obliged to have recourse to their own ingenuity for their dialogue, which, however, seldom flags for want of materials, such is their natural talent for repartee and buffoonery.

Venice, in *Autumn* and at the beginning of *Spring*, when the *Sirocco* blows, is nearly deserted by all but the lower orders and the priests, who live by the daily productions of the altar. In the evening, the Priestesses of Venus distribute themselves about all the most frequented parts of the town. In the mean while, the rich citizens and others are to be found upon the borders of the *Brenta*, near *Mestra*, upon the roads to *Treviso*, *Fusina*, or *Padua*. There is a great deal of play at Venice, not only at the *Ridotto* and in the private *Casinos*, but in the little rooms and back shops in the place of St. Mark. Strangers should be extremely careful how they enter these places. Sometimes parties are made to go and take a supper at sea. These parties are generally select, and well attended with music.

Venice *at night* is the most lively place imaginable. It is then one distinguished blaze of light and a continued scene of bustle, the coffee-houses being seldom shut before two or three o'clock in the morning. This is the

very reverse of Rome, where after eight o'clock at night a soul is scarcely to be seen ; at Venice, however, the young ladies of any rank are very closely confined, or well watched by their duennas. The education of females here is generally confined to a little reading and music. Their marriages are frequently a speculation on the part of the parents, and their daughters are contracted for by persons whom probably they have never seen.

Among several shows exhibited at Venice, there is a set of artizans who, by the help of several poles, which they lay across one another's shoulders, build themselves up into a kind of pyramid ; so that you see a pile of men in the air of four or five rows, rising one above another. The weight is so equally distributed, that every man is very well able to bear his part of it ; the stories, if such they may be called, growing less and less as they advance higher and higher. A little boy represents the point of the pyramid, who, after a short space, leaps off with a great deal of dexterity into the arms of one that catches him at the bottom. In the same manner the whole building falls to pieces. Claudian seems to allude to this where he says.

Men piled on men, with active leaps arise,  
And build the breathing fabric to the skies ;  
A sprightly youth above the topmost row  
Points the tall pyramid, and crowns the show.

The *gondolas* are long narrow boats, which have a room in the middle, six feet by four,

covered with black cloth, and with sliding windows. Two persons sit very commodiously at the end, and two others may sit on each side. They are rowed either by one or two gondoliers standing. These gondolas are the only carriages at Venice, and are every where within call. The gondoliers are robust, good humoured, and lively; they pique themselves upon the quickness of their repartees, and are generally esteemed for their fidelity and attachment.

The amusement of the *Regata* is peculiar to Venice. In fine weather, the gondoliers frequently challenge one another to a contest, by putting up a little flag or bough, to obtain which they display the greatest ardour; but if any person of consequence or a stranger desire it, arrangements are made for a more orderly course, and the city is amused by a *Regata*. When Regatas are ordered by the government, the competitors are chosen from families of the first reputation among the gondoliers: on the day of trial, their relatives encourage them by reciting the triumphs of their families; the women present the oar, and religion has its share in the preparations. The course is about four miles along the great canal. The prizes are marked by four flags of different colours; and on these occasions the canal is covered with boats of every description, and on each side are placed bands of music. It is not unusual for the gondoliers to sing while conveying their fares across the canals, according to a very ancient custom:

but this classical mode of singing verses alternately, a remnant of the ancient pastoral, is said to have been much on the decline at Venice since the French invasion.

The *gondolas* being black, have been remarked as having a very hearse-like appearance; but the gay liveries of the rowers, and the elegant company within, soon chase away all gloomy ideas. Nothing can be more graceful than the attitudes of these gondoliers, as they urge their light barks over the waves, skimming the surface of the water with the rapidity of the swallow, and scarcely seeming to touch it; while their bright prows of polished iron gleam in the sunshine, and glitter in the rippling waves. This elegance of attitude is owing to the just and full exertion of the muscular frame, which always looks well. The gondoliers in these races stand on a narrow part of the boat, slightly elevated, like the ridge of a house, and varying in its horizontal inclination every moment: and on this they are chiefly supported by the close application of their feet, through thin shoes, a firm position of the legs, and accurate poising of the body, the upper part of which, with the arms, alone is in motion.

#### PROVISIONS.

Eatables abound in the shops of Venice, a certain sign of a great consumption. Rice, pastry, and butchers' meat are principally used by those who are comparatively opulent. All the meat consumed here comes from the  
E h h.



continent; as near as possible in the neighbourhood, there are a number of slaughter-houses. *Murano*, *Burano*, and other little islands, supply eggs and poultry; but the most singular instance of the good government of Venice is, that though almost every necessary is imported, it is always at a moderate price. The Gulf supplies fish in great quantities, and in the canals, a number of crabs, etc. are found sticking to the houses. Fresh water is the only thing really scarce; because that kept in the cisterns is very often spoiled in hot weather: but good water from the *Brenta* is to be had at all times.

## CLIMATE.

Considering the atmosphere of Venice is often charged with mephitic vapour, from a variety of causes, this city is as healthful as can be expected, one reason of this arises from its situation, that admits of its being frequently swept by the east winds, which are always salubrious after traversing the Adriatic. Summer is the worst part of the year, in consequence of the quantity of hydrogen gas exhaled from the canals, and the numerous sewers of this great city. To these emanations must be added those of a muriatic kind from the neighbouring marshes and *Lagunes*. Most of these causes begin to act in concert early in May, in concurrence with the heat of the weather, the bad quality of the water kept in cisterns, and the obstructions to a free circulation of the air, arising from the height of the houses and the narrowness of some of

the streets. These causes must inevitably have considerable effect upon the health of persons, who are by no means scrupulous as to cleanliness, too many of whom are badly lodged, badly clothed, and badly fed. The winter at Venice is seldom open; but, on the contrary, what is called close and foggy; hence the frequency of putrid and slow fevers, and besides a sudden transition from a moist and warm temperature to dry and cold, is always more or less morbiferous. The females of Venice are not overtaken with old age so soon as they are in other warm countries, and the men preserve their strength and a good colour to a very advanced age.

*Commerce* at Venice was very brisk even under the French government, as long as the communications were open; and no branch much more so than letter-founding and printing, more of the latter being executed in that city than any other in Italy. Most of the books printed here were exported to the Grecian Islands, to Constantinople, to Spain, and Portugal, which made the profits considerable. The type used at Venice is good, but the paper abominable. Jewellery is better got up here than in several parts of Italy; fillagree work and chains are manufactured at Venice, the links of which are scarcely visible. Many of the curious glass toys, made at Venice and in its vicinity, are said to be employed on the coast of Africa, for the purchase of slaves. Large quantities of soap are also manufactured here.

Few countries make better velvets or silk hose than the Venetians. The wax from *Dalmatia*, *Greece*, and all the *Levant*, employs several hands. The drugs imported here from the *Levant* are esteemed excellent, and the *Theriaca*, or Venice treacle, though decried as *rudis indigestaque moles*, is still in reputation. Their *Marasquin* (cherry water) and their *liqueurs* in general, are famous. Like the Hollanders, though they have nothing in themselves, yet no place is better supplied with the necessities and luxuries of life than Venice. The articles best worth purchasing at Venice are gold chains, sold by weight, according to the price of gold; wax candles, Mocha coffee, chocolate, paste made of melon seeds for washing the skin, maps, &c.

*Literature.*—There are very few learned men at Venice, a circumstance not uncommon in maritime states. Besides, under the ancient government, learning was a sufficient cause for exclusion from offices of honour and emolument. Poetry only was the most cultivated; the Italian language and the Venetian dialect afforded wonderful facilities for the variety and harmony of verse. Few cities in Italy could reckon such a number in the Muses' train as Venice; the most trivial occasion seldom failed in producing sonnets without end. Nothing beyond the chicanery of the law engages the attention of the gentlemen of the long robe. Skilful physicians here, who act up to the dignity of their profession are very few in number; but ava-

ricious and ignorant quacks abound. Happily, some surgeons, who have studied at Paris, have since settled at Venice. How the arts have formerly flourished at Venice is well known, so that any observations upon the Venetian school here would be useless; its merit can only be appreciated by the amateur.

*Environs.*—The environs of Venice are considerably improved since the French entered that city: from Castello to the place called *Le Motte*, at the end of a very large street, some handsome gardens have been formed, which serve as a public promenade.

Among the islands in the environs, *Mallamocco*, formerly the residence of the Doge, is now well peopled. The two *Lazarettos*, the old and the new, are two vast buildings, which occupy two of the other islands. *Torcello*, *Murano*, *Mazorbo*, and *Burano*, are four islands to the north-east of Venice; *Murano*, distant only two miles, is covered with buildings much resembling those of the capital, and contains nearly 6000 inhabitants. Much glass and crystals are manufactured here. The little island of S. Lazzaro is inhabited by Armenian monks, who are rich in manuscripts in that language, and has also a press for printing in the Oriental languages.

From Venice, a very agreeable excursion may be made, by *Trieste*, into *Istria* and *Dalmatia*, countries which are fraught with interest. On the one side, these countries present, as it were, the skeleton of the Roman

empire ; on the other, particularly in Dalmatia, they exhibit a wandering and pastoral horde, who, perhaps, have sunk progressively from an enlightened to a savage state. In one part, for example, we behold the splendid remains of the masters of the world ; in another, a few ignorant tribes, living in obscurity and indigence. Here, we see the mouldering columns of the palaces of the Cæsars ; there, the smoky hut of the tasteless Haiduck, the spacious baths once appropriated to the use of beauty, and the infectious pallet, on which the debased Dalmatian reposes, a stranger to the endearments of conjugal affection. (1)

But if the traveller did not take the route of Venice from Milan, he will now go to Vicenza ; in order to which he will either cross the Lagunes to Fusina, and take the post ; or hire a Burchiello to return up the Brenta to Padua. From thence to Vicenza is a journey of eighteen Italian miles, or about three hours. The country is flat, but well cultivated ; the crops, corn, maize, and grass. The numerous mulberry-trees bespeak the staple of the Vicentine silk manufacture. The wine of the Vicentine is good.

(1) *Cassas's Travels* compiled from his Journal by Lavallée, are the best on this subject. They have been translated in the first volume of *Contemporary Voyages and Travels*.

No. 21. From VENICE to BERGAMO, 20 posts ;  
21 hours, 20 minutes.

| TIME.            |                 |       | TIME.             |                 |       |
|------------------|-----------------|-------|-------------------|-----------------|-------|
| FROM             | POSTS.          | h. m. | FROM              | POSTS.          | h. m. |
| Venice to PADUA. | 4               |       | Desenzano to Pon- |                 |       |
| Arslesega.....   | 1               | 1 40  | te S. Marco....   | 1               | 1 30  |
| VICENZA (1)..... | 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 2     | BRESCIA (3).....  | 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 1 30  |
| Montebello.....  | 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ | 1 30  | Ospidaletto.....  | 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 1 30  |
| Caldiero.....    | 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 1 30  | Palazzolo.....    | 1               | 1 10  |
| VERONA (2).....  | 1               | 1 45  | Cavernago.....    | 1               | 1 5   |
| Castel Nuovo.... | 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 2 15  | BERGAMO (4)....   | 1               | 1 20  |
| Desenzano .....  | 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 1 45  |                   |                 |       |

*Vicenza* is charmingly situated between two mountains on a large plain; though but four miles in circumference, it contains between 30 and 40,000 persons. It is the native place of Palladio; and the best works of this celebrated architect form the great ornament of the city. *Teatro Olimpico* is one of the finest specimens of modern architecture: it was begun early in 1588, the very year that Palladio died. The house in which the architect himself lived was built by him, and is no less modest than elegant. *Palazzo della ragione*, or the town-hall, is by the same great master.—*Palazzo Prefettizio*, De' Conti Chiericati, Barbarano, Orazio Porto, Conti Tiene, Conti Valmarana, Girolamo Franceschini, are all by Palladio. In the environs, Marchese Capra's famous *rotunda*, copied by Lord Burlington at Chiswick, is by Palladio. In the gardens of the palace

INNS.—(1) The Chapeau Rouge, and Ecu de France.  
(2) The Two Towers; The Tower. (3) The Tower;  
l'Auberge Royale. (4) Phoenix; Albergo Reale.



Valmarana, which are much admired, there is a pretty *loggia*, which passes for Palladio's; and the staircase of *la Madonna del Monte*, with the triumphal arch before it, are said to be by the same architect. The east front of *Palazzo Pretorio* is by Scamozzi; as is also the Nievì palace, and the Trissini on the Corso. Vicenza, though of no extraordinary extent, has many churches, and several hospitals.

The naturalist will visit the *Grotta de' Cavoli*; the mineral waters of *Recoaro*; the tepid waters of *S. Pancrazio di Barbarano*; the hills of *Bretto*; the mountains to the north of the city, in which are abundance of shells, petrifications, etc.

In the volcanic mountains near Vicenza are nodules of chacedony from the size of a pea, to the diameter of an inch, bedded in the lava; they are commonly, hollow and the cavity has sometimes water in it: they are then called *enhydri*.

From Vicenza to Verona the road is good and the country pleasant; the crops are of corn, maize, clover, lucern, grass and hemp. On the right, at some distance are the Alps, which separate Italy from Germany; or else the Vicentine and Veronese hills: on the left, a flat, rich, cultivated country, extending to the Apennines beyond Bologna. The Vicentine and Veronese hills are calcareous, furnishing fine red, yellow, and variegated marbles; and have been much shaken by violent volcanos.

Verona and its territory have been already described in the first chapter of this work.

From Verona an excursion may be made to *Mantua*. This city is surrounded by a morass, formed by the overflowing of the Mincio, and can be approached only by long bridges or causeways. It is about four miles in circumference; some of the streets are wide and strait, with a few good houses, but they are generally unequal, and mostly indifferent. Population, 25,000.

The *Cathedral* is spacious, and has five aisles. Giulio Romano was the architect, and also painted the tribune and a part of the cieling. S. Agnese is an old church, in good taste, with some lofty fine chapels. In a chapel on the right hand are two great frescos, in the style of Giulio Romano, by whom there are some cielings also in the ancient Ducal Palace. In the *Palazzo di T.* so called from its form, are some fine frescos by the same artist, who gave the plan and elevation of the palace; the most admired pieces are the fall of Phaeton and Jupiter's victory over the giants. The village of Andes or Pietole, near Mantua, gave birth to *Virgil*.

In going from Verona to Brescia, the road continues by the *Lago di Garda*, or the *Benacus*, for several miles. It is about 35 miles in length, and 12 in breadth; and though not the largest is by far the noblest lake in Italy. The eastern side is romantically magnificent; while the western has the softest and most delicious views. The *Ri-*

*viera di Salò* is on this side. *Salò*, the principal town, is well built, and has about 5000 inhabitants. The whole country for at least twenty miles is one continued garden.

*Brescia* is a handsome, large and populous city on the river Garza; the number of inhabitants is said to be about 40,000: it is almost a square, with a castle at one corner. Between the city and the foot of the Alps is a fine rich plain; and an extensive one also on the other side, at the extremity of which appears *Cremona*, thirty miles distant. The *Cathedral* is a fine modern building, and the ornaments within are executed with taste. The *Palazzo della Giustizia* is a mixture of Gothic and Greek architecture, and contains many pictures, some of which are good. The *theatre* is splendid; the boxes much ornamented with glasses, painting, and a front-cloth of velvet or silks fringed, and the seats in the pit are roomy.

The *Mazzachelli Collection of Medals* is very valuable; also the Public Library, where is a fine collection of engravings. There is an excellent public walk at Brescia, and numerous fountains in the city. Trade and manufactures are in great activity here, particularly of fire-arms, cannon, linen, cloth and lace. The people are laborious and robust, partaking somewhat of the Swiss character, and the women are industrious, frank and gay.

The Brescian territory, though not naturally fertile, has been converted into a garden

by industry, a judicious choice of manures, and a skilful distribution of water. From Brescia to Bergamo you coast the Alps, at the distance of two or three miles. This province is very populous and fertile, and the inhabitants are very industrious.

*Bergamo* is situated on a mountain overlooking a plain, covered with trees as far as the eye can reach. On approaching it, the appearance of the suburbs, with the city rising above, and the mountain crowned with the citadel, is very fine. Although many of the inhabitants quit the town to seek a livelihood at Milan, Genoa and other places, it contains a population of 30,000 persons. Bergamo, is the native country of Harlequin, and the people have a sort of humorous repartee and an arch manner, which, with their peculiar *patois*, gives them a very different air from that of the rest of the Italians.

The principal public buildings are the *Cathedral*, the churches of S. Maria Maggiore, Alessandro, S. Spirito; S. Bartolomeo, and S. Grata; the *New Palace* by Scamozzi and the Theatre. At Agostino is the tomb of *Calopin* the patriarch of Lexicographers. There are two fine public walks, one of which is on the ramparts. The design of the palace Vagliotti is elegant; and those of Terzi, Massoli, Moroni, and Sozzi contain some good pictures. In the suburb of S. *Leonardo* is a large building containing 600 shops, and a square and fountain in the centre, appropri-

ated to the annual Fair held here in August; and opposite this place is a large theatre.

The trade of Bergamo is in wool, silk, broad-cloaths, and iron. The country abounds in wine, oil, and excellent fruits, and feeds a large number of sheep. The Bergamese are robust, well made, industrious and keen in business.

From Bergamo the traveller may take leave of Italy, and proceed to France, Switzerland, or Germany, by any of the routes pointed out in the first chapter of this Work.

**THE END.**

# INDEX.

\* \* \* *The Roman Numerals refer to the INTRODUCTION.*

|                                                                                                                              | Page. |                                                                                                                           | Page.   |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------|
| Abbey del Bosco.....                                                                                                         | 14    | Genoa.....                                                                                                                | 144     |
| Acheron, the Ancient.                                                                                                        | 499   | Appian Road.....                                                                                                          | 389     |
| Acquapendente.....                                                                                                           | 518   | Aqua Santa.....                                                                                                           | 151     |
| Adige, source of the river.....                                                                                              | 54    | Arezzo.....                                                                                                               | 526     |
| Agnano, lake of.....                                                                                                         | 495   | Arona.....                                                                                                                | 3       |
| Agriculture, etc. of Italy                                                                                                   | 42    | Asinelli, tower of...:                                                                                                    | 162     |
| Aiguebelle.....                                                                                                              | 17    | Assisi.....                                                                                                               | 525     |
| Ala.....                                                                                                                     | 59    | Asti.....                                                                                                                 | 13      |
| Albana.....                                                                                                                  | 394   | Augustus, triumphal arch in honour of..                                                                                   | 25      |
| Albenga.....                                                                                                                 | 9     | Avalanche near Saint Martin.....                                                                                          | 24      |
| Albergo, sculpture and ornament of the Chapel of the.....                                                                    | 77    | Aversa.....                                                                                                               | 401     |
| Alessandria di Paglia.                                                                                                       | 13    | Avigliana.....                                                                                                            | 26      |
| Alfieri, birth-place of                                                                                                      | 13    | Baccano.....                                                                                                              | 197—516 |
| Ambras, castle of....                                                                                                        | 50    | Baiaæ, Bay of.....                                                                                                        | 498     |
| Ancona, 179.—mole of <i>ib.</i> —Triumphal Arches, 180.—Streets, 181.—Females, <i>ib.</i> Trade and manufactures, <i>ib.</i> |       | —, excursion to....                                                                                                       | 495     |
| Andes or Pietole, village of, Virgil born at.....                                                                            | 649   | Bagni di S. Filippo...                                                                                                    | 519     |
| Angelo, Michael, house of.....                                                                                               | 540   | Baths of Nero.....                                                                                                        | 498     |
| Antium.....                                                                                                                  | 360   | Belgerita.....                                                                                                            | 3       |
| Anxur, the ancient, ruins of.....                                                                                            | 396   | Belvedere.....                                                                                                            | 503     |
| Apennines, described by Mr. Addison....                                                                                      | 572   | Bergamo.....                                                                                                              | 651     |
| —, Excursion over the, from Parma to                                                                                         |       | Berzola.....                                                                                                              | 145     |
|                                                                                                                              |       | Binasco.....                                                                                                              | 104     |
|                                                                                                                              |       | Bochetta, the.....                                                                                                        | 15—98   |
|                                                                                                                              |       | Bodoni, Library and Printing-Office of..                                                                                  | 135     |
|                                                                                                                              |       | Bolca.....                                                                                                                | 65      |
|                                                                                                                              |       | BOLOGNA, advisable to purchase a <i>sedie</i> at, xxiv—description of 154—history of, 155—churches 156—palaces and public |         |



|                                | Page. |                              | Page. |
|--------------------------------|-------|------------------------------|-------|
| buildings, 158 —               |       | Brixen.....                  | 54    |
| school of painting,            |       | Brixen and Bolsano,          |       |
| 159—Clementine a-              |       | description of the           |       |
| cademy, <i>ib.</i> — insti-    |       | road between.....            | 55    |
| tuto di Bologna, 160           |       |                              |       |
| —university, 161 —             |       | Camels, herd of, esta-       |       |
| academies of the in-           |       | blished near Pisa...         | 585   |
| quieto and the Ozio-           |       | Camerino .....               | 190   |
| si, 162—towers, <i>ib.</i>     |       | Campagna di Roma,            |       |
| squares, 163 — the-            |       | the, 198, 371, 373—          |       |
| atres, promenades,             |       | insalubrity of, <i>ib.</i> — |       |
| etc. <i>ib.</i> — man-         |       | cultivation of 373—          |       |
| ners, society, etc. <i>ib.</i> |       | Mal' aria.....               | 374   |
| —females, <i>ib.</i> —illus-   |       | Campi Macri, the....         | 138   |
| trious men born at,            |       | Campomarone, new             |       |
| 164—convent of St.             |       | road from, to Genoa          | 15    |
| Stephano, <i>ib.</i> —envi-    |       | Campo Morto, visit to        |       |
| rons, 165—agreeable            |       | the farm of.....             | 384   |
| pilgrimage from, 166           |       | Camulduli, convent of        | 40    |
| —commerce, natu-               |       | Cantonniers, account         |       |
| ral productions, <i>ib.</i>    |       | of.....                      | 22    |
| —natural curiosi-              |       | Capri, island of.....        | 504   |
| ties, 167—situation,           |       | Capua, 400—ancient,          |       |
| 168—beauty of the              |       | ruins of, <i>ib.</i> —Excur- |       |
| road from 171 —                |       | sion from to Cesar-          |       |
| route from, to An-             |       | ta, <i>ib.</i> —Richness of  |       |
| cona, 168 — route              |       | the road from to             |       |
| from, to Venice, by            |       | Naples.....                  | 401   |
| Ferrara, Rovigo, and           |       | Caravanseras, erected        |       |
| Padua.....                     | 596   | by Pope Pius VI...           | 389   |
| Bolano, or Botzen ....         | 56    | Carignano, church and        |       |
| Bolseno, environs of..         | 517   | bridge of.....               | 74    |
| Borromean Isles.....           | 122   | Carrara, approach to,        |       |
| Borromeo, St. Charles          |       | 93—La Studio, 94—            |       |
| of, life of.....               | 108   | workshops, <i>ib.</i> —      |       |
| Bosco, 147.—Roman-             |       | quarries, <i>ib.</i> — Hill  |       |
| tic situation of <i>ib.</i> —  |       | and Vale of, <i>ib.</i>      |       |
| Hospitality of the             |       | Cascata del Marmore.         | 194   |
| Rector of.....                 | 148   | Case Nuove.....              | 191   |
| Boundaries of Italy...         | v     | Caserta, 400, 502—A-         |       |
| Brescia .....                  | 650   | queduct of.....              | 504   |
|                                |       | Cassini, meridian of..       | 157   |

|                                                                                                              | Page.     |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------|
| Castel Fiorentino.....                                                                                       | 377       |
| Castel Guelfo.....                                                                                           | 133       |
| Castello dello Pietra,<br>fortress of.....                                                                   | 58        |
| Castiglione.....                                                                                             | 526       |
| Cathedral of Milan...                                                                                        | 107       |
| Cava .....                                                                                                   | 501       |
| Cenis, Mount, <i>see</i> Mount<br>Cenis.                                                                     |           |
| Cento Camerale.....                                                                                          | 500       |
| Cesena.....                                                                                                  | 172       |
| Chaises à-porteurs de-<br>scribed.....                                                                       | 19        |
| Chalets .....                                                                                                | 151       |
| Chamois, account of..                                                                                        | 18        |
| Chartreuse, church and<br>monastery of..                                                                     | 103—570   |
| Chienté, source of the                                                                                       | 189       |
| Chiusa, or Clausen, 54<br>—description of the<br>defile terminating<br>the plain, 55 — for-<br>tress of..... | 60        |
| Chiusi.....                                                                                                  | 519       |
| Cicisbeism ...                                                                                               | 34—85—320 |
| Cicisbeos.....                                                                                               | 331—461   |
| Ci-devant kingdom of<br>Italy, post regula-<br>tions.....                                                    | xxxj      |
| Civita Castellana.....                                                                                       | 196       |
| Clementine Academy.                                                                                          | 159       |
| Climates, different, of<br>Italy.....                                                                        | vij—ix    |
| Clitumnus, temple of,<br>192 — source of the<br>river of, <i>ib.</i>                                         |           |
| Col de Tende, passage<br>of the.....                                                                         | 12        |
| Col Fiorito.....                                                                                             | 191       |
| Colle.....                                                                                                   | 523       |
| Colorno.....                                                                                                 | 136       |

|                                                                                                                                              | Page.   |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------|
| Como, 124—Lake of..                                                                                                                          | 125     |
| Compiano.....                                                                                                                                | 154     |
| Coni.....                                                                                                                                    | 12      |
| Cora.....                                                                                                                                    | 397     |
| Corregio.....                                                                                                                                | 137     |
| Cortellacino.....                                                                                                                            | 196     |
| Cortona.....                                                                                                                                 | 526     |
| Courier, journey with<br>from Rome to Na-<br>ples .....                                                                                      | xxj     |
| Clemona.....                                                                                                                                 | 130—650 |
| Crucifixes, numerous,<br>on the road between<br>Brixen and Bolsano.                                                                          | 55      |
| Cuma.....                                                                                                                                    | 499     |
| Dante, tomb of.....                                                                                                                          | 176     |
| Death of the Emperor<br>Francis, husband of<br>Maria Theresa....                                                                             | 48      |
| Descent to Piedmont.                                                                                                                         | 23      |
| Doria, the Palace....                                                                                                                        | 70      |
| Ecclesiastical States,<br>post regulations in<br>the .....                                                                                   | xxix    |
| Elysian Fields.....                                                                                                                          | 500     |
| Empoli.....                                                                                                                                  | 569     |
| Equinoctial rains....                                                                                                                        | xj      |
| Exchange, rate of in<br>Italy.....                                                                                                           | xxxvij  |
| Excursion from Pisa to<br>Terracina, through<br>the Maremma of<br>Tuscany, the Cam-<br>pagna of Rome, and<br>the Pomptine Marsh-<br>es ..... | 376     |
| ————— over the<br>Apennines from Par-<br>ma to Genoa .....                                                                                   | 144     |

|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                | Page. |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------|
| Excursion to Baia. . . .                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       | 495   |
| —— to Vesuvius. . . .                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          | 474   |
| Expense of living in Italy. . . . .                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            | xviii |
| Faenza. . . . .                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                | 169   |
| Fajola. . . . .                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                | 396   |
| Falernum, mountain of                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          | 400   |
| Fano. . . . .                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  | 179   |
| Feluccas described, 6                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          |       |
| — for Genoa or Leghorn, <i>ib.</i> —Directions to persons going by the, 7 — passage by them recommended, 89 — precautions to to be taken with the Padrones. . . . .                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            | 90    |
| Ferrara. . . . .                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               | 597   |
| Fête of the Dead. . . .                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        | 313   |
| Fiesole. . . . .                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               | 569   |
| Finale. . . . .                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                | 9     |
| Firenzuola. . . . .                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            | 133   |
| FLORENCE, situation of, 527 — directions for visiting, 528 — inns, <i>ib.</i> —restaurateurs, 529 — coffee-rooms, <i>ib.</i> — lodgings, etc. <i>ib.</i> —manner of seeing, 530 — extent and population, 531 — gates, 532 — quays, <i>ib.</i> —bridges, <i>ib.</i> —streets, 533 — squares, 535 — palaces, 536—churches, 541—Sasso di Dante, 542—cathedral, <i>ib.</i> —museum, 548—libraries, 551 — theatres, |       |

|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    | Page. |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------|
| 554—fountains, 556 promenades, <i>ib.</i> — gallery, 558 — the school of the fine arts, 565 — society and manners, 566—Improvisatori, 567—commerce, manufactures, etc. 568 — environs of, <i>ib.</i> —history of, 572 — passage from, to Pisa by water, 586—route from, to Leghorn, <i>ib.</i>                                                     |       |
| Foligno. . . . .                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   | 191   |
| Fondi, 398 — Grotto near. . . . .                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  | 398   |
| Forli. . . . .                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     | 170   |
| Forlimpopoli. . . . .                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              | 171   |
| Frascati. . . . .                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  | 366   |
| Fusaro, Lake of. . . .                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             | 495   |
| Garigliano. . . . .                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                | 399   |
| Gavi, castle of, 15—fortress of. . . . .                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           | 99    |
| GENOA, description of, 66—situation of, <i>ib.</i> — inns, <i>ib.</i> note—streets, 68—palaces, 69—churches, 73—cathedral, 74—church and bridge of Carrignano, <i>ib.</i> —Moles and hospitals, 76—custom house, 77—exchange and Porto Franco, 78 — fortifications, <i>ib.</i> —academy, libraries, etc. 79 — promenades, theatres, etc. 80 — Vil- |       |

|                                    | Page. |
|------------------------------------|-------|
| las, 81—environs, 82—              |       |
| Lo Scoglietto, 83—                 |       |
| people, manners, etc.              |       |
| <i>ib.</i> —population, <i>ib.</i> |       |
| —females, 85—cicis-                |       |
| beism, <i>ib.</i> — com-           |       |
| merce, natural pro-                |       |
| ductions, climate,                 |       |
| etc. 86 — history of,              |       |
| 88 — directions for                |       |
| viewing, <i>ib.</i> — de-          |       |
| parture, from.....                 | 89    |
| Glaciers of Tyrol....              | 50    |
| Gladiators, tomb of the            | 483   |
| Gondola, hire of a, at             |       |
| Venice, xix—direc-                 |       |
| tions on entering a,               |       |
| etc. 601—described.                | 639   |
| Gondoliers.....                    | 640   |
| Grand St. Bernard,                 |       |
| passage of.....                    | 4     |
| Grotta, the Sybil's...             | 497   |
| Grotto del Cane.....               | 494   |
| Hall.....                          | 50    |
| Hannibal, road by                  |       |
| which he entered                   |       |
| Italy.....                         | 22    |
| Herculaneum, discove-              |       |
| ry of .....                        | 477   |
| Imola.....                         | 169   |
| Inspruck, 48 — bad                 |       |
| style of architecture,             |       |
| <i>ib.</i> —chapel erected         |       |
| at, by Maria Thera-                |       |
| sa, <i>ib.</i> — Vale of, 49       |       |
| — height above the                 |       |
| level of the sea.....              | 52    |
| — and Zelt, grotto                 |       |
| between .....                      | 50    |

|                                 | Page.      |
|---------------------------------|------------|
| Instituto di Bologna .          | 160        |
| Invalids resident in Ita-       |            |
| ly, directions to...            | xviiij     |
| Iron crown, the eccl-           |            |
| brated.....                     | 121        |
| Isella.....                     | 3          |
| Isle of Ischia.....             | 502        |
| Isola Bella.....                | 123        |
| Isola Madre.....                | <i>ib.</i> |
| Italian cookery .....           | 470        |
| —— hours, table of,             | xliv       |
| —— inns.....                    | xxvj       |
| —— language.....                | v          |
| Italians, their passion         |            |
| for music.....                  | <i>ib.</i> |
| ITALY, general view             |            |
| of, j — boundaries,             |            |
| population, and cul-            |            |
| tivation, <i>ib.</i> —lakes,    |            |
| <i>ib.</i> —ports, bays, etc.   |            |
| iv.—pleasure of tra-            |            |
| velling in, <i>ib.</i> —lan-    |            |
| guage, <i>ib.</i> — music,      |            |
| <i>ib.</i> — geography and      |            |
| scenery of, vj —                |            |
| mountains, vij—dif-             |            |
| ferent climates of,             |            |
| viiij — climate of in           |            |
| general, xj — perio-            |            |
| dical rains, <i>ib.</i> —dan-   |            |
| ger of travelling in,           |            |
| during the heat of              |            |
| the day, xiiij—direc-           |            |
| tions to travellers, <i>ib.</i> |            |
| —scenery of, xiv—               |            |
| plan of a tour in, <i>ib.</i>   |            |
| —directions to inva-            |            |
| lids resident in, xviiij        |            |
| —expense of living              |            |
| in, <i>ib.</i> — manner of      |            |
| travelling post in,             |            |

|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               | Page. |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       | Page. |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------|
| xxij—postprices and regulations, xxij—gold coins current in, xxxij—silver ditto, xxxij—money of, xxxiv—rate of exchange, xxxvij—weights and measures, xxxvij—xl—routes leading to, i—soil and agriculture of, 42—customs of the peasantry.... | 190   | Lake of Nemi.....                                                                                                                                                                                                                     | 368   |
| Itri.....                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     | 399   | Lake on Mount Cenis.                                                                                                                                                                                                                  | 20    |
| Juliet, tomb of.....                                                                                                                                                                                                                          | 66    | Lake Sabatinus.....                                                                                                                                                                                                                   | 516   |
| Jupiter Serapis, remains of a temple dedicated to.....                                                                                                                                                                                        | 492   | Lake of Vico.....                                                                                                                                                                                                                     | 516   |
| Kingdom of Naples, post regulations of the.....                                                                                                                                                                                               | xxix  | Lake, the Lucrine....                                                                                                                                                                                                                 | 491   |
| ———, general aspect, soil, and agriculture of the.....                                                                                                                                                                                        | 507   | Lanslebourg.....                                                                                                                                                                                                                      | 18    |
| La Favorita.....                                                                                                                                                                                                                              | 489   | La Riccia, anciently                                                                                                                                                                                                                  |       |
| Lago di Castello.....                                                                                                                                                                                                                         | 396   | Aricia.....                                                                                                                                                                                                                           | 367   |
| Lago di Garda.....                                                                                                                                                                                                                            | 649   | Leghorn.....                                                                                                                                                                                                                          | 592   |
| Lago di Lugano.....                                                                                                                                                                                                                           | 125   | Leinata.....                                                                                                                                                                                                                          | 4     |
| Lago Maggiore, 123—Islands on, <i>ib.</i> —Envi-<br>rons of.....                                                                                                                                                                              | 124   | Lerici, 91—directions<br>on arriving at, 92—<br>distance from to Pi-<br>sa.....                                                                                                                                                       | 96    |
| Lake Agnano.....                                                                                                                                                                                                                              | 495   | Linea Pia, commence-<br>ment of.....                                                                                                                                                                                                  | 395   |
| Lake Avernus.....                                                                                                                                                                                                                             | 497   | Lodesan, province of.                                                                                                                                                                                                                 | 129   |
| Lake Fusaro, famous<br>oysters of.....                                                                                                                                                                                                        | 495   | Lodi, 129—battle<br>fought at, <i>ib.</i> —roads<br>leading from, <i>ib.</i>                                                                                                                                                          |       |
| Lake of Como, 125—<br>beautiful description<br>of, <i>ib.</i>                                                                                                                                                                                 |       | Lombardy, roads in. xxiv<br>———, soil and<br>agriculture of, 42—<br>139—horned cat-<br>tle of, 140—popula-<br>tion of, how divid-<br>ed, 142—farmers not<br>interested in the<br>public welfare, 143—<br>order of society, <i>ib.</i> |       |
|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               |       | Loretto, 183—church<br>of, <i>ib.</i> —Santa Casa,<br><i>ib.</i> —treasures of the,<br>184—history of the<br>Santissima Casa, at.                                                                                                     | 187   |
|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               |       | Lucca, post regula-<br>tions.....                                                                                                                                                                                                     | xxx   |
|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               |       | ——— 583, 593—sin-<br>gular construction of.                                                                                                                                                                                           | 593   |
|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               |       | ——— and Pisa, beau-<br>tiful scenery be-<br>tween.....                                                                                                                                                                                | 95    |

|                              | Page. |                              | Page. |
|------------------------------|-------|------------------------------|-------|
| Macchie, the.....            | 151   | sanctuary of Notre-          |       |
| Macerata.....                | 189   | Dame, 112—palaces            |       |
| Madonna degli Angeli.        | 525   | and public build-            |       |
| Magliano.....                | 196   | ings, 114—Ambro-             |       |
| Mal' aria, 374, 385—         |       | sian library, <i>ib.</i> —   |       |
| Introduction of the.         | 379   | royal palace, 115—           |       |
| Mantua.....                  | 649   | theatres, 116—the            |       |
| Marcus Aurelius,             |       | great hospital, 117—         |       |
| bronze statue of....         | 102   | pantheon, 118—La-            |       |
| Maremma of Rome...           | 386   | zaretto, <i>ib.</i> —public  |       |
| ———— of Tuscany,             |       | walks, <i>ib.</i> —environs, |       |
| 377—soil of the 378,         |       | 119—ancient, des-            |       |
| 382—Not unhealthy            |       | cription of, <i>ib.</i> —    |       |
| in winter, 379—wan-          |       | country seats in the         |       |
| dering shepherds, <i>ib.</i> |       | environs of, 122—            |       |
| —supposed cause of           |       | manners, character,          |       |
| its insalubrity, 380         |       | etc. 126—commerce,           |       |
| —inhabitants, <i>ib.</i>     |       | natural productions,         |       |
| Mare Morto.....              | 499   | <i>ib.</i> —climate, 127—    |       |
| Marengo, 14—battle           |       | route from, to Bo-           |       |
| of, <i>ib.</i>               |       | logna.....                   | 128   |
| Maria Theresa, chapel        |       | Misenus. ....                | 499   |
| erected by, to the           |       | Modane, waterfall near       | 18    |
| memory of her hus-           |       | Modena 137—cathe-            |       |
| band.....                    | 48    | dral of, <i>ib.</i> —victory |       |
| Marignana, 128—bat-          |       | gained at.....               | 138   |
| tle fought at, <i>ib.</i> —  |       | Mollaret.....                | 23    |
| Aqueduct near.....           | 129   | Molo di Gaeta, 399—          |       |
| Marino.....                  | 369   | Elegant head-dress           |       |
| Marmot described....         | 18    | of the women of, <i>ib.</i>  |       |
| Massa.....                   | 94    | Monaco.....                  | 8     |
| Massona.....                 | 3     | Money of Italy, va-          |       |
| Measures of Italy....        | xl    | rious tables of              |       |
| MILAN, description of,       |       | xxxij—xxxviii                |       |
| 105—population, <i>ib.</i>   |       | Montefiascone.....           | 517   |
| —bowling green, <i>ib.</i>   |       | Monte Paderno, phos-         |       |
| triumphal arch, <i>ib.</i>   |       | phorescent stone             |       |
| —streets, 106—chur-          |       | found on.....                | 167   |
| ches, 107—cathe-             |       | Montepulciano.....           | 519   |
| dral, <i>ib.</i> —archbi-    |       | Monterosi.....               | 197   |
| shop's palace, 111—          |       | Monte Viso.....              | 12    |



|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          | Page. |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              | Page. |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------|
| Montmelian.....                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          | 16    | aqueducts, 443 —                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             |       |
| Mont Rose, height of                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     | 3     | promenades, 447 —                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            |       |
| Monza, 121 — cathedral, <i>ib.</i> — celebrated iron crown, <i>ib.</i>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   |       | theatres, 450 — the museum Lo Studio, 453 — manuscripts, 456 — public libraries, 457 — the university, 458 — language, <i>ib.</i> — conservatories, schools, fine arts, 459 — society, manners, and customs, 460 — women, <i>ib.</i> — cicisbeos, 461 — manners, 462 — Lazzaroni, 463 — festival of the Madonnas, 465 — carnival, 466 — provisions, diet, etc. <i>ib.</i> — Vegetables, 468 — fruit, cheese, etc. 469 — cookery, 470 — climate, <i>ib.</i> — manufactures, 471 — carriages, 472 — environs of, 474 — excursion from, to Vesuvius, <i>ib.</i> — bay of, 475 — books on, and its environs..... | 506   |
| Mountain of Pausilippo.....                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              | 490   | Narni.....                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   | 195   |
| —— of the Tyrol.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         | 53    | Neapolitan calash, description of.....                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       | 473   |
| Mountains of Italy, vij heights of the.....                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              | xlij  | Neptune, fountain of.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        | 163   |
| Mount Cenis, passage of, 16 — directions on approaching, 18 — new road over, 19 — plain of, 20 — Lake on, <i>ib.</i> — Tavernettes, 22 — Hospice or convent, <i>ib.</i> — highest point, <i>ib.</i>                                                                                                                                                                      |       | Nero, tomb of.....                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           | 198   |
| —— St. Gothard, passage of.....                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          | 5     | Neumark and Trent, scenery between...                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        | 56    |
| —— St. Oreste.....                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       | 196   | New road over Mount Cenis.....                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               | 19    |
| NAPLES, 306 — delightful situation of, 402 — internal appearance of, 404 — architecture, 405 — inns, coffee-houses, and private lodgings, 406 — divisions of, 408 — population, 414 — ten days in, 416 — churches, 418 — palaces and public buildings, 427 — castles, 430 — hospitals, 433 — streets and squares, 438 — shops, 440 — the mole, 441 — fountains, bridges, |       | Nisida, or Nesis.....                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        | 496   |
|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          |       | Nocera.....                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  | 501   |

|                            | Page.   |                                | Page.   |
|----------------------------|---------|--------------------------------|---------|
| Nole.....                  | 9       | Piedmontese carriers           |         |
| Northern Italy, post       |         | worthy of confidence           | xxv     |
| prices in.....             | xxiiij  | Pietole or Andes, Vir-         |         |
| Novi, description of,      |         | gil born at.. . . .            | 649     |
| 14—battle fought at,       | 15      | Pietro Santo. . . . .          | 95      |
| Oertler, the.....          | 50      | Piperno. . . . .               | 397     |
| Ombria.....                | 524     | Pisa, 587—origin of,           | 588     |
| Oneglia.....               | 9       | — extent of, <i>ib.</i> —      |         |
| Orvieto.....               | 518     | churches, <i>ib.</i> — re-     |         |
| Osimo.....                 | 188     | commended as a win-            |         |
| Ostia.....                 | 369     | ter residence, 589             |         |
| Otranto.....               | 506     | cathedral, 590—bap-            |         |
| Otricoli.....              | 196     | tistery, <i>ib.</i> —Campa-    |         |
| Otriculum, ruins of...     | 196     | nile, or leaning               |         |
|                            |         | tower, <i>ib.</i> —Campo       |         |
|                            |         | Santo, etc. . . . .            | 591     |
| Padova (Padua), 597—       |         | Piscina Mirabile, the..        | 500     |
| environs of.....           | 600     | Pistoja, architecture          |         |
| Parma.....                 | 134     | and monuments at               |         |
| —, excursion from          |         | .....                          | 582—594 |
| to Genoa, over the         |         | Placentia, neighbour-          |         |
| Apennines, 144—ri-         |         | hood of, 134—battles           |         |
| ver.....                   | 145     | fought in the, <i>ib.</i>      |         |
| Parmesan cheese, 104—      | 140     | Plan of a tour in Italy        | xiv     |
| Passage from Bologna       |         | Po, fertility of the vale      |         |
| to Ferrara by water.       | 596     | of the, viij, 99 —             |         |
| Pausilippo, mountain of    | 490     | source of the, 37—             |         |
| Pavia, 101—history of      |         | banks of the . . . .           | 101     |
| <i>ib.</i> —remarkable ob- |         | Poggibonzi . . . . .           | 524     |
| jects in, 102—univer-      |         | Polcevera, stream and          |         |
| sity, etc.....             | 103     | valley of. . . . .             | 97      |
| Perugia.....               | 525     | Pompeii, expense of an         |         |
| Pesaro. . . . .            | 178     | excursion to, 478—             |         |
| Pescia. . . . .            | 583—594 | researches in, 482—            |         |
| Pesto . . . . .            | 501     | tomb of the Gladia-            |         |
| Phosphorescent stone.      | 167     | tors. . . . .                  | 483     |
| Piacenza (Placentia) 132   |         | Pomptine Marshes, 387          |         |
| —neighbourhood of,         |         | —drained by Pope               |         |
| 134—battles fought         |         | Pius VI, 389—hor-              |         |
| near, <i>ib.</i>           |         | ses of the, 390—fer-           |         |
| Piedmont, descent to.      | 23      | tility of the soil, <i>ib.</i> |         |

|                                                                                                   | Page.  |                                                                                                                                                                                                            | Page. |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------|
| Ponte della Trave....                                                                             | 190    | Rivoli . . . . .                                                                                                                                                                                           | 26    |
| Pope Alexander III,<br>life of, painted in<br>fresco . . . . .                                    | 522    | ROME, journey from,<br>to Naples with the<br>courier, xxj—money<br>of, xxxv.                                                                                                                               |       |
| Population of Italy... v                                                                          |        | —, 199—instructions<br>on arriving at, 200—<br>inns, 201—caffés, <i>ib.</i>                                                                                                                                |       |
| — of different<br>parts of Italy, table<br>of the . . . . .                                       | xlij   | —restaurateurs, <i>ib.</i>                                                                                                                                                                                 |       |
| Portici . . . . .                                                                                 | 486    | —lodgings, 202—wa-<br>ter, <i>ib.</i> —baths, <i>ib.</i> —                                                                                                                                                 |       |
| Port Maurice . . . . .                                                                            | 9      | promenade, 203 —<br>manner of lighting,<br><i>ib.</i> — air of, 204—                                                                                                                                       |       |
| Porto (anciently Por-<br>tus Romanus) . . . . .                                                   | 370    | description of, 205—<br>Porto del Popolo, <i>ib.</i>                                                                                                                                                       |       |
| Porto Finno. . . . .                                                                              | 90     | —Egyptian obelisk,<br>206—modern, how<br>divided, <i>ib.</i> —popu-<br>lation, <i>ib.</i> — streets,                                                                                                       |       |
| Porto Venere, and ap-<br>proach to, 91— de-<br>lightful sail from<br>thence to Lerici, <i>ib.</i> |        | 208—gates and hills,<br>211 — squares and<br>bridges, 212 — im-<br>provements made by<br>the French at, 216—                                                                                               |       |
| Postillion's guides in<br>Italy, payment of..                                                     | xxix   | Ghetto degli Ebrei,<br>217 — ten days in,<br>224—churches, 226;<br>impurity of the, <i>ib.</i> ;<br>manner of burying<br>the dead in the, <i>ib.</i>                                                       |       |
| Post prices in Italy..                                                                            | xxiiij | —the catacombs, 242                                                                                                                                                                                        |       |
| Pozzuoli . . . . .                                                                                | 492    | — tomb of Cecilia<br>Metella, 244—pala-<br>ces, 245—the Vati-<br>can, 246 — the Capi-<br>tol, 254 — public<br>buildings, monu-<br>ments, etc. 273 —<br>castle of St. Angelo,<br><i>ib.</i> — Coliseum, 274 |       |
| Pratolino . . . . .                                                                               | 571    |                                                                                                                                                                                                            |       |
| Procida, Island of....                                                                            | 502    |                                                                                                                                                                                                            |       |
| Rodicofani, mountain<br>of, 519—town of, <i>ib.</i>                                               |        |                                                                                                                                                                                                            |       |
| Ramasse; 19—descent<br>of, <i>ib.</i>                                                             |        |                                                                                                                                                                                                            |       |
| Ravenna, 175—public<br>buildings, <i>ib.</i>                                                      |        |                                                                                                                                                                                                            |       |
| Recanati . . . . .                                                                                | 188    |                                                                                                                                                                                                            |       |
| Regetta, account of..                                                                             | 640    |                                                                                                                                                                                                            |       |
| Reggio, 136—Ariosto<br>born at . . . . .                                                          | 137    |                                                                                                                                                                                                            |       |
| Return vetturini car-<br>riages . . . . .                                                         | 93     |                                                                                                                                                                                                            |       |
| Rhenus or Reno, 154—<br>island formed by, <i>ib.</i>                                              |        |                                                                                                                                                                                                            |       |
| Rho . . . . .                                                                                     | 4      |                                                                                                                                                                                                            |       |
| Rimini, 173 — superb<br>bridge at, <i>ib.</i>                                                     |        |                                                                                                                                                                                                            |       |

| Page.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  | Page.                                                        |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------|
| — arches, 277—columns and obelisks, 278—Pantheon, 281—Forum and Via Sacra, 283—Temple of Peace, 285—Palatine hill, 287—baths, 289—ruins, 291—aqueducts 293—gardens, 296—public fountains, 299—Museums, academies, etc. 302—Academies 304—Diversions, 307—religious ceremonies, 308—carnival, 316—theatres, 318—promenades, 322—character, manners, society, 325—females, 329—language of signs, 330—cicisbeos, 331—ricevimenti, 332—learning, 334—superiority of the Roman bar, <i>ib.</i> —commerce, manufactures and diet, 335—wine, cookery, 340—environs, 342 Campagna, 371—books on Rome, 392—roads from to Naples, 393—routes from to Terracina, 394, 396—return to, 514—routes from to Florence ..... 516, 525. | ROUTE from Geneva to Milan ..... 2                           |
| Ronca, 65—the river.. 170                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              | — Aoste to Turin... 5                                        |
| Ronciglione. . . . . 197                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               | — Antibes, or Nice, to Genoa, by sea, 6                      |
| Roveredo . . . . . 58                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  | — Nice to Genoa, by the coast ..... 10                       |
|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        | — Antibes to Genoa, by the Col de Tende 11                   |
|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        | — Antibes to Turin. 16                                       |
|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        | — Chambery to Turin <i>ib.</i>                               |
|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        | — Inspruck to Verona ..... 47                                |
|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        | — Genoa to Milan... 96                                       |
|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        | — Milan to Bologna. 128                                      |
|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        | — Bologna to Ancona 168                                      |
|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        | — Ancona to Rome. 182                                        |
|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        | — Rome to Terracina, by the Pomptine Marshes ..... 394       |
|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        | — Rome to Terracina 396                                      |
|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        | — Terracina to Naples 398                                    |
|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        | — Rome to Florence. 516                                      |
|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        | — Rome to Florence, by Perugia ..... 525                     |
|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        | — Florence to Leghorn ..... 586                              |
|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        | — Leghorn to Florence, by Lucca and Pistoja ..... 593        |
|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        | — Bologna to Venice, by Ferrara, Rovigo, and Padua ..... 596 |
|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        | — Venice to Bergamo 647                                      |
|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        | Rubicon, the ancient. 172                                    |
|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        | Sabiona, abbey of.... 54                                     |
|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        | Sala, country seat of.. 144                                  |
|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        | —, its situation.... <i>ib.</i>                              |
|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        | Salo ..... 650                                               |
|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        | San Lorenzo delle                                            |

|                                                                                                                      | Page.    |                                                                                 | Page.  |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------|
| Grosse, caverns in<br>the tufo hills near..                                                                          | 518      | Simplon, passage of..                                                           | 2      |
| — Lorenzo Nuovo..                                                                                                    | 518      | Sirocco, effects of the                                                         | 638    |
| — Marino.....                                                                                                        | 172, 177 | Slavini di Marco.....                                                           | 59     |
| — Nicolo, plain of, 23                                                                                               |          | Southern Italy, post<br>prices in.....                                          | xxiiij |
| — gallery above the<br>plain of, <i>ib.</i>                                                                          |          | Solfatara.....                                                                  | 493    |
| — Pier d'Arena, 97—<br>road leading from to<br>Campo Marone, <i>ib.</i>                                              |          | Splugen, passage of the                                                         | xvij   |
| Santo Maria della Spi-<br>na, church of.....                                                                         | 588      | Spoletò.....                                                                    | 192    |
| Saorgio, town and for-<br>tress of.....                                                                              | 11       | St. Angelo, castle of..                                                         | 273    |
| Sarzanna, 92—journey<br>from to Carrara, Mas-<br>sa, Lucca, or Pisa..                                                | 93       | — Bernard, passage of<br>the Grand.....                                         | 4      |
| Savignano,.....                                                                                                      | 173      | — Charles Borromeo,<br>Statue of, 3—life of.                                    | 108    |
| Savona.....                                                                                                          | 9        | — Domino.....                                                                   | 133    |
| Scarena, road through<br>the.....                                                                                    | 11       | — Jean de Maurienne.                                                            | 17     |
| Schamserthal, manner<br>of passing the moun-<br>tain at.....                                                         | xvij     | — Jean Lateran,<br>church of.....                                               | 233    |
| Secchia Rapita, origin<br>of.....                                                                                    | 138      | — Julian, hot baths of                                                          | 592    |
| Sedie, advisable to pur-<br>chase one at Bologna                                                                     | xxiv     | — Maria, monastery of                                                           | 507    |
| Sermoneta.....                                                                                                       | 397      | — Michael in Bosco..                                                            | 166    |
| Serravalle.....                                                                                                      | 190      | — Peter's church....                                                            | 231    |
| Sesto.....                                                                                                           | 4        | — Quirico.....                                                                  | 519    |
| Sezza.....                                                                                                           | 397      | — Remo.....                                                                     | 8      |
| Sienna, 519—an agree-<br>able residence for<br>strangers, 520—<br>Churches, at, <i>ib.</i> —<br>University, etc. 522 |          | Steinach, 53—descent<br>from.....                                               | 59     |
| Maremma of 523—<br>Road from to Flo-<br>rence.....                                                                   | 524      | Stupinige, palace of..                                                          | 40     |
| Sill, fountain-head of<br>the river.....                                                                             | 54       | Superga, mountain of<br>the, 37—church on<br>the, 38—description<br>of the..... | 39     |
|                                                                                                                      |          | Susa, 25—pass of, <i>ib.</i>                                                    |        |
|                                                                                                                      |          | Sybil, celebrated tem-<br>ple of the.....                                       | 358    |
|                                                                                                                      |          | Sybil's Grotta.....                                                             | 497    |
|                                                                                                                      |          | Taro, the, 133—inha-<br>bitants of the Valley<br>of.....                        | 134    |
|                                                                                                                      |          | Tavernettes.....                                                                | 22     |
|                                                                                                                      |          | Temple of Clitumnus,<br>192—source of the<br>river, <i>ib.</i>                  |        |

|                                                                                             | Page. |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------|
| Temple of Concord...                                                                        | 192   |
| —— of the Sybil...                                                                          | 358   |
| —— of Venus, Mercury and Diana, remains of the.....                                         | 498   |
| —— supposed of Neptune.....                                                                 | 493   |
| Tende.....                                                                                  | 12    |
| Terni, 193—celebrated marble fall of, 194—valley of.....                                    | 195   |
| Terracina, 395—road from to Naples.....                                                     | 398   |
| Tesino, the, 101—bridge over, <i>ib.</i> —beauty of, 104—clearness of its water, <i>ib.</i> |       |
| Teverone, fall and windings of the....                                                      | 356   |
| Theodoric, tomb of..                                                                        | 176   |
| Tiber, the, 196—banks of the.....                                                           | 350   |
| Tibur, ancient.....                                                                         | 356   |
| Time, italian, table of                                                                     | xliv  |
| Tivoli .....                                                                                | 356   |
| Todi .....                                                                                  | 195   |
| Tolentino.....                                                                              | 189   |
| Tomb of Boetius.....                                                                        | 102   |
| —— of Juliet.....                                                                           | 66    |
| —— of Virgil .....                                                                          | 490   |
| Tonte della Trave....                                                                       | 190   |
| Torre di mezze via...                                                                       | 396   |
| Torricella.....                                                                             | 525   |
| Tortona.....                                                                                | 99    |
| Tour in Italy, plan of a                                                                    | xiv   |
| Trajan, triumphal arch in honour of.....                                                    | 180   |
| Trajan's pillar.....                                                                        | 279   |
| Tramenzina.....                                                                             | 125   |
| Travellers in Italy, directions to.....                                                     | xij   |
| Travelling in Italy,                                                                        |       |

|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     | Page. |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------|
| pleasure of.....                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    | iv    |
| Travelling post in Italy, manner of.....                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            | xxii  |
| Trent, 57—council of.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               | 58    |
| TURIN, description of                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               |       |
| 26—bad taste of its architects, 28 — churches, <i>ib.</i> —palaces, 29—university, 30—street of Mount Cenis, <i>ib.</i> — Piazza del Castello, 30 — Santissima Sindone, 31—theatres, 32,—manners, society, etc. <i>ib.</i> —cicisbeism, 34—climate, <i>ib.</i> —population and extent, 35 — public walks and environs, <i>ib.</i> —commerce, manufactures, etc..... | 41    |
| Tuscany, Maremma of, 377 — soil and agriculture of.....                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             | 573   |
| Tusculum.....                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       | 366   |
| Tyrol, country of the, 46—pleasures of travelling through the, 47—mountain of the                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   | 53    |
| Tyrolese, account of the, 50—sportsmen, 51 — anecdote of a poacher, <i>ib.</i> —women                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               | 51    |
| Val d'Arno, description of the, 575—straw manufacture of the, 576—Peasant girls of the, <i>ib.</i>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  |       |
| — de Chianq.....                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    | 575   |
| Vale of Inspruck....                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                | 49    |



|                                | Page.   |                                      | Page. |
|--------------------------------|---------|--------------------------------------|-------|
| Varere.....                    | 122     | of the Giusti family,                |       |
| Vatican, the.....              | 246     | <i>ib.</i> —literature, <i>ib.</i> — |       |
| Veii, the ancient....          | 196     | population, 65 —                     |       |
| Velino, waters of the.         | 195     | tomb of Juliet, 66—                  |       |
| Velletri.....                  | 387—394 | excursion from to                    |       |
| VENICE, expense of             |         | Mantua.....                          | 649   |
| living at.....                 | xix     | Veronese, curiosities in             |       |
| ——, description of             |         | the, 65 — trade and                  |       |
| 601 — squares and              |         | manufactures, <i>ib.</i>             |       |
| streets, 606—Promen-           |         | Vesuvius, excursion to               | 474   |
| nades, 608 — Saint             |         | Vetturini journey with               |       |
| Mark's fair, 610 —             |         | the, xx—expense of                   |       |
| the campanile, or              |         | xxv—precautions to                   |       |
| belfry, 611—the Lo-            |         | be taken with the,                   |       |
| getta, <i>ib.</i> — palaces,   |         | <i>ib.</i> — directions to           |       |
| 612—private palaces,           |         | persons travelling                   |       |
| 615 — public build-            |         | with the, xxvj—us-                   |       |
| ings, 617—the arse-            |         | ual rendezvous of                    |       |
| nal, 617 — churches,           |         | the, at Rome, xxiv,                  |       |
| 623 — theatres, 632            |         | <i>note.</i>                         |       |
| —society, manners,             |         | Via Appia, road form-                |       |
| customs, etc. 634—             |         | ed on the substruc-                  |       |
| casinos, 637—provi-            |         | tions of.....                        | 387   |
| sions, 641—climate,            |         | — Flaminia.....                      | 132   |
| 642—commerce, 643              |         | Vicenza, 647 — road                  |       |
| — literature, 644—             |         | from, to Verona... 648               |       |
| environs, 645—ex-              |         | Villa Albani.....                    | 348   |
| cursion from into Is-          |         | — of Lucullus.... 499                |       |
| tria and Dalmatia,             |         | — of M. di Negro.. 81                |       |
| <i>ib.</i> — route from to     |         | Voghera.....                         | 99    |
| Bergamo.....                   | 647     | Voltaggio.....                       | 15    |
| Ventimiglia.....               | 8       | Volterra, 370—524 —                  |       |
| VERONA, description            |         | mountains of.....                    | 380   |
| of, 61 — amphithe-             |         | Vinigi, tomb of.....                 | 490   |
| atre, <i>ib.</i> —gate of Gal- |         | Viterbo.....                         | 517   |
| lienus, 62 — gate in           |         |                                      |       |
| the Via Leone, 63,             |         | Weights in Italy... xxxiii           |       |
| modern, extent of,             |         |                                      |       |
| <i>ib.</i> — palaces and       |         | Zumbo, anatomical                    |       |
| churches, <i>ib.</i> —public   |         | wax-work by.....                     | 549   |
| edifices, 64—garden            |         |                                      |       |



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